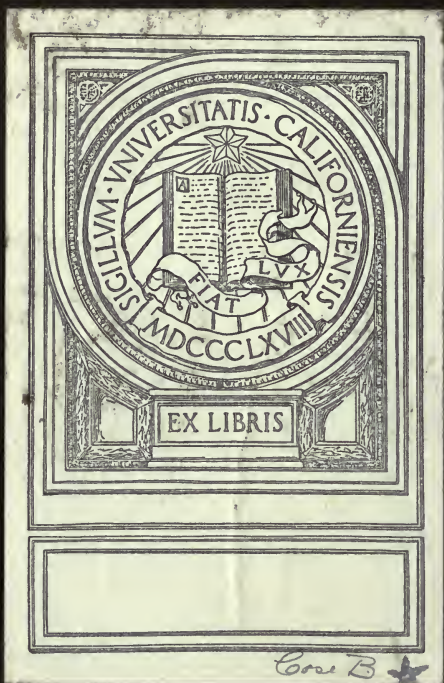


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For these Misses Perry
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Compliments of
Mrs. Len Luquer.

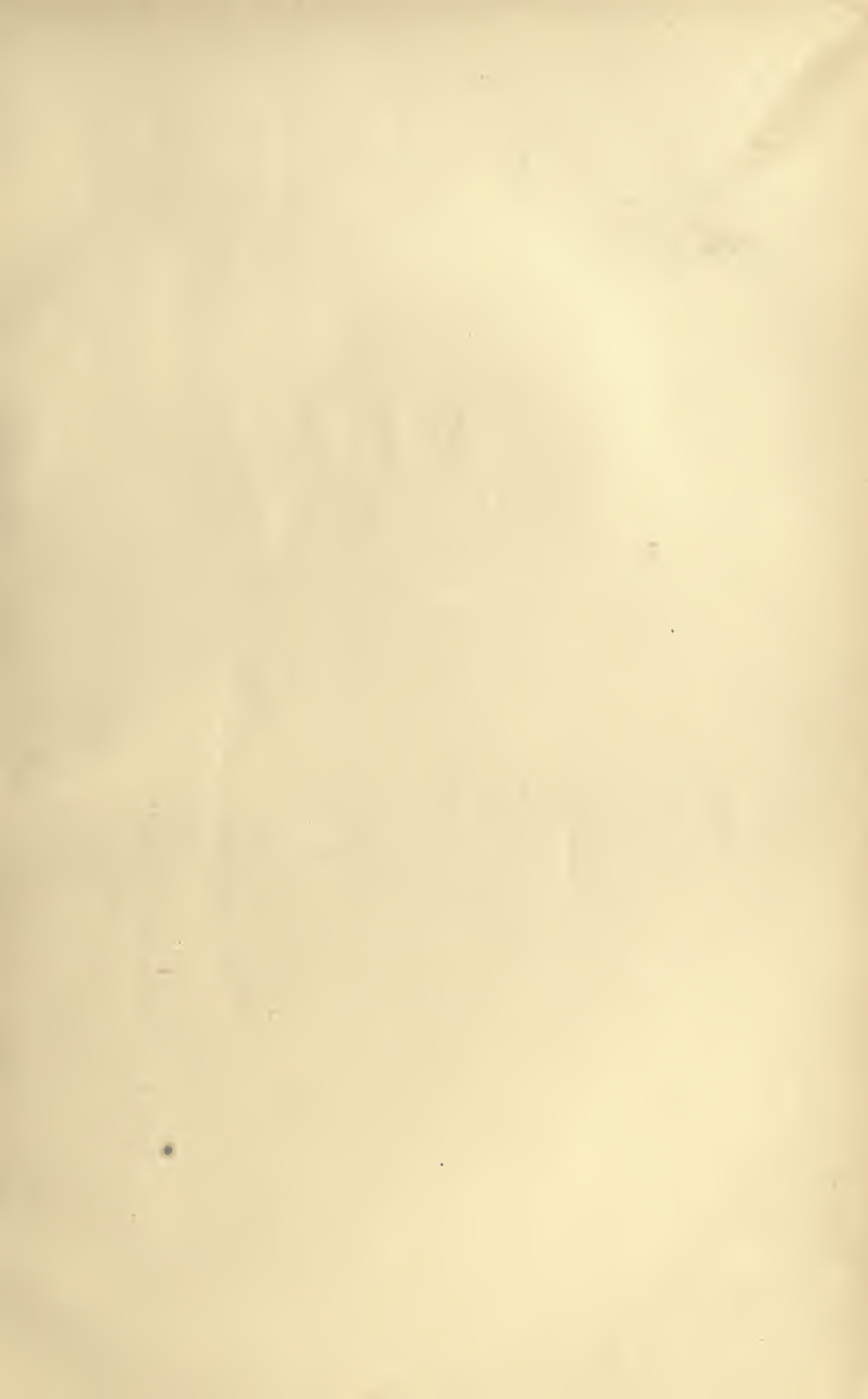
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Amos Perry

A present from

Rev. Mrs. Lea Lequer,

Niece of Mr. Paine

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John Howard Payne!

THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

THE AUTHOR OF

HOME, SWEET HOME; THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS;
AND OTHER DRAMATIC WORKS,

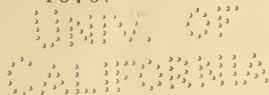
BY

GABRIEL HARRISON.



ALBANY, N. Y.
JOEL MUNSELL.

1875.



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PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION,

A LIMITED EDITION OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY OCTAVOS,
AND FIFTEEN QUARTOS.

TO THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

TO
MY BROTHER MEMBERS
OF
THE FAUST CLUB,

BROOKLYN,

THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated

BY THE

AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

ONLY one or two short sketches of Mr. Payne's life have hitherto been printed. The preferable one was written by Mr. Fay, and published in the *New York Mirror*, immediately after Mr. Payne's return from Europe, which was over twenty years prior to Mr. Payne's death. The whole amount of matter therein, contained less than thirty octavo pages, but was perfectly accurate, as the material for the sketch was furnished by Mr. Payne himself. Of this matter the writer has made the most ample use, and has so indicated the fact by quotation-marks. The rest of the material used has been found in journals and letters of Mr. Payne's, kindly furnished by a relative of his, and is here offered as a simple statement of facts without any attempt to place Mr. Payne any where else than where he belongs. His gifts were so versatile that it is a matter of some astonishment that he attained a prominence in any one of the many things he attempted.

The great success of many of his plays at the time he wrote them, and the fact of his tragedy of Brutus and several other dramas holding possession of the English stage for over a half a century, place him at the head of American dramatists—many of the greatest actors from the days of Edmund Kean to the days of Edwin Forrest, gaining distinction by performing Mr. Payne's leading dramatic creations.

The collection of juvenile poems, under the title of *The Lisplings of the Muse*, is a reprint of a pamphlet

which Mr. Payne put together, while in London, 1815, for the sole purpose of presenting to his friends, when asked for a copy of some one of his early poetic efforts. There were but a few copies of this pamphlet printed, and to possess a copy is more a matter of good fortune than of endeavor.

To the collection, however, the compiler has added several which are from Mr. Payne's manuscripts, and which have never before been published. The collection of poems of his latter days are all from the last named source. The whole collection, together with the three different arrangements of the song of *Home, Sweet Home!* also the passage from Mr. Payne's manuscript journal, is presented to the reader more as a cluster of sweet thoughts, happily expressed, than with any purpose of placing the author before the public as a great poet.

The tragedy of *Brutus*, is carefully printed from the first London edition, which had Mr. Payne's own supervision, and to which is annexed the scene that was omitted after its first night's performance at Drury Lane Theatre. To leave out of this work the tragedy of *Brutus*, while presenting other specimens of his writing, would be like giving the play of *Hamlet*, with the part of Hamlet omitted.

The poems in the appendix, with one or two exceptions, have never before been put in type, and are extracted from Mr. Payne's journal, where he had transcribed them from the original manuscripts, copies for safe keeping. Several of them are so very fine, that not to have included them in the book would have been a culpable omission.

PROLOGUE.

If the Pilgrim Fathers who founded a new colony through the adventurous spirit of civil and religious liberty, that bore them in frail barks over the then pathless Atlantic, to the snow-covered and rock-ribbed coast of a newly discovered land, are sung in the inspired measures of poetry, and have their names and features made imperishable in bronze and marble, then, so should the men in the new land, who first strove, against every disadvantage, to form a national literature, be also entitled to an equally warm regard.

What newly discovered country, what wilderness of land newly formed into a nation, ever grew so quickly into a literature of its own, suited to the new republic of states. The suns of centuries lighted and warmed the growth of foreign nations before they had a literature equal to ours. If the citizens of the United States have any one thing more than another of which to be justly proud, it is of her native writers, her historians, her poets and her novelists, and especially those who were the pioneers of American literature; men who struggled against discouragements and obstacles, cold neglect and contempt; for, at the time when the early writers of this country began individually the work, that was the foundation of our national literature; it was the prevalent belief of Americans themselves, that nothing of literary power could emanate from this side of the Atlantic. All such matter was sought abroad, as much as were many of the necessaries of life. When a paper or a poem emanated from an American mind, it was not valued according to its real merits, because its origin was in this country. The press was feeble; there were, of course, no large book-publishing establishments to send the works of the author broadcast to the public of a large city; no widely circulated newspapers or magazines, with scholarly critiques, to guide the public mind, pointing out the true value of the work. Yet, in the face of all such difficulties, there were men found brave enough to write, edit and publish their works, who had scarcely the hope of emolument. The names and works of these men should be cherished, and their features kept fresh by the painter and sculptor. They are the lawful heirs of perennial fame.

“ The character of the poetry of a country has always been justly regarded as indicative of its general moral and intellectual progress. We know of no early poets of a nation, whose writings were of a character to promise so much in this regard as those of America, nor do we know of a country more rich in materials for originality of poetic and artistic works. This fact can readily be derived from the vastness of the country, with all its broad and boundless midlands, and variety of climate, by its varied scenery, its great valleys, and its innumerable rivers where

“ The savage has winged his skiff
Like the wild bird on the wing ;

and where now

“ Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear
And bring the commerce of the world.”

Its sky-piercing mountains that overlook the clouds, with their summits bathed in the amber lights of the summer sunset, and their peaks sparkling again like caps studded with diamonds, formed from the crystal snows. Its many cascades, its thundering cataracts that leap down into fathomless chasms, its rocky coasts, its long, sweeping curves of glistening, sea-shore sands, its interminable woods, that frown

“ O'er mound and vale, where never summer's ray
Glance, 'till the strong tornado breaks his way and illuminates
Its many sheltered glades, with blossoms gay
Beneath showery skies and sunshine mild,”

to which add the various peculiarities of its people and of its government — in these things, so abundant and characteristic, the poet and the artist have an inexhaustible world from which to select any subject, whether of calmness or of passion, for ballad, epic, or historical, for landscape or sea-view.

The early American poets were frequently prompted to verse by these great gifts of their country ; many of them whose names and works are almost utterly neglected and forgotten by the general reader, have left specimens of poetry that compare with the best efforts of the English poets.

Among the early poets of this country who did good work for the commencement of our national literature, may be mentioned Joel Barlow, Royal Tyler, Richard Alsop, Theodore Dwight, William

Clifton, Robert Treat Paine, jr., Enoch Lincoln, Paul Allen, Henry Pickering, James A. Hillhouse, John G. C. Brainard, Katharine A. Ware, and others. These were the men who, as pioneers by their works, laid the difficult foundation of their national poetry, upon which have since been reared, as the massive and shapely columns, the works of Bryant, Emerson, Poe, Whittier, Longfellow, Willis, Dana, Halleck, Cooper, Sigourney, Osgood, Alger, and Lowell.

Dunlap remarks in his memoir of Charles Brockden Brown, one of our earliest and best novelists, that it is generally expected that the subjects of biography should be the men who have attracted the world's gaze by their deeds, their inventions, or their writings, and in regard to whom the public show a strong curiosity to be satisfied by a detailed account of their public and private lives. However this may be with men of great public prominence, we are of those who believe that merit of humbler proportions is worthy of notice and approbation.

The subject of our sketch, although he does not fill the largest niche in the temple of American literature, yet occupies so large a place in one branch of our literature (dramatic), that it fully entitles him, not only to a more extended biography than this work contains, but to the monument that has recently been erected to him in one of our grandest public parks.

LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

CHAPTER I.

“An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.”

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE comes of good family. His father was of English descent, whose parents came from Portsmouth, England, in the early settlement of Massachusetts. His grandfather on his father's side was a man of fine abilities, who, prior to the revolution, was a provincial officer of high rank, and at one time a leading member of the legislature. Robert Treat Paine of Boston, a judge, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Robert Treat Paine, Jr., a graduate of Harvard University, a poet of marked ability, were of the same family.

About forty years after the arrival of the May-flower at Plymouth, there came from Portsmouth, in the south of England and landed at East Hampton, in Massachusetts Bay, three brothers named Paine. One of these brothers went to Virginia, and from him descended Miss Dolly Payne, who married President Madison. Another one settled in the Middle States. The third remained at East Hampton. He there married for his second wife a Miss Osborn, and there, three months after his father's death, his son William was born.

While William was quite young, Mrs. Paine married her second husband, a Mr. Doane, of Connecticut, and moved away with him, leaving little William in charge of the Rev. Mr. Crocker, a Presbyterian clergyman.

When a youth, William lived as tutor in one of the wealthy old Boston families. In this position he found time to study for the profession of physician, under the famous General Warren, who perished at the battle of Bunker's Hill. He soon, however, gave up his first choice of profession, and selected that of school-teacher. While on a visit at Barnstable, he met a Miss Lucy Taylor, who became his first wife, but died a short time after marriage. He then went to the West Indies, on commercial business which took him, on his return, to New London, Conn. Here he met with a Miss Sarah Isaacs, of East Hampton, Long Island; who was on a visit; they became attached to each other and were married. The father of Miss Isaacs, a convert from the Jewish faith, came from Hamburg, Germany, many years before the revolution, and settled at East Hampton. He was a man of education and wealth, but difficulties in his own country, and the revolution in his adopted country reduced his wealth to a mere competence. His wife was a Miss Hedges, a daughter of a lady, whose maiden name was Talmage. Her uncle Talmage was the Earl of Dysart, (Scottish) English nobleman of wealth. The earl died unmarried. Upon his death, an agent was sent to this country to notify the brother, but, after a long voyage, it was found that the brother had died but a few weeks after the earl. The brother having left a family of daughters only, the estate reverted to the crown.

Immediately after the marriage of William Payne to Sarah Isaacs, which was about 1780, they removed to East Hampton, Long Island, where Gov. De Witt Clinton caused to be erected an academy, and placed Mr. Payne at the head of it. The Rev. Dr. Buel was also concerned in the management of this Institution. Mr. William Payne re-

mained the principal of Clinton Academy for many years. He then moved to New York, and in 1796, he moved to Boston to hold the position of master in the Berry Street Academy. His wife, Sarah Isaacs, died in Boston, June 18th, 1807. After her death, the family once more returned to New York, where Mr. William Payne died on the 7th of March, 1812. Mr. Isaacs, the father of Mr. William Payne's wife, died and was buried at East Hampton, where his tombstone may now be seen, bearing the simple and truthful eulogy of

“ An Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile.”

Mr. William Payne had nine children, the dates of whose births and deaths have been taken from the family record.

LUCY TAYLOR, b. 1781, m. in 1816, Dr. John Cheever Osborn, of N. Y. She was the mother of two boys who died in infancy; d. in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1865.

WILLIAM OSBORN, b. at East Hampton, Aug. 4, 1783; d. March 24, 1804.

SARAH ISAACS, b. East Hampton, July 11, 1785; d. Newburg, on the Hudson, Oct. 14, 1808.

ELOISA RICHARDS, b. East Hampton, March 12, 1787; d. Leicester, Mass., July 1819.

ANNA BEVEN LEAGERS, b. East Hampton, April 9, 1789; d. Newport, R. I., Oct. 11, 1849.

JOHN HOWARD, b. *New York*, June 9, 1791; d. *Tunis, Africa*, April 9, 1852.

ELIZA MARIA, b. in New York, Sept. 19, 1795; d. New York, May 25th, 1797.

THATCHER TAYLOR, b. New York, Aug. 14, 1796; m. in New York, in 1833, to Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Bailey; d. in Brooklyn, Dec. 27, 1863.

ELIZABETH MARY, b. in Boston, Mass.,—; died there, aged about 2 years.

We have thus been particular for the sake of historical accuracy, as well as to speak of one or two other members

of the family, who were remarkable for talents, and cannot here refrain from speaking particularly of Eloise Richards Payne, a lady of extraordinary genius and accomplishments. At the early age of fourteen, she underwent the questioning, after eight days' study in the Latin language, of the first professor at the Harvard University, and is said to have displayed an almost incredible proficiency in construing and parsing. To more solid attainments, she added so remarkable a skill in penmanship, that some of her productions have been preserved in the library of Harvard University. In the latter part of her life, she became highly distinguished as an amateur artist. None of her literary compositions have yet been published, but her various writings, especially her letters, are spoken of by some of the first belles lettres scholars in this state, as well as in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, as among the most favorable specimens extant of female genius, in America. The two last years of her life, during which she was often contemplating the probability of an early termination of her broken health by the grave, were distinguished by a peculiarly religious cast of thought, of which she is said to have left some invaluable memorials in her manuscripts.

While looking over our large number of manuscripts, letters and poems of John Howard Payne, for the purpose of preparing this book, we came across a dramatic criticism evidently written in a part of an old journal kept by Eloise Payne, and dated 1802, when she was only fifteen years of age. The criticism shows so much good judgment and presents to us so strong a picture of Mr. Cooper's fine acting, that, if for no other reason than the latter, it is worthy of being presented to the reader.

She says * * * * "I first saw Cooper in Hamlet. My highly wrought expectations were infinitely exceeded. He was received with the most rapturous demonstrations of delight. For a moment he was Cooper — bowed with

the utmost grace, but soon resumed the downcast grief of the Prince of Denmark. The first mad scene with Ophelia was inimitable. The closet-scene with his mother, and the scene of the play were equally fine. The anxiety with which he watched his uncle's countenance,—his transport, his start of extasy when his suspicions were confirmed—beggar description. His exclamation to Laertes, '*I loved Ophelia*' was fervent and delicate.

"In Penruddock, the same great talents were displayed, but not with equal effect. His *Youny Norval* was fine: His modest account of himself to *Lord Randolph*, and the wild joy on discovering his mother — particularly his reply to Glenalvon's insulting taunt of '*Ha! dost thou threaten — Dost thou not hear?*' evinced the spirit of *Douglas*, indignant at injury.

"His *Richard* was incredibly fine. The scene with *Lady Ann* — his elegant discrimination between *Richard* humbly imploring *Good cousin of Buckingham* to aid his designs on the crown, and the haughty tyrant, seated on the throne; and the infernal rapture with which he throws down the Prayer Book, were delineated with wonderful propriety. The tent-scene — his start from the couch — his exclamation, '*I freeze with horror*' seemed to congeal the very principle of life. After the exclamation, '*a horse! a horse!*' a break in the line gave great force and energy to the succeeding part.

"In *Leon*, he was to me still more wonderful. In the counterfeit scenes, no buffoonery, no tricks to gain applause, even when vacancy was seated on his countenance, he preserved his dignity. His voice was softened to childish imbecility in which his eyes exhibited the most idiotic stare, there might be seen in it a latent meaning and expression that chastised the folly of his lips. His reply to Marguerite '*I am bashful*' was exceedingly fine and in perfect character, but, when he appeared as the officer, Cooper's triumph was complete. His step was regal;

dignity was seated on his open brow ; and I thought I beheld the perfection of acting.

“His *Romeo*, was all that the delicate lover could be or do, in gaining the heart of a *Juliet*. He excited *sympathetic* emotions in every bosom.

“In *Shylock*, the transitions of character were seized and delineated with effect — with astonishing effect. The trial-scene, where, while whetting the instrument of death, and viewing *Antonio* askance with such malignity, and the very thing painted on his countenance, when, on *Portia’s* pronouncing, ‘*Shed not a jot of blood,*’ he let fall the ponderous scales, would alone have gained him immortal fame.

“In *Rolla*, in his last scene, when he restores the child, his exclamation, ‘*’Tis my blood, Cora!*’ I shall never think of it without horror.

“But his *Othello* was reserved to crown the whole. His first scene with *Iago*, who first infuses suspicion into his mind was fine ; but the second scene, his passionate exclamation on seizing the deep, designing villain :

‘If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more — Abandon all remorse —
On horrors’ head, horrors accumulate.
Do deeds to make Heav’n weep, all earth amaz’d,
For nothing can’st thou to damnation add
Greater than that! —’

“*The handkerchief!* in the scene where Desdemona innocently aggravates his feelings by pleading for *Cassio* — but the last scene where, after he has killed his wife, he says — ‘*My wife — What wife! I have no wife*’ — there was a depth of regret, sorrow and remorse, that never failed to draw tears from his audience, and then the contrariety of passion in his last address to *Cassio*. The first part of the sentence was delivered in a firm tone, but where he refers to the *base Indian*, and spoke of his own feelings, his voice faltered ; but, suddenly recovering himself with astonishing dignity and wonderful energy —

‘In Aleppo once
When a malignant and a turban’d Turk
Slew a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him thus, and thus, and thus!’

“As it has left an everlasting impression, this ought to crown the brow of Cooper, not with a deciduous laurel, but with the evergreen bays reserved for transcendent merit.”

There were among the manuscript letters other criticisms showing equal amount of careful appreciation of good acting as well as showing for one so young an astonishing knowledge of the author’s meaning.

Thatcher Taylor Payne, who died in Brooklyn in 1863, was for many years a prominent member of the New York and Brooklyn bar. Those who still live and knew him, as a practitioner of the law, speak of him as a man of deep research in his profession, eloquent in his pleadings, and a gentleman of perfect integrity, but, to come to our immediate subject.

John Howard Payne, the sixth child of William Payne, was born in the city of New York, (old number) 33 Broad street, near to the corner of Pearl street, on the 9th of June, 1791. It is a singular fact that the date and place of his birth have, on every occasion of a notice of him in the encyclopædias, and even on his tombstone at Tunis, hitherto been wrongly stated. Although he was born in the city of New York, yet the larger part of his early childhood was spent at the old homestead, East Hampton, Long Island. It was there his young heart drank its first inspirations from the beautiful nature that surrounded him, and where *the lowly cottage, and the birds singing gayly, that came at his call*, made the lasting impression which recurred in after years when, *An exile from Home*, he wrote the song that will live forever. It was in Boston, however, that Howard Payne received the early part of his education.

It was at this time also, 1804, only twelve years of age, that the precocious boy organized the little military association which attracted so much attention that it made his name in the city a household word. On one occasion while parading on the Boston common, Master Payne's company, of which he was captain, was presented with a standard by a young and beautiful girl, who afterwards became the wife of one of our foreign ambassadors. Major General Elliott, who was also at the time on parade with the military of the city, heard of the presentation, and immediately thereon extended to the young volunteers an invitation to join them in the line of march. For their discipline, they received the congratulations of the general, and the huzzas of the crowd.

Among the branches of education for which young Payne's father obtained the greatest renown, was that of elocution. His mode of teaching it was peculiar, and succeeded far better with a larger number of his pupils than any who at the time professed the same branch of education.

Young Howard benefited by it very rapidly; and, having suffered severely from a nervous complaint which incapacitated him two or three years from applying to deeper studies, his attention was principally confined to this. This exercise of declamation was supposed to do his health good service; and from an earnest scholar in his class, he soon became assistant instructor. In the school exhibitions, where scenes of plays were acted, he always took the lead from the superior merit he showed both in acting and in elocution. Just as Master Payne began to be noticed for these evidences of dramatic talent, the fame of Master Betty, the Youthful Roscius of England, had reached this country, the press everywhere resounded with his praises. This had a powerful influence over young Payne's mind, it wholly absorbed his attention, and his great ambition was, to be the Betty of America. He

thought of nothing else, he talked of nothing else, he devoted all his leisure moments to the reading of plays and the study of characters, he already felt himself bedecked with the sword and shield of *Young Norval*, and heard the thunders of applause that greet *Octavian*, when in rags, and staff in hand, he rushes from the dark cave to seek the first rays of the morning's sun. He sought every opportunity to assist and perform in private theatricals. On one occasion a member of the Boston Theatre, who held quite a high position as an actor, happened to be present at a performance in which Master Payne took a prominent part, and was so much struck with the young man's personal beauty and remarkable dramatic talents, that he conceived that Payne might be made the young Roscius of America.

He at once called on young Howard's father and offered to take charge of the son, and give him all the instructions in his power for one-half of the emolument, that might be derived from a two years' engagement. The offer was at once refused by the affrighted parent, who was a strict church member, and who had never for one moment thought that his son desired to dedicate his talent to the theatre. The friends of the father and of the youth became alarmed. Every method was immediately employed to discourage Master Payne's wish to be an actor. *The guards were doubled*, as they say in the play; every entrance and exit of the boy was watched. They would listen at his door to discover whether he was reading the dramatic poets aloud, as hitherto he frequently had done; his play books were secreted from him. Shakespeare was tucked away from his sight, Beaumont and Fletcher were hidden among the cobwebs on the rafters of the garret, Congreve was lost, and the engraving of Betterton as Hamlet, which had adorned the side wall of his room and created new eagerness for dramatic fame every time the youth's eyes beheld

it, suddenly fell upon the floor and was destroyed by the merest accident in the world. But all this availed nothing. It was in his blood to be an actor; it was his nature, and no power could change his love and desire for the profession. His dramatic Etna was smothered but for the time, and was destined to break forth with irresistible flame, and to illuminate his name.

Thus, as he was not permitted to act at the time, young Payne became a critic upon actors, and by some adroitness he found his way into the Theatre to see the principal performers of the day. The papers always indulged him with the use of their columns, his essays on the drama attracted so much attention that he was encouraged to become a contributor, upon general subjects, in the local periodicals.

Mr. Fay, who at one time was the editor of the *New York Mirror*, in a short biography of Mr. Payne, published in that paper in 1832, immediately after Payne's return from Europe, says that, at the time young Payne was with his father in Boston, 1804, he became acquainted with Samuel Woodworth, the poet, then himself a boy in a printing office, where he published a child's paper of his own called *The Fly*. The assistance of young Payne was encouraged by Woodworth, whose affection for the friend of his youth strengthened with the lapse of years.

It so happened about this time that his elder brother William Osborn Payne suddenly died. He was a merchant in the city of New York, the favorite and the pride of the firm of which he was a member. The shock of his death was terrible to his mother, whose health was then declining, and from this she never recovered. With this loss, the spirit of his father also seemed to bow, and his life became ever after a gloom and a fatigue.

William Osborn Payne left his partner in possession of the business. It was thought desirable to remove young Howard from the associates and pursuits which had riveted his attention to the stage; and equally important

to place him in the way of being qualified, ultimately, to take the place and the business of his deceased brother. He was accordingly sent to New York, to assume the position of a clerk in the counting-house of which his brother had been a member, and with a strict understanding that his propensity for theatricals was to be *watched and crushed*. This was perhaps attempted by modes unsuited to his temper, and which, by making him uncomfortable, threw upon him the very attachment, whence it was meant he should be weaned. As we may conjecture, such errors are sometimes committed from the best and the kindest of motives. We have it in our power to say, only, that the next we know of him is, his being engaged, soon after he entered the counting house, in the clandestine editorship of a little paper in the city of New York entitled *The Thespian Mirror*. Boy-like, he undertook this work without the remotest view to any consequences, the only object the little editor proposed was to indulge his favorite pursuits as a relief from those to which he went with a heavy heart. His solicitude was not for notoriety, but concealment. With much alarm, therefore, he read in the *New York Evening Post*, a notice from the editor, Mr. Coleman, promising the communication of *Criticus*, from the *Thespian Mirror* in his next paper. A boy's terror at being detected in forbidden sports haunted his imagination with visions of his master's frowns, and short words, for this was the tender point; in this he had sinned. He felt as if he had unintentionally pulled upon his head a ruin under which he and his little world must all at once be crushed. In his horror, he wrote to the editor of the *Post*, for the purpose of deprecating any remarks which might involve an exposure; and the singularity of the note, "written," observes Mr. Coleman, "in a beautiful hand, though evidently in haste," and the mention in it of the writer's age, strongly excited the curiosity of that gentlemen to whom it was addressed.

Upon this subject, however, we let Mr. Coleman speak for himself. "I perused the note," says he in the *Evening Post* of January 24th, 1806," a second time, and it will not, I think, be considered strange or harsh that I was incredulous as to the story of the writer's youth. I turned to the paper, and my credulity was by no means lessened.

"It was difficult to believe that a boy of thirteen years of age could possibly possess such strength and maturity of mind, but, to take up the story again, I wrote him a note, inviting him to call in the evening. He did so, but his occupation in the counting house had detained him till so late an hour that I had gone out. In the morning he returned, and I saw him. I conversed with him for an hour; inquired into his history, the time since he came to reside in this city. He told me that he was a native of New York city, but had resided in Boston, and a portion of his earliest life at East Hampton, and his object in the publication in question. His answers were such as to dispel all doubts as to any imposition, and I found that it required an effort on my part to keep up the conversation in as choice a style as his own. I saw him repeatedly afterwards and had not only the circumstances of his extreme youth confirmed, but, what was more astonishing, that three years of his little life had been, as it were, blotted out of his existence by illness, so that he really could be considered scarcely more than ten years of age. He was introduced to some of the first circles in the city of New York, and there he was looked upon as a prodigy."

Mr. T. McKee, of New York, possessing a large collection of valuable material relating to the stage, and among which he had a perfect copy of the *Thespian Mirror*, has kindly furnished the following interesting history of this miniature periodical, and a copy of young Payne's farewell address on leaving the editorial chair of the boy-journal.

"The *Thespian Mirror* first appeared December 28th, 1805, and was issued weekly on every Saturday evening.

It was of octavo size, well printed and on good paper. It appeared anonymously, and was printed for the editor by Southwick and Hardcastle, No. 2 Wall street. The paper contained well written memoirs of Cooper, Hodgkinson, and other contemporaneous actors, with criticisms of their performances and the plays they performed in, besides various items of interesting dramatic and literary news from the London, Boston and Philadelphia periodicals, showing considerable research, extensive reading and good discrimination. Each number also contained a portion of a story which ran through several numbers to its completion, together with poems, which, though generally attributed to correspondents, were no doubt written by the editor himself. He seems to have been on the best of terms with his contemporary editors, for there are frequent acknowledgments of the receipt of exchanges, and thanks for courtesies extended.

“There were rumors at the time that the editor of the *Mirror* was about to appear in character upon the Park stage, and there was a general curiosity and desire to see him, the theatre was filled upon the occasion of his rumored appearance. And there is no doubt that Payne then intended a series of performances after the manner of Master Betty, but was prevented from so doing by his friends.

“Payne learns of the rumors, and seems to have rather enjoyed the publicity thus given his journal and in number VI of his *Mirror* he says: ‘The editor of the *Mirror* was not a little amused on hearing it whispered throughout the boxes on this occasion that he was to personate *Don Carlos* in the *Duenna*, and his amusement was somewhat heightened upon the entrance of the expected novice, ‘a pretty strapping boy,’ exclaimed one; ‘pretty tall for his age,’ said another. The editor begs leave to inform those who still labor under this unfortunate mistake, that he really was not the *Don Carlos* of Monday evening.’”

The *Mirror* ran through thirteen numbers, the last appearing March 22, 1806. In his farewell address in this number his name appears for the first time as editor. This address is so neatly expressed that I give it entire, and from it you can form an idea of the style of his articles generally, and understand how it was that there was a general doubt of the editor's being but thirteen years of age.

“*To the Public:* The editor of the *Thespian Mirror* respectfully acquaints his friends and subscribers that, in consequence of circumstances that have transpired since the publication of the fourth number of this miscellany, he has resolved to relinquish the editorial duties of that work, in order more particularly to devote himself to studies which may promote his future usefulness in life, and mature, strengthen and extend a disposition for literature which has grown with his earliest years. When the *Mirror* was commenced in this city, it was under circumstances which have since materially altered. From the interest which some warm-hearted friends (perhaps injudiciously) took in the editor, the work was brought forward, and enthusiastically ushered into public notice. Various were the sentiments of the community respecting it, and as various was popular conjecture on the effects of the misdirected exertions of its juvenile editor. From a wish to render himself useful rather than ornamental in society, plans were agitated for placing him in the full possession of advantages with which he might cultivate a literary taste and direct his views to objects which promises benefit to his country; satisfaction to his friends, and utility and honor to himself.

The work which he had heedlessly commenced, was considered by the judicious as the fruit of an itch for scribbling, the materials for which, without a more extensive stock of ideas drawn from the pure fountains of classical learning, would be soon exhausted. The patronage of one to whom he *feels* obligation which he cannot express, has

placed within his reach advantages, the rejection of which would be the height of folly and ingratitude. A collegiate education will, therefore, be the object of his present pursuits, and the study of the law, the *goal* of his future exertions. And, determined exclusively to devote himself to these important objects, he now declares his design of discontinuing the *Mirror* after the publication of this number (which completes the original term of engagement), and of waiting patiently the laurels of *fame* until *science* shall expand his mind, and crown his labor with lasting and deserved celebrity. He begs leave to express his warmest acknowledgments to those friends who have encouraged him by their assistance in the advancement of the *Mirror*; he is convinced that, feeling for his real welfare, they will approve the step which he has taken, and he assures them that, cherishing the most grateful sentiments, he will never feel himself more happy than in the opportunity of expressing the esteem with which he is

 Their much obliged

 And very humble servant,

 JOHN H. PAYNE."

Mr. Coleman thought it advisable to make the adventure public, and through the nobility of his heart, and an active interest in the boy's behalf, formed and carried out a plan to have the youth sent to college. Mr. Seaman was thereupon introduced to young Payne, and was at once captivated with the boy's beauty, smartness and manliness. This gentleman was always busied in doing kindness to others, and he at once looked into young Payne's situation, and here he found room for his philanthropy. He consulted Payne's friends and his father by letter, who was at the time in Boston. He proposed to pay the expenses of his education at Union College, Schenectady; the offer was accepted. Young Payne left the counting-house forever. It was at this time that Joseph D. Fay, the father of one of the edi-

tors of the *New York Mirror*, became the intimate friend of John Howard Payne, and so remained through his life. Charles Brockden Brown, the celebrated American novelist, also became deeply interested in Payne, and was very active in his behalf. Payne had now become the charm in the learned circle of New York; every one seemed to feel that the boy's future was no longer in his own hands; each and all strove to monopolize the youth and crowded upon him all sorts of advice; he was trotted from house to house, and completely covered with flattery. Brown seeing this over-officiousness, in its right light, more than once expressed his regret, and feared that the youth's regard for good advice would be endangered by its too frequent intrusion, when his mind was too young to admit of it, like a dose of physic thrust upon men when well, to prevent them from being sick. The hour, however, had now arrived for young Payne to take his departure for college. Mr. Seaman, Mr. Coleman, and Mr. Brown frequently talked the matter over. Brown was selected to conduct the youth to the seat of learning, at Schenectady, N. Y., of which the well known Dr. Nott was the president. In those days we had not the iron horse to dash us with electric speed up along the banks of the Hudson, nor had we floating steam-palaces, that, like things of life, swiftly glide over the waters at the rate of twelve knots an hour. It was either by the dull rocking and plodding stage over the rough roads, or by the sloops that would at times only have speed enough to indicate a white foam along its bow, but which more frequently would lie at perfect rest for hours, awaiting the whims of the winds. However, they took passage upon the sloop *Swan*. Charles Brockden Brown was young Payne's companion. It was in the soft month of June, the weather was beautiful. Thus speaks a letter of young Payne's to his father, dated at Albany, "June 18th, 1806.

"The passage through the "Highlands" is sublime. I

have never seen anything more striking, and I fail of the power to describe the effect its magnificence had upon my mind. The winds, however, are so very precarious, that no calculation can be made as to how long it will take to make a passage to Albany. We stopped on our course no less than four times; this gave us a fine opportunity to look around us, to walk along the shore, to view the mountains and country about us. Mr. Brown, the celebrated American author, and myself had many delightful walks along the hill sides and over their tops. I found his conversation excessively pleasing and instructive. I also found Col. Willet and his lady very agreeable company. There were two other female passengers equally pleasing."

This extract from Master Payne's letter is a slight evidence of the boy's mind and style when he was less than fourteen years of age. As regards the remark of Mr. Coleman on the peculiar neatness of Payne's handwriting at those early years, they are fully confirmed by the several letters of Master Payne that now lie before us.

Young Payne's mind was so fully imbued with the beautiful and picturesque effects of the Hudson river scenery, when under the mystical influences of moonlight, that, one night while on his trip to college, he wrote the following sweet poem in his journal, that he kept at the time.

On the deck of the slow-sailing vessel, alone,
 As I silently sat, all was mute as the grave;
 It was night — and the moon mildly beautiful shone,
 Lighting up with her soft smile the quivering wave.

So bewitchingly gentle and pure was its beam,
 In tenderness watching o'er nature's repose,
 That I liken'd its ray to Christianity's gleam,
 When it mellows and soothes, without chasing, our woes.

And I felt such an exquisite wildness of sorrow,
 While entranced by the tremulous glow of the deep,
 That I long'd to prevent the intrusion of morrow,
 And stay there for ever to wonder and weep.

This journal, containing several other poems and accounts of the scenery along the Hudson, was handed around when he arrived at Albany, and created quite a sensation among the *literati*. The following verses were afterwards published in a magazine, edited by Mr. Brown at the time in Philadelphia.

“ Sweet face ! where frolic fancies rove,
Where all youth’s glowing graces reign,
What art thou ? Genius ? Pleasure ? Love ?
The smiling vision answer’d, *Payne !* ”

I thought *Pain* was a spectre dire,
Was Genius’, Love’s or Pleasure’s bane ;
Thy cheek is health ; *thy eye* is fire ;
No, beauteous youth ! thou are not *Pain !*

Ah, gentle maid ! if e’er thy breast
Knew transient Joy, Love’s galling chain,
One ray of Genius hadst possess’d,
Thou wouldst have known they *all were Pain*.

After a few days’ rest at Albany, Master Payne was introduced to Dr. Nott, president of the college, by Robert M. Sedgwick of New York, and Hermanus Bleecker of Albany. The kindness of the president to Payne lasted through his collegiate career. But, after the two friends of the young student had left him at college, with everything looking bright and comfortable before him, young Payne soon began to feel that some influence was bearing too hard upon him. His patrons were advised to keep a strong hand over him, and not to let him have more money than was indispensable ; his instructors were admonished not to allow him too much latitude, lest he should contract an appetite for pleasure, and every word he uttered was watched, and every expression of impatience reported as a proof that he required still more restraint. The thing had gone so far as to create frequent uneasiness between Mr. Payne and his friends ; letters were even sent to Master

Payne's father, which annoyed Master Payne so much that he sought other arrangements with the college, and started a little paper called the *Pastime*, the avails of which were to pay the three hundred dollars a year for his education. The college boys became great patrons of the paper. They also elected him an officer of one of their literary societies. Payne was also appointed master of ceremonies whenever they gave a dramatic performance in the college chapel, where he on several occasions distinguished himself, beyond all others, by his good acting; and especially so on one occasion, when he performed the part of the heroine in an original play called *Pulaski*. He for this occasion wrote the epilogue and spoke it in the costume of the female character, Lodoiska. In this part his success was great, his beautiful face and sweet voice added much to the deception and the perfection of the character. After this performance of Lodoiska, he became the little god and the great every thing of the Institute. He made many strong friends and a few enemies — the latter always an accompaniment of success. Not a great while after this, he was invited by his college mates to write a Fourth of July ode, of which the following anecdote is told. It was a somewhat crude, hasty, boyish cluster of rhymes, but it nevertheless got into the papers, and, as a matter of course, his enemies were ready to tell its faults to the author, "Only for his own good, nothing more." Perceiving too much of this spirit towards him, he determined to combat it, and, having gone for a few days to Albany, and fully aware of the faults of the ode, he wrote a critique upon it, which was published in the Albany papers, and which very pointedly enforced all the bitter warnings which had been pronounced against him, and very humorously laid open more faults than even the most voluble of his friends, for the professed purpose of correcting his vanity, had been industrious enough to point out. On the appearance of this

critique, a vast change took place suddenly in the deportment of many who had before done him honor. Even some who thought that he ought to be kept from listening to praise, were less forward to touch their hats to him since he had become the theme of censure.

At a public table where he was a little shunned, a gentleman proposed for a toast, pointedly addressing young Payne, "The critics of Albany;" a loud jeering laugh followed. The toast was drunk with acclamation, upon which Master Payne is said to have returned thanks very good humoredly, but in a way which at once left room for the truth to be decidedly inferred, and he turned the laugh upon those who meant to joke him down.

In a letter now before the writer, dated Albany, September 23d, 1806, addressed to his father, Barry street, Boston, young Payne thus alludes to the critique.

"You will receive herewith a newspaper containing a critique on me and my productions written in the Mitchillian style by myself. I did it for amusement, and was well repaid. It was attributed to so many, and it gave rise to so much speculation, that I would not have lost the pleasure which it afforded for the injury a real attack could do me; it was an excellent sham-fight.

"The cat was so soon out of the bag, that embryo answers from Mr. J. V. N. Yates, H. Bleecker, Dr. Finn, Dr. Nott, and Robert Sedgwick lost their effect. It has discovered for me who are not my friends. In the same paper you have an original elegy of mine."

By a letter dated February 26, 1807, we still find Payne at college and hard at work. He said in his letter to his father, that, at his own request, the president had placed him under the immediate instructions and care of Mr. Allen for private preparation for the next commencement, and that, as Mr. Allen was the most learned man in the college, he had attained more knowledge in the past few months than in the whole year before.

The young student certainly had many friends to urge him on through the labyrinthine paths of college study, and, as for good advice, there were none who gave it more judiciously than Charles Brockden Brown. In one of his letters dated from Philadelphia, shortly after Payne had entered college, and which we extract from Dunlap's *Memoirs of Mr. Brown*, page 238, he says: "Most sincerely do I rejoice that you find Schenectady so agreeable. I tremble with apprehension when I think how much of the dignity and happiness of your whole life depends upon the resolutions of the present moment. Were it possible for a miracle to be wrought in your favor, and that the experience of a dozen years could be obtained without living so long, there would be little danger that a heart so unperverted as yours would mislead you. The experience of others will avail you nothing. They may talk, indeed, but till you are as old as the counsellor — and have seen, with your own eyes, as much as he — his words are idle sounds, impertinent and unintelligent. Fancy and habit are supreme over your conduct; and all that your friends have to trust to, is a heart naturally pure and tractable, and a taste, if I may so call it, for the approbation of the wise and good. When you write next, I hope you will have both leisure and inclination to be particular on the subject of your studies.

"What are your books and your exercises? What progress do you make? and what difficulties or reluctances stand in your way? I have a great deal more to say to you, but I am afraid, judging from the brevity of yours, that you have no passion for long letters. I will therefore stop, in due season, and only add the name of

Your true and warm friend,
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

There is a judiciousness of advice in the above that but few friends have the power to give; and, when such impres-

sions are made upon the mind of the young, the effect is lasting.

When we look over the broad lawn, and, by the clearness of the atmosphere, we are almost enabled to count the leaves upon the far distant trees, we seldom think at such a moment of calmness and brightness; that there may lay far off behind the hills, or low down in the horizon, the dark cloud laden with the storm that does not select its path, or stop to pick out the shrub or tree it may destroy, while sweeping onward; but at times the storm is there, and will come, with wild roar through the air, to do its work of devastation; and so it is with our afflictions and sorrows in this world, which often come, when least expected, to darken and throw a gloom over the thresholds of our homes.

The storm for Master Payne now came; suddenly it broke with its worst wrath over his home, and he realized for the first time in his little, busy, sunny life the gloom of deep sorrow. On the 18th day of June, 1807, his mother died. To a nature like Payne's, the blow was overwhelming. He remarked in one of his letters to his father: "To me, now since mother's death, all nature seems speechless; the flowers have lost their colors and their perfume. The heavens are black, and the trees seem motionless, but, when I think of mother's many virtues, there comes a solace to soothe my deep grief. If a life spent in the exercise of all that is pure and noble in female character can lift the cloud from off the bereaved heart, then the dispersion will come to mine. The stranger witnessed her urbanity; the afflicted were solaced by her sympathy, but her family alone knew the extent of her meek and unassuming goodness."

Old Mr. Payne had been severely tried by the death of his elder son, and now the second blow seemed nearly beyond his bearing, and he became too distressed in mind to give that attention to his affairs which an unprosperous-

ness, that had been for some time coming over them, rendered necessary.

“The law accomplished what bereavement and misfortune had begun, and he was compelled to abandon all he had to his creditors.” Young Howard Payne looked upon this shipwreck with the philosophy and the calmness of a hero. The ruin must be cleared away, and there was no one else so competent among those who were left as himself; immediate measures became necessary. He at once thought of his dramatic talents, and at last wrung from his father and friends a slow, reluctant and weeping leave that he should try his fortune upon the stage. The Etna of his dramatic Sicily that had been so long smouldering, at last broke forth in a blaze. The conduct of his patron on this occasion, was kind and beautiful; he stood behind the scene with young Payne’s father and Mr. Joseph D. Fay, (who composed the introductory prologue spoken by Mr. Twaits on the occasion), during the whole evening of the 24th of February, 1809, when John Howard Payne made his first appearance on the public stage as *Young Norval*, at the Old Park Theatre, New York.

His *début*, and the circumstances leading to it, were treated in a manner so poetical at his subsequent appearance in Boston, by his relative Robert Treat Payne, jr., that it would seem like neglect not to insert here that portion of it, and, though a little out of chronological order, it will nevertheless be acceptable to our readers.

“An humble weed transplanted from the waste,
 Form’d the proud chapter of Grecian taste.
 Chance dropp’d the weight; the yielding foliage twined,
 And droop’d, with graceful negligence inclined.
 Sculpture a model saw, to art unknown,
 Copied the form, and turn’d the plant to stone;
 The chisell’d weed adorn’d the temple’s head,
 And gods were worshipp’d where its branches spread!

“ If in our Norval candid judges find
 Some kindred flower, to grace the stage design'd;
 If, to the pressure fortune has imposed,
 You owe those talents art had ne'er disclosed;
 If, like the graced Acanthus he appear,
 Be you Callimachus — be Corinth here !”

The success of the *débutant* was complete. Mr. Dunlap, the dramatic author, and for a long time manager of the New York Park Theatre, remarks in his *History of the American Stage*, that the applause was very great, and the boy's effort a surprise to all present. The papers of the day following his *début* were extremely warm in his praise, and pronounced his death-scene of *Douglas* a master-piece of dramatic art.

In those days, critics and actors were of a more austere character than they are at the present time, and it was not so easy to obtain an opportunity to make a first appearance upon the stage, or to get the critics' praise at any other price than that of real merit. In those days, too, the theatre was the fashion. The opera was not known to us, and frequently the wealthy and the learned crowded into the best seats in the pit and in boxes of the best managed theatres; this seemed to add importance to the drama, and indeed it was more important than at the present day. Previous to the beginning of the first act of the evening's entertainment, there could be seen in the boxes, here and there, servants of private families, dressed with the most scrupulous care, with the white napkin fixed around the right arm above the elbow, holding the reserved seats until the party they represented came to occupy them, and, long before the performance was over, strings of carriages for blocks up and down Park place would be in waiting for husbands and wives; the old, the young; the beautiful and the learned who had graced the theatre on the occasion. This class of audience would not tolerate such vile trash as the *Black Crook* and the *New Magdalen* of our days.

“A supper was tendered to Master Payne and his immediate friends, after the performance, at the residence of the manager Mr. Price, where the young Roscius in speech and manners appeared as old as any of them.”

His engagement was for six nights only; but, having one night to spare, prior to his departure to fill an engagement at Boston, he performed on the seventh for his own benefit, on which occasion the *débutant's* share was fourteen hundred dollars, notwithstanding the rigors of a cold, stormy night. The following we take from a Boston paper.

“Master John Howard Payne has completed his engagement at New York, with the most brilliant success; and afterwards, by request, performed an additional night. In force of genius, and taste in belles-lettres, there are few actors on the stage, who can claim competition with him. This is not flattery; and, if it were, it would not be pernicious to him, who has so uniformly been quoted as a rare instance of intellectual precocity. But his successful application even of these thrifty and uncommon properties of mind, to the profession of the stage, will excite some wonder, when it is known, that he has had no dramatic preceptor in the artifice, that his word and his action have been disciplined by his own judgment, and that he steps before the public, full grown, like Minerva, without being indebted to Jupiter's head for his origin. A letter from New York, which we have before us, states: “I have seen Master Payne in *Douglas*, *Zaphna*, *Selim* and *Octavian*, and may truly say, I think him superior to Master Betty in all. There was one scene of his *Zaphna*, which exhibited more taste and sensibility than I have witnessed since the days of Garrick. He has astonished everybody.” The writer of this letter, we may add, had seen all the best actors from Garrick to Kemble. This account may amaze the incredulous, but it has been truly said by the poet:

“The art of acting its perfection draws
From Genius, more than from mechanic laws.”

His next success was in Boston, where the boy had not been forgotten as the youthful captain and the boy-editor. His reception amounted to an ovation, and his success even more pronounced than in New York. It was here that he accepted highly lucrative offers to appear in Philadelphia and Baltimore. After leaving Boston, he went to Providence, Rhode Island, where his reception seems to have been most affectionate. One of the newspapers of that city stated: "Up to the present time we preserved an obstinate and stubborn incredulity, and what was said of young Payne in New York and Boston passed with us for nothing. But unexpected good fortune at length gave us the more decisive testimony to our ears and eyes, and from repeated evidences of this kind, we are happy now to concur in what has been said elsewhere. Last evening, a small party of friends, with ourself, heard Master Payne recite Collins's *Ode on the Passions*, which has been by critics thought, and justly so, the criterion of merit. We were at once caught involuntarily by the magnetism of his manner; and all the passions delineated in that delightful ode were as forcibly reflected on our hearts. If in such a turmoil of surprise, we should select one stanza in preference to another, it is this, *Last comes Joy's exstatic trial*, etc. His voice and cadence in this portion of the ode were so measured as to leave nothing to wish for in the perfection of elocution.

On his way south he performed a second engagement at the Park Theatre, with a still greater success than on the previous occasion. At the conclusion of his second engagement, it was Master Payne's misfortune to disoblige Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of the Park Theatre. "It was a part of Payne's engagement that he was to be supplied with dresses by the management. The finery of these dresses to him, of course, was a very great affair. When his wardrobe was sent home to be packed for his journey south, he found all the finery removed. With a childish

impetuosity he called upon Mr. Price with a self important loftiness. The manager told him that the "ornaments belonged to Mr. Cooper, and had now to be returned for his immediate use." This did not satisfy the young Roscius, and it is very likely that he was too rash to the gentleman, who had been his friend. Price was of a very high-toned nature and looked upon Payne's conduct as ingratitude, and really never forgave Payne, though on many occasions the feelings of the veteran manager were momentarily extinguished. Yet the influence of Mr. Price, with the managers throughout the United States, was of such a character that he could arrange or disarrange engagements at his pleasure. We do not here pointedly accuse Price of interfering with Payne's engagements elsewhere; but Payne was surprised to find, on stating his readiness to perform at Baltimore, and Philadelphia, that those theatres seemed on a sudden closed against him. He, therefore, remained unemployed for some time; but at last determined to find out the cause of the coldness of the managers in those two cities. In a sort of reckless disposition, he wandered to Baltimore, where at the time the Philadelphia company was performing. He arrived there an utter stranger, and, strolling the streets listlessly, to look for the theatre, he chanced to remark the sign of the bookstore to which he had addressed some letters. He saw a group of persons there listening to a letter which he had sent to his friend Edward J. Cole, who, as soon as he saw Payne, caught him by the hand and led him to the group, exclaiming "This is he." Jonathan Meredith, and Mr. Alexander Contee Hanson, stepped forward. They told him they had just heard a letter from a gentleman of New York (the author of *Westward Ho!* can tell our readers something about that gentleman), stating that there was supposed to be a theatrical combination to put him down. They bade young Payne to have no fear of such a combination. The rest may be told briefly. The wanderer was taken at

once by Mr. Meredith to his house. Mr. Hanson also espoused his interest with the greatest enthusiasm and effect. Mr. William Gwynne became his fast friend. He was engaged. His reception by the warm-hearted inhabitants of Baltimore, forms quite an era in the history of Baltimore theatricals. In a fortnight he had fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket. We cannot in our present opportunity, fail of presenting the following epigram, which appeared there the day after his benefit, when the house had been filled to overflowing.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

All those who from Payne had experienced delight,
 With increased admiration and pleasure each night,
 To evince their desire of delighting again,
 Attended last night, and gave pleasure to *Payne!*

From Baltimore he went to Philadelphia where he made an impression equal to that in Baltimore. At Richmond, his profits were great, and it was here that he became acquainted with the celebrated Mayo family, upon a member of which he wrote some verses which were reprinted in many of the newspapers. He then visited Charleston, and other theatres in South Carolina. It is stated that the celebrated comedian, Mr. Henry Placide who for many years was one of the principal dramatic lights in this country, first became known to the public by the wonderful imitations he gave of Master Payne in several of his characters.

“Returning to New York, Howard Payne found his father reëstablishing himself in the business of education, and his sisters independently settled in a boarding school of the first class at Rhode Island. He yielded to the always earnest wishes of his family and friends to endeavor to relinquish the stage, and opened an institution similiar to our present Atheneum, which he purposed to extend into one equal to the Atheneums of Liverpool and Boston. Now it was that Cooke arrived in America. No one

offered to make young Payne known to him, and he called without an introduction. In *Cooke's Journal* which Mr. Dunlap publishes, he mentions this call: "I was visited," says Cooke, "by Master Payne, the American Roscius: I thought him a polite, sensible youth, and the reverse of our young Roscius." Mr. Cooke appointed a time to pass an evening at young Payne's, who wished that his father and friends should see the lion of the day; and this evening Mr. Dunlap describes in his life of Cooke. "A party of ladies and gentlemen met, all anxious to see this extraordinary creature, and anticipating the pleasure to be derived, as they supposed, from his conversation, his humor, and his wit. Cooke refused an invitation to dinner, and waited for his young admirer to lead him to the circle of his friends; but, tired of solitude, he sent for Bryden, (who kept the Tontine Coffee house, where he lived) *pour passer le temps* over a bottle of Madeira, and, when Mr. Payne arrived with a coach to convey him to the tea party, Cooke was charged much higher with wine than wit. He was, however, dressed, and, as he thought, prepared, and it would not do, on his companion's part, to suggest anything to the contrary; besides, the effect of what he had taken did not yet appear in its most glaring consequences. They arrived, and Cooke, with that stiffness produced by the endeavor to counteract involuntary emotion, was introduced into a large circle of gentlemen, distinguished for learning, or wit, or taste; and of ladies, equally distinguished for those acquirements and endowments most valued in their sex. A part of the property of the tragedian, which had been seized by the custom-house officers under the non-importation law, had not yet been released, owing to some delay from necessary form, and this was a constant subject of irritation to him; particularly that they should withhold from him the celebrated cups presented to him by the Liverpool managers; and now his introductory speech among his expecting circle, was addressed to one

of the gentlemen, [Washington Irving], with whom he was acquainted, and was an exclamation, without any prefatory matter, of—‘My dear Washington! they have stolen my cups!’ The astonishment of such an assembly may be imagined. After making his bows with much circumspection, he seated himself, and very wisely stuck to his chair for the remainder of the evening; and likewise stuck to his text; and his cups triumphed over every image that could be presented to his imagination. ‘Madam, they have stopped my cups. Why did they not stop my swords? No — they let my sword pass. But my cups will melt, and they have a greater love for silver than for steel. My swords would be useless with them; but they can melt my cups and turn them to dollars! And my Shakespeare — they had better keep that: they need his instruction, and they may improve by him — if they know how to read him.’ Seeing a print of John Kemble, as Rolla, he addressed it: ‘Ah, John, are you there?’ — then turning to Mr. Payne, he, in his half-whispering manner, added, ‘I don’t want to die in this country — John Kemble will laugh.’ Among the company was an old and tried revolutionary officer [the late Col. Marinus Willett] — a true patriot of 1776. Hearing Cooke rail against the country and the government, he at first began to explain, and then to defend; but, soon finding what his antagonist’s situation was, he ceased opposition. Cooke continued his insolence; and finding that he was unnoticed, and even what he said in the shape of query, unattended to, he went on. ‘That’s right; you are prudent; the government may hear of it — walls have ears!’ Tea was repeatedly presented to him, which he refused. The little black girl with her tray next offered him cake — this he rejected with some asperity. Fruit was offered to him, and he told the girl he was ‘sick of seeing her face.’ Soon after she brought him wine. ‘Why, you little black angel!’ says Cooke, taking the wine, ‘you look like the devil; but you bear a passport that

would carry you unquestioned into paradise!" The company separated early, and Mr. Payne happily resigned his visitor to the safe keeping of the waiters of the Tontine Coffee-house. But, notwithstanding this irregularity, Mr. Dunlap mentions that Mr. Cooke was by no means sparing of his admonitions when in company with his young friend. "He not only did not offer wine to him, but told him he ought to avoid it." "Once," observes Mr. Dunlap, "when young Payne was sitting with Cooke at the Tontine, the veteran taking his glass after dinner, chatting very pleasantly, Mr. Duffie, formerly on the stage in Dublin, who frequently visited Mr. Cooke, called in. Cook received him with a cool kind of civility, desired him to take a chair, and then continued talking to Master Payne. 'Mr. Duffie, help yourself to a glass of wine — John, I don't ask you to drink. O, that I had had some friend when I was at your age, to caution — to prevent me from drinking! Mr. Duffie, your good health. Yes, John, I should have been a very different man from what I am. It's too late now!'"

The Atheneum speculation, projected by Payne, now began to require greater resources than it produced. Cooke had talked with him of the expediency of an attempt on the stage in England. His thoughts, by the stress of circumstances, again dwelt on acting. Just then, Cooke's attraction began to decline. Master Payne was invited to act with him. "Notwithstanding," says Mr. Dunlap, "the kindness with which he treated Master Payne, and the terms of approbation with which he spoke of him," — "to have a boy called in to support him, wounded his pride so deeply, that he could not conceal his irritation, or its cause." He was announced to play *Glenalvon* to Payne's *Douglas*, and afterwards in other parts, but, throughout, affected illness. On the first of March, 1811, however, he performed *Lear* to Master Payne's *Edgar*, for the benefit of the latter — and this was the last time, we believe, that our countryman ever appeared at the Park theatre. He afterwards

went to perform in Boston, and, during his absence there, his father suddenly died. He subsequently performed in Philadelphia and Baltimore. During his visit to Baltimore, a memorable event occurred. The printing-office of his friend and supporter, Mr. Hanson, who then published a political newspaper there, was levelled to the ground by a mob. Mr. Hanson was absent from Baltimore. The recollection of former services came upon Mr. Payne. Though he never meddled in politics, he felt it to be his duty not to forget friendship. He wrote to offer his aid to Mr. Hanson, in reinstating his paper. It was accepted. He was very active in his attentions; but after remaining at his post three days, was desired on the night of the dreadful scenes which occurred there, to convey a message to Mrs. Hanson. On his return, he found the house besieged, and the war begun. Mr. Hanson has included him among those to whom he publicly returned thanks, although his offices chanced to be merely those of kindness before and after the battle. But the gratitude of this gallant and enthusiastic gentleman, impelled him to urge and assist the departure of Mr. Payne for the purpose of studying the fine models of the arts in Europe, and benefiting, if he should succeed, by the fame of London. Under the auspices of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Gwynne, Mr. D'Arcy, and others of Baltimore, Mr. Payne now turned his attention to England, intending to limit his visit thither to one year. He was, on the seventeenth of January, 1813, accompanied by his brother, Thatcher Taylor Payne, and by his admirer and most particular friend Joseph D. Fay, to the wharf, whence he embarked in the ship Catherine Ray, for Liverpool. It was not the destiny of Mr. Fay and Mr. Payne ever to meet again."

CHAPTER II.

“ Use every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping.”

PAYNE ABROAD.

WE introduce Mr. Payne to our reader again with his arrival at Liverpool, after a passage of two and twenty days.

At that time the United States and Great Britain were at war. Although the ship had a cartel, and he bore the list of letters, our young friend and all his companions on their arrival, were marched to prison. But Payne states in a letter written at the Liverpool Borough Jail, February 11th, 1813, that “ on Wednesday, after all the British subjects were discharged, at the special intercession of some of the most influential of the inhabitants, ‘ His worship’ the mayor, who is a very gentlemanly man, treated us with great politeness, and indulged us with permission to be removed to our present lodgings, which are delightful, and for which we are permitted to pay five guineas a piece weekly. ‘ We are seven’ in number. The only thing that interferes with our comfort, is the confinement within our massey gates, but our apartments within the house of the governor are as pleasant as can be wished for. When our passports have been examined in London, and returned, we shall probably be set at liberty, and permitted to visit the great metropolis.”

Mr. Payne remained in confinement for fourteen days, and on the 28th of February, he left Liverpool for London by the way of Chester. On his arrival there, he met several of his old New York friends, and the first of them that he dined with were the brother and sister of Washington Irving. Here, too, he met Mr. Brevoort, who was staying, the most of his time, at Edinburgh, and who was hand

and glove with Walter Scott, Jeffreys, and all of the *literati*. Brevoort was overjoyed to meet the young American of so much promise, and for two or three days devoted his attention to him by showing him around London.

A few days after his arrival, Payne presented his letter of introduction to Roscoe, who received him most cordially, at once became his personal friend, and introduced him to John Philip Kemble, Campbell, Coleridge, Southey and other magnates in the world of English learning.

After waiting for a long time and using every means of influence to obtain a hearing upon the stage of some one of the London theatres, he at last wrote a letter himself to the celebrated Mr. Whitehead, who was then chairman of the Drury Lane management. The result was a promise of an immediate interview, which shortly followed, resulting in arrangements for a series of performances at the old Drury. He was admonished not to appear so near the end of the season, but Payne had become impatient, and his *début* before an English audience was fixed on, and his *entrée* was to be in the character of *Zaphna*, but *Douglas* was finally substituted. At the same time it was proposed by the *débutant* and acquiesced in by the management, that there should be no mention in paragraphs or play-bills of his name or history. He was desirous to stand or fall by the unbiased judgment of his hearers. It was consequently announced that on "Friday evening, June the 14th, 1813, the tragedy of *Douglas* would be performed, the part of *Douglas*, by a young gentleman, his first appearance."

At the only rehearsal summoned, and this not until the day of the performance, Miss Smith (afterwards Mrs. Bartley), who was cast for *Lady Randolph*, was not present. Our young aspirant called on her and talked over the business his part had with hers, but she was haughty and did not agree with Mr. Payne, on the ground that his mode of performing the part would take the attention of

the house from her, and, with a cool, low curtsy, she bid the young actor good day with the wish that he would succeed.

At night, as Payne entered the green-room dressed for the part of *Norval*, the stage manager informed Payne, for the first time, that he had a new *Lady Randolph* for him, that Miss Smith was sick, and that they had borrowed Mrs. Powell from Covent Garden. "There she stands, on the stage; come; it is time for us to begin," and this was his first introduction to the lady with whom his part had so much important stage business, and his *entrée* upon the boards of an untried stage in a strange country! "Although he had no opportunity for a moment's conversation, the interest expressed by his theatrical mother was throughout kindly, and perfectly maternal. While the house was ringing with the thunders of approbation at the triumph and power of his death-scene, the great Mrs. Powell, as she leant over him, was exclaiming in an exulting whisper, "There! do you hear that! do you hear the verdict?" His performance throughout was crowned with unbounded applause.

The next day Payne sent a letter to Mrs. Powell, in which he thanked her for her sympathy and attention and lauded her excellent performance of *Lady Randolph*, to which she replied: "If you saw any merit in my performance of the part, it was entirely owing to a son that I felt proud of." The next night Miss Smith appeared in the part, but the audience resented her conduct. He repeated the part of *Douglas* several times; the managers were now more explicit in their announcement, and stated on the bills of the Monday following that, the "Young gentleman" was Master Payne from the New York and Philadelphia theatres. The paper spoke of the young gentleman as having made a hit. The *Morning Herald* remarked that his angry scene with *Glenalvon* had the marks of genius in it, and that he maintained the mean-

ing of his author with spirit, particularly when he exclaimed: "Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?" and concludes, upon reconsidering the whole of his performance, that "we have never seen a finer representation of *Young Norval*. It is remarkable that a youth from a remote country, a country nearly two hundred years behind us in the improvements of almost every art, should have the courage to come before a London audience under every possible disadvantage, and be a success. Nature has endowed him with every quality for a great actor, and, to reach that position, all he requires is a little more time and study. He possesses all the simplicity and purity of style that in the end must tell with great force, and this seems to be the result of his own natural taste, which never suffers him to run into those vicious extravagances so common in blustering, half-formed actors. He speaks at once to the sober senses, to the feelings, and to the heart; in passion he is never noisy. His own discretion is his tutor. But, when he comes to contend with *Glenalvon*, he bursts forth in all the fire of indignation and anger, arising from wounded pride, and, when he found he was to 'perish by a villain's hand,' his remark 'had slain him' was not delivered in a loud, boasting voice, but in the mild accents of a dying hero, modestly conscious of his courage. Such is the character of this young gentleman, who makes a fairer promise than any juvenile adventurer we have ever seen, and who, like some valuable, rare material brought from a distant country, only wants a little of that fine polishing which English artists can give in order to make him perfect."

The theatre was now about closing for the season, there remained time for only one attempt more. *Romeo* was selected for the occasion, although it was not Mr. Payne's choice of character, yet he succeeded perfectly in the part. At that time he was very handsome and looked Romeo in this respect, to the very life. It is worth recording, as a

marked event in the history of the stage and theatrical revolution, that Mr. James W. Wallack, one of the finest actors the British stage has ever produced, that evening represented the trifling character of the *Prince*, and his brother, also famed on this side of the Atlantic, the servant *Abraham*.

The success of our young countryman in the city of London caused many offers from the provincial managers. "Their eagerness was not in the least shaken even by an attempt, probably emanating from stage-jealousy, to get up a prejudice against him upon the assertion that this "d — d Yankee, who had come from America, thinking to teach English folks how to act," was "an illegitimate son of Tom Paine." The trick was understood. The respectable papers crushed it with deserved contempt.

After his performances in London, he next appeared at Liverpool, where his success was far beyond what he experienced in the city of London. Gore's *Liverpool General Advertiser*, of July 15, remarks: "His performance of *Hamlet*, on Tuesday evening, being his fourth appearance here, was received with even more enthusiasm than either of those which preceded it. The management at the close of the play-scene was hailed with loud cheering and the curtain dropped to four rounds of applause." In the *Liverpool Mercury*, we find the following: "Mr. Payne's benefit, on Friday evening, was attended by one of the most elegant audiences which have graced the theatre this season. At the close of the interlude, Mr. Payne unexpectedly appeared in *propria persona* before the curtain, and made the following spontaneous address: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I should think myself wanting in gratitude and candor, could I quit this place without emphatically acknowledging the warm welcome with which I have been honored by the inhabitants of Liverpool, and those particularly concerned in the direction of the theatre. (Loud applause). It has been every thing which could be hoped from hospitality, and

has forced me to forget that I was a stranger.—(Loud applause, and ‘bravo’ from every part of the house). Under existing circumstances, ladies and gentlemen, I must feel, and feel sensibly, the magnanimity of that spirit which, disdaining national distinctions, can hail even the humblest member of the family of literature and the arts, in whatsoever clime accident may have thrown his birth-place, as a brother and a friend!’ The applause at the end of this address was protracted, and the most rapturous we remember ever to have heard.” A letter from the manager to Mr. Payne, in allusion to this speech, was published at the time, in which he remarks: “I have to assure you there was as much pleasure on the one part, in conferring any little acts of justice and kindness, as there has been gratitude on the other, in making a public acknowledgment of them. I take this opportunity of expressing a sincere obligation for the service your talents have rendered the theatre. That every success may attend your theatric career, is the ardent hope of, dear sir,” etc., etc. Mr. Payne performed with equal success in Birmingham, Litchfield, Walsall, Tamworth, and a great number of small places; and especially in Manchester, where the following curious comparison was made between him and Mr. Betty: “This gentleman has a figure not imposing, but well-proportioned; a face almost too beautiful for a man; and a voice, the clearest and most bell-like we remember ever to have heard. His acting is quite equal, if not superior, to that of Mr. Betty at the time of public admiration and enthusiasm in his favor. In graceful attitudes, and the pantomime of the art, they are nearly equal; in expression of countenance and conception of character, Mr. Payne has by far the advantage, but in treading the stage, the palm must be given to Mr. Betty.” The next visit of our countryman was to Dublin. Here he was received with very great kindness, both in public and private, and formed an intimacy with the celebrated Mr.

O'Connell, Charles Philips, and others. He appeared in *Rolla*, and, though this was soon after John Kemble had made his farewell there in the same part, he was so well received in it, that the play was instantly repeated. He was supported throughout his engagement by the since so highly celebrated Miss O'Neil. The *Hibernian Journal* noticed his engagement thus: "The departure of Mr. Payne from our boards was marked by an incident of deep interest, which riveted his claims upon the best feelings of our countrymen. His extemporaneous parting address on that occasion was one of the best-conceived efforts of the kind we remember ever to have heard, and certainly nothing was ever received with greater fervor and delight. The impression created by this gentleman's performances, especially his *Hamlet*, has been of such a nature as to excite the warmest wishes in every quarter for his speedy return, which will be hailed, whenever it may happen, with all the warmth which Irish liberality never fails to exercise towards public talent and private worth. The following is a faithful report of the address which was alluded to: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the unusual circumstances under which I have appeared before you will, I trust, explain and justify this unusual mode of acknowledging the politeness with which my theatrical efforts have been received in Dublin. (Loud applause.) It is not my object to thank you for having buried national hostilities in your generosity to an individual. (Loud and prolonged applause.) The want of a disposition to do this is illiberal, but there is no liberality in possessing it. I have too much respect for those whom I have the honor to address, to incur the risk of offending them by offering thanks for so negative a kindness. But permit the wanderer, who has been warmed by the sunshine of the Emerald Isle, (shouts of bravo! and repeated applause), in the plain sincerity of gratitude, to declare that, in whatever clime or circumstances accident may place me, it will ever be my glory to

hail the Irishman as a brother, (bravo ! loud applause), and to proclaim to my own countrymen and the world, that the stranger may make friends in other lands, but in Erin he shall find a home!" This address was followed by a round of prolonged applause.

It was on this occasion that the greatest compliment (perhaps a little whimsical in its way) was paid to Mr. Payne that a Dublin audience can pay an actor. After the first piece was over, there was still to be performed a comic song and a farce, but the audience were so well pleased with the young American, that, immediately after Payne had retired from his speech-making, many of the people, on the spur of the moment, cried out "Home! Home! Home!" The hint was taken by the rest of the audience, and in a few moments more the house was closed and in darkness. Siddons, Kean, Kemble and Cooke, met with like compliments on several occasions from the Irish people, but only those received it who gave them the greatest satisfaction by their talents.

After this engagement, he played with the same success at Waterford; here the great Miss O'Neil joined in with Payne, and for the first time appeared as a star, he having induced her to leave the stock company for starring purposes. This was the starting point of her brilliant fame. She was then quite young and very beautiful. Payne, too, was very handsome, and, when they appeared as *Romeo* and *Juliet*, they suited the characters so perfectly that they carried the house by storm. They next appeared together at Cork, where Miss O'Neil performed for the last time, prior to her success as a star upon the London stage, and at once seemed to fill, as a tragic actress, the void made by the retirement of Mrs. Siddons. While Mr. Payne was performing with Miss O'Neil at Cork, he was very handsomely eulogized in a speech, relating to some political row in the theatre, by Mr. O'Connell. On his benefit-night, Miss O'Neil performed the part of *Lady Randolph* and *Catherine*

to his *Norval* and *Petruchio*; and he spoke an address, written for the occasion by the celebrated Charles Phillips. Here, after extending his engagement by playing for several benefits of the company, which he did gratuitously, Mr. Payne went with O'Connell and Phillips to Killarney, and its neighborhood, and shared the honor every where lavished upon the party. It was on this occasion that they witnessed the stag-hunt upon the lake, described by Phillips in his fine poem of *The Emerald Isle*, and it was at a dinner on Innisfallen Island, in reply to a toast given with reference to the two strangers, Phillips and Payne, and the countries to which they belonged, that Phillips made his celebrated speech, on Washington and America, which became celebrated on this side of the Atlantic and was spoken in all our colleges and schools. Phillips in his remarks on this occasion said: "To be associated with Mr. Payne, must be to any one who regard private virtue, and personal accomplishments, a source of peculiar pride, and that feeling is not a little enhanced to me by the recollections of the country to which we are indebted for his qualifications."

On the return of Mr. Payne to London, the war having terminated, every one who could, flocked to Paris, anxious to see and to be in the midst of, the world of fashion, and also to enjoy the acting of the great Talma, and for the last named purpose, especially, Payne went thither. The period proved a most interesting one for Payne. It was that of Bonaparte's return from Elba. Payne was captivated with the brightness, whirl and bustling of the great city, and remained beyond the *hundred days*. Here Payne met Washington Irving, and for some time they were room-mates. A few days after his arrival, he was introduced to the great actor. His reception by Talma was affectionate in the extreme, and always afterwards Payne and Talma were intimate and personal friends.

The theatres in France were, and are, under the control

of the government, and all civilities extended from them to strangers, are looked upon as a national compliment. The National Theatre of Paris extended to Payne, through Talma, an invitation to the freedom of the house. Payne returned his thanks, in an elegantly written letter in French which gave so much satisfaction to the committee and Talma that it was published in the papers, with a short biographical sketch of Payne. The following is a translation of Payne's letter.

Gentlemen :

“I certainly would be senseless to the value of the high compliment which you have paid me, by offering me the freedom of your National Theatre, did I not, on the instant, acknowledge the receipt of your communication. I am too conscious of the humbleness of my personal pretensions, not to esteem the kindness as a tribute paid more to my country than to myself, and the progress of the new world in a branch of the liberal arts of which no representative but myself has yet appeared on this side of the ocean, and I shall deem it a duty to excite in my native republic, to which the compliment properly belongs, the feelings of respect, gratitude, and admiration toward the elegant hospitality I have had the honor to receive on behalf of my native land.

I remain,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

Paris, March 27th, 1815.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

This regard on the part of Talma and the committee of the National Theatre, presented the subject of our biography with a fine opportunity to study the best French models both of acting and dramatic writing, and although Mr. Payne was a good French scholar at the time he arrived there, he at once devoted himself to a still further study of the language, and became an almost constant reader of the best French dramatic poets.

By one of John Howard Payne's letters, June 5th, 1815, it appears that he had been holding a correspondence with Talma, as to the best school for instruction in acting, to which Talma returned the following answer.

“ *Paris*, June 7th, 1815.

“ *My Dear Payne* :

I cannot point out the principles better than Shakespeare has, in a few lines he has laid down as the basis and true standard of our art. Therefore, I refer you to what Hamlet says, (Act III, Scene II), respecting the means of personating the various characters, which are exhibited in human life. It will unfold to you my own principles, and at the same time my veneration for that most wonderful of all dramatic writers and instructors.”

In another letter to Payne, he remarks : “ If you take any lessons from the gentleman you speak of, they should be given upon the stage, and not in the room, that you may give a full scope to your steps, and to your motions, but, my dear friend, the first rule is to be deeply impressed with the character and the situation of your personage, and all his surroundings, until your imagination is fully imbued with the character, and your nerves agitated, to a proper condition, the rest will follow ; your arms and legs will properly do their business. The graces of the danseuse are not requisite in tragedy ; choose rather to have a noble elegance in your gait, and, if it is a historical character you propose to represent, know well the history of the man, and the events of the times he lived in, even before and beyond the period of the dramatic action of which he is one of the figures. It is only by this thorough acquaintance with your subject, that you can gain an over-confidence, as it were, which enables us to paint with a bolder brush and give that broad and grand effect necessary to impress the mind and captivate your hearers. * * * * *

“ Believe me ever,

“ Your true and affectionate friend,

“ TALMA.”

This advice, from one of the greatest artists of the stage should be of inestimable value to those gentlemen of the dramatic profession, who too frequently think that the mere committing of the words of the author is all that is required to make an actor, while, in fact, there is no profession that requires more culture and careful study than that of the actor.

It is not always possible to keep strictly in the path of biographical incidents, and especially so in a biography of such a man as Mr. Payne, who, all through his life, was deviating from one thing to another; a more unsettled man never lived, like a bee that seems to care not as to which flower it alights upon, so long as it extracts a sweet from each. The man of genius may do several things well, but, if he gives his entire attention and industry to some one thing, he is sure to excel, and such would have been the case with Mr. Payne, either as an actor or dramatic writer. Mr. Payne would also have excelled as a critic; the evidence of this will at once be perceived in the following remarks of Mr. Payne's which we extract from a letter of his, written to his sister. She had written a letter to him in which she requested that he would send his opinion as to how Kemble and Kean compared with her great favorite, Cooper.

To us Leigh Hunt is the best of all dramatic critics. Any one who has read his critical essays on the great actors of his day, enumerating Kemble, Siddons, Pope, Raymond, Bannister, Mundon, Fawcett, Liston, Mathews, Powell, Jordan, Mattocks, and hosts of others, can not fail to be impressed with his sound judgment, fairness and honesty of purpose; and we perceive these same qualities in the following extracts from Mr. Payne's letter on the comparative merits of the celebrated actors above-mentioned.

London, June 19th, 1817.

Dearest Eloise :

“ A letter which I send to brother Thatcher, by the same opportunity which carries this, will fully explain the causes of my silence, and the nature of my pursuits, for the last two years. Upon the future I cannot speak distinctly, because the necessity for daily labor to produce daily resources, greatly impedes the soarings of ambition, and prevents one from doing many grand things, merely because nature forces us to follow the fashion of eating and drinking, and both cost money. As soon as I can reconcile my plans to my means, you shall know what I propose, but were I to tell you all the schemes which have crossed my mind, so different are they, you would at once say my madness lacked a method. Something, however, shall shortly be decided to regulate the movements of my future life — some goal — some point for the attainment of which my efforts shall be concentrated ; ‘ but of this more anon.’ Why should we strive to see disagreeable things in the past, through a sacrifice of precious moments which might be devoted to fine fancies of a bright and pleasant future.

“ You ask me for my opinion of Siddons and others of the British stage, and how Cooper, your favorite actor, compares with Kemble and Kean.

“ I have seen Kean in several of his characters, but oftener in *Shylock* and *Richard* than in any other of his representations, and in these always with increased delight. If I may use comparison, he does not seem to me calculated to produce, like Kemble, a powerful first impression ; there is nothing in him to dazzle the senses ; but he steals upon the judgment, captivates and satisfies it. The recollection of Cooke was vivid in my mind, when Kean appeared in London. If Kean never saw Cooke, and he tells me he never did, the similitude in certain parts of their acting, as well as the conception of the true character, seems to me to be still more wonderful. Their leading features of resemblance

in *Shylock* and *Richard* exhibit so marked a correspondence in their genius that it almost proves that both modelled themselves upon similar views of nature. I say, 'similar views of nature' for this reason. Two persons of equal talents may see the same thing in very different lights. Hence spring the innumerable varieties of judgment. Kemble is a profound investigator, yet Kemble takes a view of *Richard*, totally unlike Kean's, and Kemble's *Richard* to me appears radically false in design, and in execution stupifying and tedious. Yet even Kemble's *Richard* has its admirers in opposition to that of Kean's. But I look upon *Richard* as Kemble's worst effort, and I conceive it to be rather unfair to institute a comparison between the worst productions of one rival, and the best of another. The anxious labor and the long-suffering, by which Mr. Kemble has won his laurels, deserve a better reward than he now receives from the ingratitude of a nation, of whose fame, in one branch of the fine arts, he has so many years been a principal and an illustrious supporter. Mr. Kean has often failed of obtaining that power over my feelings with which Mr. Kemble almost invariably held them captive. Compare Kemble and Kean in those characters, of which each gentleman is admitted by the whole world of criticism to be a master. Is Mr. Kean's *Richard* or his *Shylock*, equal, on the whole, to Mr. Kemble's *Cato*, *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet*, *Anthony*, or *Macbeth*? Or is there any individual excellence in either of the efforts of Mr. Kean, which is not superseded by some individual excellence in each one of the efforts of his competitor? Is Kean's 'What do they i'th north'—'Off with his head!'—'I'll not trust thee,' with the residue of that scene which chiefly delighted me, equal, in the electricity of their effects to 'By Jupiter, forgot,' 'Alone I did it,' or the whole of any one impassioned scene of *Coriolanus*? I think, my dear sister, that, when you ask me to tell you which is the greatest actor, the only way to get at it, is by a

liberal mode of comparison. Give full scope to each man's genius, and comparison of each man's mind, when each is in his glory. Deciding by such a system, I am inclined toward Kemble. The latter gentleman is more even through his whole performance of a character, and for the study thereof, the evidence of the patient, hard-working student, is decidedly with Kemble. He, in every scene of the play, sends out a steady, burning light, that fascinates you from the moment he appears before you. Kean, by flashes, like Etna, always is emitting the evidence of a hidden fire, one which at times flashes forth to astonish you. With Kemble, the eye and the intellect are both filled and satisfied: the ear wishes for something with Kean, the eye and the ear is pleased, but the intellect is not satisfied. I can never forget Kemble's *Coriolanus*, his *entrée* was the most brilliant I ever witnessed. His person derived a majesty from a scarlet robe which he managed with inimitable dignity. The Roman energy of his deportment, the seraphic grace of his gesture and the movements of his perfect self-possession, displayed the great mind, daring to command, and disdain to solicit, admiration. His form derived an additional elevation, of perhaps two inches, from his sandals. In every part of the house the audience rose, waved their hats, and huzzaed, and the cheering must have lasted more than five minutes; and at the same time, a crown of laurels was thrown before him from one of the private boxes, and he wore the laurel in the following triumphal procession, while the house shook with the thunder of the populace. A similar enthusiasm was manifested in all his future touches, throughout the play, but most emphatically in two clauses, the first, where *Coriolanus* is made welcome, the audience instantly made it a personal application :

' A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep,
And I could laugh: I am light and heavy.—Welcome!

A curse begin at every root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee !'

Here was a general huzza! bravo! and loud and long clapping. The end of the speech

'Yet, by the faith of man,
We have some old crab-trees here at home
That will not
Be grafted to your relish.'

produced a loud laugh, huzza and applause. At the fall of the curtain, there seemed to be but one mind that actuated the whole house; it was as if the audience had been tranced by the effect. They all at once got up and cheered until the actor came before them; another huzzah, and so ended Kemble's triumph, every night he performed.

"Mrs. Siddons, unfortunately, did not burst upon me, when she first came upon the stage, as Kemble did. I was present the first night of her return to the stage, when she acted for the benefit of the theatrical fund. I risked my limbs to see her, as the rush and the crowd was so great; but got a most excellent place. She acted *Mrs. Beverley*, and I was not only charmed and every way interested, but at times astonished. The grace of her person, the beauty of her arms, the mental beauty of her face, the tragic expression of her voice, and the perfect identification with the character, left nothing for me to wish for. In these she was so great, that even her unwieldy figure, which at first somewhat annoyed me, was soon forgotten. I never saw, nor could have conceived, an effect so sublimely agonizing as her attitude; the rapid glancing of her eyes for nearly a minute, then their sudden stop, and the riveting of them upon her insulter, *Stukely*, when he first shocked her with dishonorable advances. I cannot tell you in this letter all I saw and all I felt, in this one performance of Siddons. If, at her present time of life, she could so affect

us, what would she have done, and what did she do with her hearers, when her figure and her voice were in the full vigor and freshness of her perfect womanhood.

“When she left the stage this night with the understanding, that, more than likely, she would never again appear before the public, a feeling of great sadness came over me, which took hours for me to shake off; the melancholy thought that she should ever disappear from the public, before the whole world had seen her, and felt her great power, still lasts with me, and I have no doubt always will, whenever I think of her. I fear, dear sister, that she has spoiled me for the enjoyment of all other actresses, in the future.

“As regards Cooke, I was at the first performance of Cooke in America. He made a different impression upon me from any other actor I have ever seen; there was something so exclusively unique and original in his dramatic genius. He always presented himself to me in the light of a discoverer, one with whom it seemed that every action and every look emanated entirely from himself; one who appeared never to have had a model, and who depended entirely upon himself for everything he did in the character he represented. Cooke reminds me of no one but himself, and I have never been able to recognize the real *Richard* in any other actor than Cooke. Kean reminds me of Cooke, and Booth of Kean. The two seem to have absorbed something from the great former, but Kean more from Cooke, and Booth from Kean. Besides, Cooke’s genius covers a broader field. He was just as great in dialect-parts as he was in the English heroic. His Scotch parts were wonderful. Indeed I think Cooke (if there is anything in originality) the genius of the English stage, but why ask me about Cooke? You saw him when I had the honor of playing *Edgar* to his *Lear*. I deem it a glory for my country to have his remains resting in its soil.

“I have mentioned the name of Booth, and, in my last letter to you, stated that there was a little man of that name

to appear at the Covent Garden. When I described him to you, as standing upon the steps of the Theatre, awaiting the event of his first appearance in the city of London, little, indeed, did I then imagine that the little man would drive great London mad before I should communicate to you again. Such, however, is the truth, and, as far as the history of his career has yet transpired, I will make it known to you.

“On Wednesday, Feb. 12, Mr. Booth, ‘of the Brighton and Worthing Theatres,’ was announced to play *Richard the Third*, at the Covent Garden. Nothing was known of Mr. Booth, but that he had performed the last season at the Covent Garden in the humble capacity of messenger-carrier, and had subsequently distinguished himself at Brussels, Brighton, Cheltenham and elsewhere, in all Kean’s characters. When he appeared, the house, I think, was thinner than I ever saw it. He was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome by the few that were present. His figure was more *petite* than Kean’s and thinner; his voice, manner, everything, are of the most perfect and extraordinary imitations that can be conceived. You would have declared it was Kean playing the part, so faithful was the resemblance throughout, far closer, as a copy, than Vandenhoff’s, and copied with better taste. Opposition showed itself early, but so evidently it was opposition for opposition’s sake, that the honest good sense of John Bull was roused to take the young man’s part, and every attempt at hissing called forth unprecedented applause and shouting, so that the intervals between the acts were filled up with acclamations. When the curtain fell, the applause was beyond all parallel. Abbott came on to announce *Midsummer Night’s Dream* for Thursday night, but there was a general cry: ‘No! No!! *Richard the Third*, Booth as *Richard!*’ to which the managers were not reluctant to accede, and of course Abbott, after walking to the stage-door for orders, came back and said: ‘Ladies and gentle-

men, by your desire, Mr. Booth will repeat *Richard to-morrow evening.*' This satisfied the ladies and gentlemen, who blistered their hands for a few minutes longer. The next night the house was far better, and Booth received even a greater applause than on the night before, and the curtain fell amid loud cries of 'Repeat *Richard,*' but Mr. Booth was stated to be too unwell to repeat it the next night, and it was consequently announced for Monday. On Saturday, however, Mr. Booth called on Mr. Harris, and had a long conversation as to terms. Booth had been getting in the towns a little over two pounds a week. The managers thought that he would measure his salary in London, by what he had been getting in these small places; to this Mr. Booth would not agree. He knew his price better. The Drury Lane management, hearing of this disagreement, laid a plan to bring Booth over to their house, and Kean was appointed to carry the project into effect, and the result is that Kean and Booth have performed together at Drury Lane. I saw Booth in the part of *Iago* to Kean's *Othello*. The house was packed from pit to gallery; it was a great performance and a grand sight. The new little man behaved himself like a great hero. Kean seemed to feel the force of the new comer and performed up to the full height of his wonderful powers. In the jealous scene, their acting appeared like a set trial of skill, and the applause that followed the end of each of their speeches, swept over the house like a tornado. The effect was almost bewildering. At the end of the play, both of the actors appeared to be exhausted from the extraordinary effort they had made. Kean appeared to take much delight in bringing Booth before the curtain. He seemed to enjoy Booth's success just as much as the audience did, and as he brought him through the proscenium door, you could see, by the intelligent glitter of his piercing eyes, and the smile through the copper color of the Moor's face, a sort of fatherly feeling, as if dragging an over-modest

son to receive the honors of his success. The whole house seemed to feel it in this spirit, and, when Kean conducted Booth back to the door, and then made one step forward to acknowledge the compliment offered to himself, I thought the applause would never stop. 'This much of the new actor can I tell thee, and nothing more.' I think, however, that he is destined to fill a large place in the future history of the English stage.

"As regards Cooper in comparison to Kemble, Cooke or Kean, he is not so great an actor as either of the three, and must take his position as fourth on the roll. But in placing him there, he must not be taken from among the first-class stars. Cooper is of the Kemble school, not that he is a copy of Kemble, as Booth is of Kean, but is of the heroic style, and becomes such a part as *Othello* better than that of *Iago*. He resorts, too, to less tricks of the stage than Kemble, who enlarges his legs and arms by pads, and consults pictures and artists, to produce personal effects. I don't object to this on the part of Kemble or any actor, when he produces the desired result. What I mean is, you see nothing but what belongs to Cooper; he is more natural while Kemble is more artistic. In natural grace Cooper is far beyond any actor I have ever seen, and he is, too, the best *Hamlet* on the stage, he is even more scholarly than Kemble, and, if not so startling as Kean, or so grand as Kemble in the part, he is certainly far less rude than the former, and more natural than the latter. Cooper was the first actor of note I ever saw. It was in Boston on the 11th of March, 1805, eleven years ago, when I was a mere boy. The circumstances of his *début* were peculiar. After his return from England, he, on his starring expedition, came to Boston in the middle of the season, without invitation or engagement. The performers combined to prevent his appearance, assigning as a reason that their benefits were just about to commence, and that his strong attraction would, to a great extent, interfere with their success. But

jealousy was doubtless at the bottom of it. The *beaux esprits* of the town embodied in a phalanx, and threatened the banishment of the company unless Cooper was brought forward. The manager immediately closed the theatre. A compromise ensued at once. Cooper engaged to act alternately for the house and the benefits. The theatre reopened with Cooper in *Hamlet* after a week's interregnum, and Cooper cleared, by the arrangement, three thousand five hundred dollars, in thirteen nights. His reception was very ardent. My young mind was enraptured; he enchanted me, though at the time I could not tell why. His deportment to me is always full of natural dignity; his action and whole manner is chaste, vigorous, and characteristic, and his enunciation always fine. I shall never forget his finished style of bowing to the audience. It acted like a mysterious magic over all, and at once made the audience his personal friends."

CHAPTER III.

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends.”

PAYNE AS A DRAMATIST.

DURING Mr. Payne’s visit to Paris, he became particularly acquainted with Sir John Cain Hobhouse, the celebrated friend of Lord Byron. The suicide of Mr. Whitbread had made a change of the directory of Drury Lane Theatre. Some of Sir John’s most intimate friends had got into power there. The Hon. Douglass Kennaird was chairman of the managing committee, and Byron was one of the leading and most influential members. Payne was already acquainted with Byron, and Sir John gave our countryman a very earnest introduction to Mr. Kennaird. It happened that, during Payne’s abode in Paris, the well known melodrama of the *Maid and Magpie* appeared there. As an exercise in his study of the French language, and without dreaming of ever turning his attention to dramatic writing, Payne made a free version of the piece in question. He took it with him to London, and by the merest accident, while in a conversation with Mr. Kennaird, he mentioned that he had been making a translation of the *Maid and Magpie*. Mr. Kennaird was delighted with the idea, looked it over, and regretted that they had one made which was far inferior. Mr. Kennaird also congratulated Mr. Payne on the hopes of his reappearance at Drury Lane. The chairman decided, however, that it was expedient to secure the advantage of a more favorable moment than that selected on the former. In the course of the conversation, the general interests of the theatre were discussed, questions were asked about Parisian novelties. The *Maid and the Magpie* was naturally a subject of very

anxious inquiry, especially as Drury Lane had obtained a translation, and meant to bring it out almost immediately. Mr. Kennaird was so much enlightened by Mr. Payne's knowledge of the French stage, that he told Mr. Payne that he might be of great advantage both to the theatre and himself, by returning to France and remaining there, with an eye to Parisian novelties for Drury Lane, until there should be an opening to bring him out as an actor in a way that might do him justice, and advantage to the object. Under a promise to Kennaird, in the name of the committee, Mr. Payne agreed to return to Paris, and send over French pieces for Drury Lane till its directors could promote his interest as an actor, with the same zeal they promised to exercise towards him as an author. Meanwhile Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, having heard of Mr. Payne's version of the *Maid and Magpie*, called upon him, and offered a hundred pounds for it, with leave to make every change in it the theatre might think fit. The bargain was struck, and Mr. Payne now went back to France upon the affairs of Drury Lane. From this time his career as a dramatic author commenced. That the theatre might receive every possible advantage from his exertions, Mr. Payne was so thoughtless as to listen to one of those literary adventurers who are ever on the look out for prey in crowded cities. This person had introduced himself to Mr. Payne, who was touched by the picture he drew of his wretched fortunes, and gratified with a talent he displayed for music. He thought he might at the same time serve a neglected genius, and benefit the establishment which seemed to be so warmly espousing his own interests. Indeed he spared no trouble or expense for the purpose of gaining advantage to Drury Lane, over the rival house. The first play he sent over was *Accusation*, a melodrama in three acts; in the manuscript of which the stage business was so thoroughly defined, that, notwithstanding its complexity, the drama was produced in the

unprecedentedly short time of ten days following its arrival in London. The circumstance is mentioned as a remarkable one in the reminiscences of Dibdin, who was then stage manager. But he does not state whence the celerity arose, and takes the credit of it to himself. Indeed a system was organized by our new-fledged dramatic author, through which any work might be transferred to London, with all its original beauty and finish, as soon as the news could arrive there of its first performance in the city of Paris."

In the meantime the *Maid and Magpie* had been produced by Mr. Harris, and had proved a great success.

The drama of *Accusation* was produced for the first time, at the Drury Lane Theatre, February 1st, 1816. We have taken the following remarks on its first production and its plot from *The European Magazine*. The story of the drama is a pretty one and will interest our readers.

"Feb. 1. *Accusation; or, the Family of Anglade*. This drama is an historical tale of domestic suffering, recorded in a French work entitled *Causes Célèbres*." It abounds in the pathetic; and is dramatized with considerable ingenuity of plot, as well as scenic illusion. *Valmore* (Wallack) is the impetuous representation of a guilty passion which he desperately cherishes for *Madame d'Anglade* (Miss Kelly), upon whose spirited rejection of his infamous suit, he resolves on the destruction of her husband (Rae). To this end he employs the agency of *Hubert* (S. Penley) who is his valet, and a most ready scoundrel. The plans of his confidant are materially assisted by his accidentally discovering an old friend in iniquity (Barnard) disguised as an Italian strolling musician; who, at his instigation, meditates a political robbery on *Madame Serval* (Mrs. Glover), the aunt of *Valmore*, resident in the same hotel with the *d'Anglades*. It happens, meanwhile, that a mysterious stranger (Bartley) obtrudes unceremoniously into the presence of *M. d'Anglade*, avowing himself to be the rightful

heir of certain estates inherited by *M. d'Anglade* under the supposition of his decease. The demands of this stern visitor are peremptory: he not only claims restitution of his lands, but insists on instantly receiving their past revenues. *M. d'Anglade*, the soul of honor, had devoted much of his income to the claims of humanity; whence he is compelled to yield, under his ill fortune, to the endearing solicitations of his beloved wife, who urges him to sell her jewels, and satisfy his unexpected creditor. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of Hubert, he commits the preconcerted robbery that night, and his associate, the following morning, personates the jeweler who was expected to purchase the *d'Anglade* diamonds. The transfer having taken place, *M. d'Anglade* unconsciously becomes possessed of 4,500*l.* of stolen notes; and the jewels, together with the pocket book of *Madame Serval* containing the remainder of the robbery, excepting 500*l.* are insidiously placed beneath a sofa pillow in the study. The police almost immediately enter to search the house; and having made the *arranged* discovery, *M. d'Anglade* is torn from the embraces of his distracted wife, and committed to the city prison. Previously, however, to this latter event, the stranger reappears, professes himself the friend and advocate of his injured kinsman; manfully denies the possibility of *M. d'Anglade's* guilt; and offers to purchase his release to the extent of his immense fortune. *Madame Serval*, with equal magnanimity, releases her claims; but the law will be obeyed. At length, through the villany of the confederates, who are desirous each to cheat the other of the secreted 500*l.*, notes to that amount are found upon Hubert. Suspicion likewise attached to a sailor; he is taken up, and recognized as the pretended jeweler. While in separate custody, these wretches are lured into mutual recrimination, and the whole secret is disclosed. *Valmore*, to avoid an ignominious death, becomes a suicide; and oppressed virtue gloriously triumphs in revealed inno-

cence. The performers all excelled in their respective parts; insomuch that it would be difficult to point individual merit. There are, however, two scenes, of which we must particularly speak. The first relates to the introduction of the police to *M. d'Anglade's* study. At this moment we lost all recollection of the public theatre. Our feelings domesticated with the agonized family, we participated in the fulness of their distress; reverencing the calm dignity with which the devoted *d'Anglade* sustained his conscious integrity, and repelled the vile suspicion levelled at his honor; but, above all, we hailed the animated tenderness with which he repaid the conjugal affection so exquisitely expressed by Miss Kelly; because we have been accustomed to see unmanly suffering superior to the claims of female attraction. This scene cannot be called acting; it is a natural unfolding of the human heart, free from assumption, and spontaneously eloquent. The other is the scene in which *Madame Serval*, reluctantly convinced of her nephew's guilt, undertakes to probe his conscience, and to urge him, as he values her peace and his own honor, to a vindication of her injured friend. Mrs. Glover gave consummate pathos to this high-wrought passage, and Mr. Wallack's agonies were finely descriptive of a mind tortured by the conflicting emotions of remorse and personal safety. This is the finest acting we have ever seen this gentleman do. When we consider that this play was publicly exhibited on the tenth night after its translation was received from the author at Paris, we are at a loss to comprehend the elegance of the new scenery, classically adapted to its representation. The gradual decline of evening, with advancing clouds to usher in the night, was admirably executed, and the returning gondolas with Chinese lanterns were beautifully effective. *M. d'Anglade's* study was in the true spirit of French decoration; and the opening of his window to gardens illuminated by the effects of a meridian sun, was a novelty deservedly approved. If *La*

Pic Voleuse had never been represented in this country, we are ready to believe that *La Famille d'Anglade*, would have excited unmixed and universal sympathy; unfortunately, they produce similar interests, although the latter confessedly claims priority. Let not cavillers sneer at a casual introduction of foreign imagery to our would-be classic boards.

“Be it remembered, that Attic salt seasoned the banquet at the Roman schools; and although French sentiment may not irradiate to the splendor of our native muse, we see no good reason why it should not be permitted to dazzle, without prejudice to the greatness of our native drama.”

The drama was so successful that it had a run of many consecutive nights during its first season, and for several seasons afterwards it was frequently repeated. Notwithstanding all Mr. Payne's devotion to the interest of Drury Lane theatre, an unlooked-for and strange difficulty started up in his path. He had warmly praised to the committee the manner in which his associate's share of an opera had been executed. Mr. Kennaird echoed the praise, and accepted the opera. The man's vanity was now excited to supplant the master. It happened, unfortunately, that the theatre was getting into embarrassment. No offer of indemnity for the vast expense Mr. Payne had incurred, had been tendered. He sent a sketch of his outlay. An *éclaircissement* followed, which hurried Mr. Payne forthwith to London again. The instant remuneration was asked, numerous works which had been eagerly accepted, were sent back. An opposition to Mr. Kennaird in the committee endeavored to shift entirely upon his shoulders the engagement of Mr. Payne. Mr. Kennaird, at the same time, as far as possible to get rid of the consequences, and keep our countryman in check, encouraged the faithless agent we have mentioned, who, wishing to get the employment into his own hand, had inveighed, not only against his employer's talent, but his industry and his demands. Even the pledge to produce him as an actor was

subtly shunned, by the specious offer of a line of characters it was privately known he would not accept. The result was, a loss of not only his time but of upwards of two thousand dollars expended for the interest of Drury Lane theatre. For all the labor he had done, he received about two hundred guineas sterling (one thousand dollars). That amount, having been the sum regularly accruing from the performances of *Accusation*, could not be avoided. Further compensation would have been awarded had there been an appeal to the law; but Payne was too much disgusted and annoyed at this tissue of sordid and paltry intrigues, not to be glad that the affair should drop. Indeed, he felt himself too unfriended and alone even to dream of further struggling; and it so happened that another opening immediately arose, which withdrew his attention from the ill treatment of old Drury and her myrmidons.

In the midst of this dilemma, Howard Payne had a visit from Mr. Harris of the Covent Garden theatre; that gentleman expressed his regret at the conduct of the rival house, and offered him an engagement at Covent Garden, both literary and theatrical, and said that he would put it in so specific a form as to render disappointment impossible. For these services he offered three hundred guineas for the general attention of Mr. Payne to the benefit of the establishment during the season, and stipulated to bring him out as an actor, with further and independent compensation, and allowing him also to select his own plays and characters." This was satisfactory to Mr. Payne, and he was secured. For his literary aid there was a still further provision. He was to acquaint the management with all the novelties which might appear abroad. Should a free translation be required, he was to make it and receive fifty pounds, and should the management then have him make an adaptation of it, he was to obtain a further recompense to the full extent regularly paid to authors, viz: about the rate of one thousand dollars

a play. This engagement, which could not have been dictated by any but a liberal spirit, was forthwith accepted, and it led to great intimacy between the manager and Mr. Payne. Unfortunately, however, they were known to be daily closeted upon the affairs of the theatre. The nature of the engagement was not understood, but Payne was suspected of having great influence and to be dangerous. *Favorites have no friends.* The first discontentedness was brought about by the interference of the hack writers about the establishment with a right implied in the literary clause of his contract. Versions of his were given to others to work up. Some of his pieces, thus obtained, became stock plays. A second source of disquietude originated in the postponement of his announcement to act. It chanced unluckily that Macready had been engaged just before him. To Payne was intrusted much of the machinery of this actor's success, at the time. That being secured, the manager was reminded that the season was wearing away. Mr. Harris, at length, determined to keep his word. *Adelgitha* was the play fixed for his *début*. We have now before us the bills of Covent Garden, in which the play altered by our author is cast as follows :

<i>Guiscard,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Young.
<i>Michael Ducas,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Macready.
<i>Adelgitha,</i>	-	.	-	Miss O'Neil.
<i>Lothair,</i>	-	-	-	John Howard Payne.

This announcement was on the bills of the 20th, 22d, 23d, and 24th of February, 1817, and the bills of the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th; it is promised to be positively performed on the following Tuesday, but, on Saturday, March 1st, and Monday, 3d, it is changed again to the Saturday following, and then never mentioned more. How, it may be asked, did this happen? Those who are versed in green-room mysteries, can perhaps answer. There are no leading men of any profession who like to be leading objects more than actors. It is a great fault in the profession

everywhere. In Payne's case with *Adelgitha*, every time the tragedy was announced for performance some one of the three leading actors named in the cast was suddenly taken sick. In the interim, Passion week put in its appearance. On that occasion the London theatres were usually closed, but those elsewhere continued open. Payne was now invited to perform during the week at Bath, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and could have played another week with equally great success, but other engagements of stars in the theatre prevented him. On his return to London, unluckily, in springing from the coach, he sprained his ankle which laid him up for several weeks. Now that he was unable to appear, all the other actors announced that they were ready for *Adelgitha*. Too plainly was advantage taken of his accident. Besides, the envious about the theatre, during Payne's confinement, embraced the opportunity to cool the manager against him, by persuading the withdrawal of *Adelgitha* on the sole ground of ridiculous superstition.

Mr. Harris then offered to bring out Mr. Payne in all of Mr. Charles Kemble's parts, with whom at the time Mr. Harris was at variance. But then to oppose an actor so well liked and upheld by the public, would have been an act of madness on the part of Payne, and he therefore, in the most manly manner, refused to do anything of the sort. Angry communications followed in which Mr. Harris upbraided Payne for complaining of his treatment as an actor, when, as an author, he had received from the theatre that season more than he had brought to it. Mr. Payne protested against the unfairness of the charge, because he had been bound down to act under the dictations of the manager. "Shall Mr. Harris blame the instrument because he did not know how to work it, and would not be instructed?" Of this it was not long before Payne convinced Mr. Harris.

At this time, Payne observed that the great Kean was somewhat languishing in public favor from more than one

cause, and that the Drury Lane required some new attraction to lift up its then declining fortunes. The idea struck Payne that a new five-act play, suiting the peculiar powers of Mr. Kean, would revive the business of Drury Lane, and the fortunes of the tragedian. He had read several plays on the subject of *Brutus* in as many languages, and concluded that it was just the subject. He at once constructed his new tragedy, and concluding that it was in good shape, although not finished to his perfect liking, he took it to the chairman of the Drury Lane management, by whom it was read, he in turn immediately sent for Mr. Kean, and he at once took hold of it with avidity, and said that he did not conceive it capable of improvement. It was decided to produce it. Mr. Payne was sent for, he declined producing it without a little more polishing, which he did in a few days. It was accepted, and the production of the tragedy was placed in his hands. He made all the plans for the scenery and stage sets, overlooked the making of the properties, and costumes and placed the piece upon the stage with such historical accuracy as had very seldom been seen upon the English stage. The tragedy was produced for the first time on Thursday evening, December 3d, 1818. The play at once met with the most marked success, and was performed to crowded houses for twenty-three consecutive nights, and would have continued without abatement, had it not been for other arrangements of the management, and the holidays, stepping in for the purpose of pantomime and such other performances as were imperative with all theatres at such seasons. However, the holiday season over, *Brutus* was reproduced on January 13th, and was that season continued up to fifty-three nights. The cast of the play, the costumes, and the scenery were spoken of by the press in the highest terms. As we have in our possession an original play-bill of the eighteenth night, we here insert a *fac simile*, which is worthy of preservation.

Last Night of the Company's performing till the Holidays
Eighteenth Night of the New Tragedy.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

This Evening, WEDNESDAY, December 23, 1818,

His Majesty's Servants will perform, (18th time) a New Historical Tragedy entitled

BRUTUS;

Or, The Fall of Tarquin.

With new Scenery, Machinery, Dresses and Decorations.

The SCENERY by Mr. GREENWOOD, and Assistants.

The MACHINERY by Mr. LETHBRIDGE, and the DECORATIONS executed under his direction, by Messrs. Murphy, Morris, and Assistants.

The DRESSES by Mr. BANKS and Miss SMITH. — DECORATRICE, Miss ROBINSON.

The MUSICK, incidental to the Piece, by Mr. T. COOKE.

Lucius Junius,	Mr. KEAN,
Titus, Mr. D. FISHER,	Sextus Tarquin, Mr. H. KEMBLE,
Aruns, Mr. PENLEY,	Claudius, Mr. COVENEY,
Collatinus, Mr. BENGOUGH,	Valerius, Mr. HOLLAND,
Lucretius, Mr. POWELL,	Horatius, Mr. YARNOLD,
Tullia, Mrs. GLOVER,	Tarquinia, Mrs. W. WEST,
Lucretia, Mrs. ROBINSON,	Priestess of Rhea's Temple, Mrs. BRERETON.

In Act the First,

The Procession of Tarquinia to the Temple of Fortune.

In the course of the Tragedy, the following NEW SCENES, designed by Mr. GREENWOOD, and painted by him and Assistants, will be exhibited.

A STREET IN ANCIENT ROME.

Roman Encampment before Ardea.

The TENT of SEXTUS, with distant View of the CAMP before ARDEA.

The Equestrian Statue of Tarquinius Superbus.

The Forum.

The Court Yard and Palace of Tarquinius Superbus.

RUINS IN ANCIENT ROME.

Temple of Rhea & Monumental Statue of Servius Tullius.

APARTMENT IN THE HOUSE OF BRUTUS.

VIEW in ROME taken from La Thierre's celebrated Picture of

The JUDGMENT of BRUTUS.

†††The Romance of BARMECIDE, as it is performed, may be had in the Theatre: and of R. WHITE, 11, Brydges Street.

After which, (10th time) a new Dramatick Romance, in 3 Acts, called

B A R M E C I D E .

Principal characters by

Mr. H. JOHNSTON,	Mr. H. KEMBLE,	Mr. WATKINSON.
Mr. COWELL,	Mr. BENGOUGH,	Mr. SMITH,
	Mrs. ORGER.	Mr. COVENEY.

In Act I. (incidental to the Piece).

A PAS DEUX, by Miss VALANCY and Miss J. SCOTT;

And a PAS SEUL, by Miss TREE.

Vivat Rex! No Money to be returned. Rodwell, Printer, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

The New Historical Tragedy of

BRUTUS, or The Fall of Tarquin,

Having now attained the utmost height of popularity and universal approbation, producing on every Evening of performance a vast overflow from all parts of the Theatre very shortly after the doors are opened; — its representation being nightly accompanied by torrents of the most loud and rapturous applause, and its announcement for repetition constantly hailed by the unanimous cheers and acclamations of the whole House, will be acted this Evening; after which, its performance must be suspended on account of Mr. KEAN's absence from London, to fulfill a provincial engagement, but on Mr. K.'s return, the representations of that unprecedentedly successful and popular Tragedy will be immediately resumed.

NO ORDERS CAN POSSIBLY BE ADMITTED.

MR. KEAN

Whose representation of *Lucius Junius*, in the New Tragedy, has been productive of the most powerful effect on the feelings of delighted and admiring audiences, will repeat that character this Evening.

On Saturday, (December 24) Lillo's Tragedy of GEORGE BARNWELL.

George Barnwell, (1st time) Mr. H. KEMBLE, Trucman, Mr. HAMBLYN, (his first appearance)

Millwood, (first time) Mrs. W. WEST

With (never acted) A new COMICK PANTOMIME, called

HARLEQUIN and the DANDY CLUB

It was originally intended that Mr. Payne himself should perform the part of *Titus*, but this was opposed by Stephen Kemble at the time, on the ground of his thinking it indelicate for the author to appear in his own play. Kemble was the stage manager of the theatre, and Mr. Payne, in his good nature, gave way to Mr. Kemble's idea. This was a great mistake on the part of Mr. Payne, as the long run which the tragedy had, would have been the means of introducing Mr. Payne more frequently to the public as an actor, and thereby giving him an opportunity to become a favorite as such with the public.

The tragedy was a wonderful success; Kean made a great hit in the part of *Brutus*. The fortunes of the theatre and the actor were redeemed, the great theatre was packed every night, while Covent Garden was nightly performing to almost empty benches. Harris now fully discovered that he had not valued Payne as highly as he deserved, and regretted that he allowed himself to be prejudiced against him, and did not make better use of the materials he had placed in his hands. The tragedy was spoken of by the press in very high terms, with the exception of one or two papers, which, not able to find fault with the construction of the tragedy, etc., set up a plea that Mr. Payne had made a very large use of materials belonging to other dramatists. The person who started this assault upon the originality of the tragedy, is the same elsewhere alluded to in former parts of this work. The first accusation was, that Mr. Payne had taken the most of his plot and language from a manuscript play by the then late Mr. Cumberland. But the *London Literary Journal*, in which this ridiculous statement first appeared, on the week following the first production of the play, contradicts the whole matter by the following statement.

(*Literary Journal, Saturday, December 12th, 1818, page 602.*)

“The tragedy of *Brutus* was repeated on Wednesday evening for the sixth time, before a crowded audience and with great applause. We have great pleasure in finding ourselves authorized to contradict the statement to which we referred last week, and in which the late Mr. Cumberland was represented to have been the real author of this play. *Brutus* is undoubtedly the production of Mr. John Howard Payne. The construction of the subject differs thoroughly from any former treatment of the story, and the present production is exceedingly creditable to the poet.”

The *European Magazine and London Review*, one of the best critical authorities of the day, remarked thus, “The new tragedy of *Brutus* attracts nightly such audiences as it so well merits. It is from the pen of Mr. John Howard Payne, a young gentleman of much actual merit, and of great future promise. He has followed the story in the Roman history with a judicious softening of the more austere features of the monstrous act. The play opens at the camp of Ardea, near Rome, after the return of *Brutus* from Delphia, still wearing his idiot’s guise. *Tullia*, the tyrant’s wife, who drove her chariot over the dead body of her father, is disturbed by dreams and predictions. ‘The fall of Tarquin shall be effected by a fool,’ such was the prophecy that roused her fears, of which the object is *Lucius Junius Brutus*. She sends for him, but is quieted by his seeming imbecility. The memorable wager is now made at the camp, and *Collatinus* and the younger *Tarquin* set out instantly for Rome, to make trial of the excellence of their wives. They visit *Lucretia*; *Sextus Tarquinius* becomes enamored, returns the next night alone and by the infamy of his crime provokes the genius of Roman liberty and justice. *Sextus* on his return meets *Brutus*, relates to him his infamous adventure. The latter throws off the mask, starts forth into his real character,

and assails the wretch with indignant curses. *Brutus* swears upon the reeking dagger to revenge her, and give Rome freedom. The people join him; shut the gates against the tyrant, and tear down the palace. *Tullia* is condemned by *Brutus* to be imprisoned in *Rhea's Temple* which contained her father's tomb. She is brought there, horror-struck, and dies, at the side of the monumental statue of her father, which in her frenzy she fancied was his spectre. The consular government is now formed, and the conspiracy of the young nobles of Rome is discovered. The son of *Brutus* (*Titus*) is among them. He had been won by his love for *Tarquinia*, the tyrant's daughter who had saved his life. Now comes the trial of the soul of *Brutus*. The consulate condemn to death all of the young nobles, but *Titus*, whom, out of respect for the deliverer of Rome, they place in his hands for judgment. *Brutus* could not fail in the cause of justice, and is therefore forced by the example of the consulate to mete out the same punishment to his own son as had been given to others. He judges and condemns his own child to death, gives the signal for his execution, sees it done behind the scenes, loses the Roman in the father, when the axe gives the fatal blow, falls into the arms of his brother-consul when the curtain falls.

“The unity of time, it will be observed, is wholly disregarded by the author of the play, but Shakespeare has done the same thing in all of his historical plays. Mr. Payne, however, has observed the simplicity of the action, and even the unity of place is not very palpably violated by the change of scene between *Rome* and *Ardea* and *Collatinus*. The author of the play has taken some advantage of Lee's play on this subject, and is somewhat indebted to Voltaire. The traces of Lee may be observed in the early scenes which are made use of more in the light of suggestion than literally. There are several plays on this subject; but the structure of the tragedy before us has not been taken

from any of them. We should judge, on the contrary, that the author took the subject as he found it in Livy, one of the most eloquent, and decidedly the most dramatic, of historians, that he sketched out his play on his own views, and, in completing his work, has given us a successful tragedy on the subject of *Brutus*, which none of the other dramatists have done with the same subject. The character of *Brutus* was performed with great ability and effect by Mr. Kean. The transitions from seeming idiocy to intellectual and moral elevation, were powerful, natural, and unexaggerated. There was, perhaps, some want of the antique classic grandeur which we associate with the elder *Brutus*, but on the other hand, there were fine touches of energy and pathos. All the other characters were subordinate. *Titus*, the son of *Brutus*, and *Sextus* were respectably played by Mr. Fisher, and Mr. H. Kemble. Mrs. Glover represented the remorse and frenzy of *Tullia*, with great force, and Mrs. West produced some fine effects in *Tarquinia*."

It might have been supposed that the overwhelming success of *Brutus* would have turned the tide of fortune in Mr. Payne's favor, for as his career had been a baffled one, a little bit of sunshine here might have been looked for, but, alas! it was not his fate, and, however gratifying its numerous performances may have been to the author, still the fact of having been accused of appropriating the ideas of others without acknowledgment, was like a wreath of thorns to his over sensitive mind, which no manner of success could relieve of the sting. No man was ever more honest in whatever he did than Mr. Payne, and, on every occasion when Mr. Payne made even the slightest use of other authors, he always mentioned the facts in the preface in the printed editions of his dramas, and such was the case with the tragedy of *Brutus*, which was placed before the public in printed form in ten days after its first performance. In this preface, he says: "There are seven plays

upon the subject of *Brutus*, which are before the public, only two have been thought capable of representation, and those two did not long hold possession of the stage. In the present play, I have had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and, in some slight instances, the language of my predecessors, whenever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan I had prescribed. Such obligations, to be culpable, must be secret."

At last, however, all admitted that Mr. Payne had large claims on the public for having wrought and combined into a fine tragedy a Roman story over which all previous dramatists had failed in producing a successful result. "We maintain," says a London reviewer, "that old and new parts combined constitute a new whole. If new parts are added to an old machine and thereby cause it to produce new results, the whole machine is a new one."

The attack on the score of want of due acknowledgment, soon died away. It was discovered to have originated with the person who had taken the place of Mr. Payne at Covent Garden, and the reason of its being so pertinaciously urged, no longer ceased to be a wonder. It is said that Thomas Moore asked Washington Irving, what all this bustle was, about Payne and *Brutus*.

"Why" replied Irving, "Payne has given credit for his play to six authors from whom he has taken hints; but, because he has included a seventh, from whom he has borrowed nothing, they have raised against him a hue and cry for plagiarism." A London paper answered the censors in an epigram. Its substance, was "That the ancients leagued with *Brutus* to turn out oppressors, but the moderns now turned out to oppress *Brutus*."

The attacks, however, were not made to be refuted. The object was, if possible, to destroy Mr. Payne's standing with the committee, one of whom testily told him that the lord chancellor would be applied to for an injunction to prevent the performance of *Brutus*, which it was feared

would be granted, and when he inquired into the origin of the impression, it was answered that the Right Hon. Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell) had complained to his brother, the lord high chancellor (Lord Eldon), that the play of *Brutus* was unconstitutional and ought to be suppressed; upon which the chancellor, it was said, promised to read it and decide, and was expected to decide unfavorably, upon which Mr. Payne immediately wrote to that learned jurist, and obtained the following candid and circumstantial reply in explanation.

“ *To John Howard Payne, Esq.*

“ SIR: I have no right whatever to complain of the mode in which you attempt to do yourself justice; and I shall be truly sorry if I have unintentionally done you any injustice. It was far from any purpose of mine, in a conversation to which you allude, the whole of which I most unreservedly submit to you, as far as I recollect it.

“ Living upon terms of the most unguarded familiarity with my brother, I certainly did mention to him accidentally what I had heard in several companies, that the play of *Brutus* did contain passages calculated to produce democratic impressions; but I added, that I had neither seen nor read the play, and therefore could say nothing of it, but what was conveyed to me in common report. I was not at that time talking to the chancellor, in his official capacity, or in the way of complaint, but to my brother, in the idle style of private gossip, meaning neither to express any opinion of my own, nor that what I said should go beyond himself and some other person who happened to be in the room. The subject was not started by me, nor pursued by me any further. I think my brother said, he had heard similar reports of strong passages in the play. The matter dropped there entirely, and I am grieved that any such consequences as you describe have resulted from it. It never could have occurred to my

thoughts, that such a conversation so qualified could have produced them. If any such use has been made of it, it is a very unjust one, and for which I cannot consider myself as at all morally answerable, though I regret very much the having accidentally given the slightest and remotest occasion for it. I am, sir, your most obedient servant."

(Signed), Wm. Scott.

" Grafton street, Jan. 22, 1819."

A copy of this letter was laid before the sub-committee, who generally expressed their satisfaction at the course adopted, but the particular member whose remonstrance had led to the appeal, spoke of it with much chagrin. It then came out that it was with that member himself Sir William had conversed. By *him* the subject had been started. So much for the intrigues even of the wealthy and the wise when they get into a green-room. The committee, however, loved the author none the better for showing them that he had been wronged among them. The proof soon appeared. *Brutus* was bringing thousands to the treasury. Even Kean was gaining fifty pounds a week extra for performing in it. But the author had been lured into an improvident bargain. He had consented to be paid by benefits. But he consented upon an overstatement of the average of the season and an extravagant estimate of charges. It chanced, too, that the weather and other drawbacks, rendered the houses on his nights thinner than on any other. There were four: the first Dec. 5, yielding a profit of 48*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; the second Dec. 5, 14*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; the third Dec. 12, 86*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; the fourth, Jan. 15, 34*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*; in all 183*l.* 6*d.*: being twenty pounds less than the established recompense for a successful afterpiece. This was so utterly inadequate, that Payne was advised to apply to the committee for a reconsideration of the agreement. Whereon Mr. Payne sent the following communication.

*To the Committee in management of
the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.*

“GENTLEMEN: It has been stated to me in knowing quarters, as coming from a member of your committee, that I had gained a *thousand pounds* by the tragedy of *Brutus*. This is a very wide and injurious mistake, and I beg leave to state (which you must know as well as I do,) that the full amount I have received is *one hundred and eighty-three pounds, six shillings*. There was an agreement that I should have the surplus of four nights’ benefits, as the amount to be paid for the tragedy. This agreement I acknowledge has been faithfully fulfilled. It was not my wish to have given the play on such terms. My own proposals in writing are in Mr. Kemble’s hands. But I was led to understand that no other terms would be accepted.

“I am aware that all theatrical speculation is peculiarly uncertain; still, from the beginning, I indulged an expectation that, even if my benefits failed, I should not be suffered to lose. I was impelled to this belief by knowing that there is no recorded case of great success which has not met with a corresponding consideration from the theatre, whether previously agreed upon, or not. Performers are always paid in some proportion to the increased profits arising to the house from their engagement, and authors are rewarded for extraordinary attraction upon the same principle. Though four hundred guineas is the established sum for a five-act play which runs twenty nights, yet it is an equally established custom to present any person who furnishes the theatre with a play which produces great advantages, an *additional* remuneration, which has varied, in different cases, from one to five hundred guineas. A farce is usually rated at two hundred guineas for twenty nights. Hence it appears that *Brutus*, which has now reached its forty-first representation, has brought me

twenty pounds less than the regular recompense for a successful after-piece.

“It is an object of some consequence to me, to ascertain what chances of emolument I may find, to fix my attention upon dramatic authorship. The present play has enjoyed a popularity as great as can be wished for any like production, and allow me to refer you to your own bills for your own impression of its attractions. The mind is unnerved for further great exertions, when it is not suffered to derive adequate advantages from present success. If the greatest good fortune to the theatre confers no encouraging reward on him who causes it, even hope itself is deprived of incentive. Payment by benefits is, at best, precarious. When the result to the one party proves of such high importance, something further is naturally to be expected by the author.

“If I advert to the copyright of *Brutus*, it can only be to say that it did not bring me a sum by any means commensurate with its acknowledged popularity. Mr. Kemble has undoubtedly apprised you, gentlemen, that the most indefatigable attention was paid by me to the getting up of this tragedy. I spared neither pains nor expense. I may safely say, that it cost me, in various ways, far beyond one-third of the sum received for it from the theatre. In the arrangement of the costumes, the scenery, the processions, all of the stage business, you will discover upon inquiry from the directors of every department, that I was active and unceasing in my exertions, these labors absorbed the whole of my time while the tragedy was in preparation, and their effect is obvious in the unqualified approbation with which they are honored nightly. Even the construction of the play-bills, and most of the preparatory paragraphs for the newspapers, were referred to my care. These circumstances will prove that I have not been wanting in ardor to the cause.

“Having now fully submitted the case to your consideration, I beg leave to sum it up in a few words: *I have received from your treasury ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE POUNDS, SIX shillings* for the tragedy of *Brutus*. Permit me gentlemen to ask you, if this sum in your opinion is a sufficient recompense for my exertions and the service, which the tragedy of *Brutus* has rendered your theatre.

“I have the honor with the highest respect to be

“Your very obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.”

The committee admitted that the return was not liberal enough, and the manager was authorized to offer Mr. Payne another benefit, but the terms were fixed so high and the season so far gone, that Mr. Payne was forced to decline it, as the result would most assuredly bring him into debt. Mr. Payne understood the small practice of managers in putting up the expenses so high that it forbid the possibility of the beneficiary receiving one cent. The tricks of the green-room and the box-office had before given him a sad experience. Thus, instead of being bettered by his success as a dramatic author, he was made the victim of every sort of dirty animosity. The very management was stirred up against him by a report that he was intriguing for the pasteboard crown. Kean, whom he had so largely served, treated him with marked neglect, and, to the astonishment of all the performers, publicly presented Mr. Stephen Kemble, the stage manager, with a gold snuff-box, bearing the last scene of *Brutus* engraved upon its lid, but took no notice of the author, notwithstanding the author had previously presented Mr. Kean with the very toga he wore, and showed him how its folds should be adjusted to the true Roman style. Kean carried his coldness still further. He had induced Payne to prepare a play on the subject of *Virginius*, which, when finished, and after much labor and loss of time, he cast aside. Meanwhile

the subject of his new tragedy got abroad among the members of the different theatres, and the first thing that Mr. Payne knew was, that the same subject had been worked into a five-act play by a particular friend of Mr. Kean's, which was accepted and handsomely paid for, but it had a run of only thirteen nights, and then was lost sight of forever. The subject of *Virginus* being a first-rate one, James Sheridan Knowles took hold of it and produced a fine play, which, although it did not have a long run at the time, still holds possession of the stage. It is fortunate for the stage that Mr. Knowles was encouraged and treated with more kindness than Mr. Payne, for it has been the means of producing one of the greatest English dramatists.

The *Virginus* of Payne never appeared; parts of it, however, were quoted in the *London Magazine* and highly commended. No further transactions occurred between him and the Drury Lane theatre that season, except the following, which is scarcely less singular than the rest that has gone before. A piece upon a French basis was sent to the committee and returned as "being admirable for its incident, but deficient in its dialogue." Payne took it back, rewrote the dialogue in the inflated style then current and returned it to the committee, before whom it was read by the celebrated Mr. Oxberry. The decision now was "That its dialogue was admirable, but it was deficient in incident." The French drama which had supplied the story for this twice-retained drama, was almost immediately afterwards brought out both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, and was successful. As he found that so much advantage was being derived to others by his hints and works, he began to think that the only way was for him to turn manager himself and produce his own pieces upon his own stage. He saw the Birmingham theatre advertised to let, and at once made application for it. The proprietors caught at his proposals and desired

him to call instantly, but circumstances which he could not control, forced him to delay his visit for over a week, and, when he did call, he was informed that the house had been leased to the person who had so attacked his *Brutus*. But, though circumvented Mr. Payne did not give up his purpose. Ere long, "The oldest and most respectable minor theatre in London" was to let. The proprietors at once closed with Mr. Payne. He entered upon a hazardous speculation, without fully knowing the ground upon which he ventured. Sadler's Wells Theatre had always been a summer play-house; regular acting was never thought of there, indeed never permitted by law, but Mr. Payne thought a new interest could be given to it by changing its character, and, although the idea was a good one, still it required more money than Mr. Payne had, to carry it through. It turned out, too, to be a bad time, as there was a great excitement concerning the queen of George IV. The play-goers remained at home to avoid the mobs; this and death in the royal family subjected him to further loss, as the London theatres on such occasions are always closed for several days. He incurred still greater disadvantages for disobliging the court party by upholding her majesty's cause in allusive plays. Even the proprietors of the house became alarmed, and remonstrated with him for endangering their license. The success of the house afterwards was all the better by the boldness of Mr. Payne. The next season the queen rewarded the attention her interest had received by commending a certain play, but her highness did not know that the management of the house had changed hands. By similar good luck the new management received from the royal treasury for opening the house gratis on the coronation-night, more than Payne lost by closing it for the royal death. The new management, by the seed Payne had sown, the season before, reaped a fortune, while our adventurous author was brought to great wretchedness by his losses of over seven thousand

dollars, and was besides lodged in a debtor's jail. While here, in this wretched plight and pondering over his hard situation, one morning he received a parcel sealed in black and inscribed *Octavius*. He opened it and found it to contain two French pamphlets, the first of which was a play that had been translated and acted on the opening of his late theatre. He thought that the parcel was meant as an ill-intended banter, and flung the pamphlets aside. But in an hour or so afterwards, wanting something to interest his mind, he picked one of them up again, and on reading a page or two, he became interested and ran it through. He saw at once that it had material for a most admirable drama and would just suit the wants of Drury Lane, which had now been abandoned by the old *Brutus* committee, and was under the direction of Mr. Elliston. In three days, the new play was finished and presented to Elliston, who read it and immediately accepted it, and in ten days afterwards it was acted upon Drury Lane stage; when the bills and the press pronounced it the best and most successful melodrama that had ever been produced at Drury Lane. The drama in question was *Thérèse, The Orphan of Geneva*. His success even here, however, was destined to be made a source of opposition. The managers of the minor theatres caused the piece to be taken down in short-hand from the pit, and it was brought out at one of the other houses, but was forced from the stage by an injunction from the chancellor. Covent Garden also produced a rival version and with great pomp of scenery and other effects, but was not successful, it being performed for only a few nights, while the people rushed to see Payne's drama at Drury Lane. Miss Kelly made a great hit in the part of *Thérèse*, while J. W. Wallack, added fresh leaves to his dramatic laurel in the part of *Carwin*. Payne, while the piece was in rehearsal, managed by some influence to obtain leave to go from his temporary confinement to the theatre for the purpose of directing its pro-

duction. He disguised himself as best he could and by the assistance of a friend, a coach and the by-streets, he not only produced the piece but attended the theatre on the first night of its performance. We extract the following from Mr. Payne's own journal which lies before us, to show the difficulties under which he produced the drama.

“On Tuesday, January 16th, a parcel was brought to me without a letter or explanation. On it was written Havre, January 18th, and bearing a black seal inscribed *Octavius*. The parcel contained two productions of M. Victor, *Calas* and *Thérèse*. The uncommon merit of *Calas*, the British public had already been made familiar with. I at once read *Thérèse*, the new production of its ingenious author, and could not hesitate a moment in fitting it for the English stage. I went to work, and on Thursday night, January 18th, the adaptation was finished, on the Monday following it was placed in Mr. Elliston's hands, he accepted it on Friday, January 27th, and produced it on Thursday evening, 2d of February, 1821.

“I am indebted to M. Victor for the compliment which he paid me in so mysterious a manner. I beg to return my thanks for it, and at the same time ask his indulgence towards some alterations in the construction of the drama, especially so, in the third act.

“Tuesday, February 1st. I could not attend rehearsal of *Thérèse*, Purification Day no court sits, and a pass must be signed by the court every morning.

“Thursday, February 2d, a scampering rehearsal, and Miss Kelly wanted to be excused from attending on account of illness, but was persuaded by a note from me. Heaven help *Thérèse!* every body in a bad humor; Elliston — and the Pavilion scene not finished. In the third act, Miss Kelly got out of temper and told the management that it was shameful in undertaking to produce a piece, without giving time to the performers to learn the words in a drama; that, if proper time were given, fine effects could be

produced; that it was trifling with the dramatists and the little reputation she had acquired, and, that both were to be sacrificed to an unnecessary precipitation. We got through the rehearsal late in the afternoon. All the company parted with little or no hope for the success of the piece. Distracted myself, I was too sick and prostrated to leave the theatre, was invited to dine in Elliston's room where I remained 'till 'twas time for the theatre to open; increased headache. At the performance, I got into the upper private box with Mrs. Edwin, Georgina, and Phillis. There was evidently an unfriendly feeling before the curtain drew up; the overture (one of Mozart's, which had been mistaken by the audience as something new), was hissed. The setting of the first scene was applauded, and the interest of the audience soon began to be excited. The applause was frequent and increased at every step; 'till, when the act-drops fell, it became tumultuous and was repeated in three or four rounds.

“There was a long pause before the next act began. The people got impatient; I ran down to the stage, alarmed for the consequences. To this act there was not so much applause as might have been, until the close.

“The third act, especially the scene between *Fontain* and *Thérèse* was tremendously applauded. Miss Kelly's acting in that scene was one of the most impressive pieces of acting I have ever seen. The play went off to my utter astonishment. The third act was the triumph. I was congratulated by the performers, and the performers congratulated each other. The Hon. George Lamb came up, shook hands with me and expressed his pleasure at the great success of the piece; he also congratulated Miss Kelly for her fine acting.

“Before the piece began, I stopped for a moment or two in the green room. They all asked me how I felt. On my asking Wallack the time, he answered, ‘Don't be afraid, Payne (laughing), I shall be dressed in time and things will

go well.' His ease of manner gave me some hope, for Wallack was always honest in his opinions and would never give encouragement, unless he had just cause.

"February 3d. Well, *Thérèse* has succeeded triumphantly, and splendidly, and I am enjoying my triumph with a box of pills before me, a bowl of gruel, my feet in hot water, no fire, and a terrific head-ache. Yet I cannot help remarking the contrast in the manner of my reception by the actors and others upon the stage last evening, to the dreadful coldness with which I was treated on the same stage when *Brutus* was produced. Miss Kelly thanked me for the little stage-business I showed her, and Wallack thanked me heartily for naming him for the part of *Curwin*."

This interesting drama of *Thérèse*, was, shortly after its production at Drury Lane, published, and its first edition of one thousand copies, the usual number for theatrical purposes at that time, was consumed, by the general public, in less than one month.

Mr. Payne, in his preface to his first edition, after complimenting the ladies and gentlemen of the company who first acted in the drama, says: 'One word to my friends the critics, and I have done. They have honored me with more attention than I ever coveted, but I wish them to understand, that this, like former publications of mine, is a work planned for stage effects, exclusively, and printed for managers and actors only. It is so necessary in the production of the modern drama to consult the peculiarities of leading performers, and not offend the restive spirit by means of situation almost pantomimic and too impatient to pause for poetical beauty; thus it seems almost hopeless to look to the stage of the present days for a permanent literary distinction. An actable play seems to derive its value from what is done, more than from what is said, but the great power of a literary work consists in what is said, and the manner of saying it. He, therefore, who best knows the stage, can best tell why, in the present temper

of the audience good poets should so often make bad dramatists. Should my better stars ever give me leisure or independence, to devote myself to literary work, which I may hope to render worthy of being recollected, I shall select something in which the imagination may be less fettered than it must be by the necessities of the stage. I am not, nor ever *have* been, so unprincipled as to claim what does not belong to me, and I have only to desire, as a point of common courtesy, that if my excellent good friends should ever do me the honor to censure, or to quote, any of the trifling remarks I have ventured to offer upon the present occasion, they will enhance the obligation by first reading them.

“J. H. P.

“London, February 11th, 1821.”

The clouds sometimes gather around us so thickly that we become hopeless as to their ever clearing away. Such was the case with Mr. Payne at the crisis when the mysterious parcel was sent to him by M. Victor. At no period in the whole of Mr. Payne's life, was he more seriously situated, than immediately after his management of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and when he wrote *Thérèse*. The sunshine came when least expected. It came, too, in the hours of his deepest gloom, and he was lifted out of his darkness. The profits of *Thérèse* soon brought him enough to relieve his personal want and satisfy his creditors. No one disliked debt more than Mr. Payne, and no one was more prompt to pay when he had the means to do it with. His affairs were quickly adjusted, and in less than one month after the first production of *Thérèse*, Mr. Payne was in a situation to be asked by Elliston to return to France, and there watch for the interests of Drury Lane Theatre. The new lessee assured him that he would now find different persons to deal with from those who managed the theatre when his tragedy of *Brutus* was brought out. On these assur-

ances, he returned to Paris and watched for the announcements of all new plays. When a new piece was mentioned, he at once sought and became acquainted with the author, and frequently obtained the privilege of reading the manuscript drama before it was produced upon the stage. This done, he would immediately notify Elliston of the fact, and send him a full description of the plot, scenery, dresses, etc., and then anxiously await Elliston's answer, as to whether he should go on with the translation and adaptation. To this effect some of Mr. Payne's letters are highly interesting, containing as they do several pages, showing in every sense, his industry and devotion to his employer. But Elliston was too slow, he was not the man to be associated with such a quick mind as Payne's. He had neither discernment nor determination — he hesitated too long, and lost the golden opportunity of transplanting some of the finest and most successful Parisian novelties. During all this delay on the part of Elliston, Payne's expenses were going on.

Meanwhile a person by the name of Burroughs, who had been in this country, took the Surrey Theatre, a large minor house in London, and immediately on securing it, he packed off to Paris to obtain the services of Mr. Payne to supply him largely with manuscripts; but Burroughs was not a man of means, nor prompt when he had them, nor decided in the production of the dramas that Payne would send him, sometimes holding the new piece for three or four months before he would produce it, while he was losing his valuable time by reproducing old hackneyed pieces, that cost him quite as much for new scenery, dresses, etc., as it would have done for Payne's novelty of the French stage. Payne did a great deal of hard work for both him and Elliston. But both concerns, through bad management, were hanging on the ragged verge of bankruptcy, while Payne received little or nothing for his hard work and large outlay.

The amount of correspondence that Payne did with Elliston to induce him to produce certain pieces, is remarkable, and especially so on one piece, which he saw performed at the *Panorama Dramatique*, which struck Payne as just the thing for the Drury Lane stage, and a London audience, but Elliston could not be convinced as to what was best. In this case Payne invited Washington Irving and Thomas Moore, who were at that time in Paris, to go and see the performance. Irving could not attend, but Moore and others did, all of whom were delighted with the play, and predicted for it a great run if placed upon the Drury Lane stage. Mr. Irving sent the following letter on the subject to Payne, and Payne in turn sent it to Elliston, hoping that it would induce the tardy manager to a speedy conclusion.

“ Paris, May 1st, 1821.

“ *R. W. Elliston, Esq. :*

“ Mr. Irving has this moment sent me a note on the subject of the play which I so much desire you shall produce upon the Drury Lane stage. I hope his letter, which I here transcribe, will induce you to say ‘Go on with the work.’ I have every faith in the success of the piece if properly done.

J. H. P.”

“ *Dear Payne,*

“ I did not get to the *Panorama Dramatique* on Saturday evening, as I expected, but I have seen Mr. Moore and others of the party who express themselves highly pleased. Moore seems to have been quite struck with the piece. He thinks the story very interesting and affecting, and the getting up of the piece quite ingenious and picturesque. He thinks that it would appear to even greater advantage on the large stage of the Drury Lane Theatre, where the machinery, decorations and properties are superior. He was very much delighted with the last scene (the apotheosis), though it seemed to have shocked one of the ladies a little.

That scene, it appears to me, will be a critical one: it may mar the piece, or it may give it an extraordinary attraction. Moore says the scene was rather defective. 'It seemed to be beyond the scope of their art; excepting the representation of the atmosphere.' I presume the whole scene could be managed better upon the London stage, and from the good report of Moore and others, I would advise you to do the work, whether Elliston desires it or not. Perhaps some other theatre, at some future time, may take a fancy to it.

" Yours very truly,

" WASHINGTON IRVING.

" Rue Mont Thabor, No. 4.

April 30th, 1821."

The communication did no good. Elliston still hung fire, and likely lost a great success. The capricious notions of Elliston, the delay of Burroughs in producing what Payne had sent him, and the receiving of little or no money from either of them, now placed our dramatist in an unpleasant position. We feel it of sufficient value to relate here, an interesting anecdote which transpired between Payne and Elliston. It was shortly after Payne's arrival in England, and during Elliston's last season at Birmingham, that he met John Howard Payne, the American Roscius, as he was then called, and with whom he had some intimacy. Elliston, at this time greatly pressed by a variety of undertakings, was advertised to play the part of *Richard III*, on a certain ensuing evening, and was on his way to the rehearsal, when he encountered his friend Payne.

"My dear Payne," said Elliston, "I well know your readiness in conferring favors, and in the present instance, you can oblige me much. I am on my way to the theatre. We have a rehearsal — *Richard III*. A rehearsal must be had for the sake of the company, who are a little wild in the play. You know not, my dear fellow, the whirl I am in at

this present moment. Country theatres in a state of insurrection, and no solid loyalty at home. Oblige me — run to the theatre — go through the rehearsal with my people — you know the business — put them to their work, and relieve me from this morning's annoyance."

"Why, 'tisso long since I played the part," replied Payne, "that really" — "No man living could have presented himself more capable of serving me than you — only put 'em right for Wednesday night, show them how they flog us at New York," added he with one of his slyest twinkles.

After a little further expostulation on the one hand, and amicable contention on the other, Howard Payne consented. On entering the stage, Elliston introduced his friend to the principals in attendance, and bidding the prompter immediately call the rehearsal, once again whispered "New York!" into Howard's ear, and vanished.

The manager now took the opportunity of gliding into an obscure corner. He noticed all that was in progress on the stage. Having witnessed the very able manner in which his friend was conducting the rehearsal in one or two scenes, he left the house with extreme precipitation, and, making the best of his way to his printers, set the compositors at work in striking off two or three hundred bills, of an extraordinary size, announcing, "The arrival of the celebrated American Roscius, Mr. Howard Payne, who would have the honor of appearing on Wednesday evening next in the part of *Richard III.*"

The bills were printed and nearly posted, in various parts of the town, before the termination of said rehearsal, and when at three o'clock the actors were returning from their morning task, and with them, of course, Howard Payne himself, their eyes were saluted at the corner of almost every street with the "American Roscius for Wednesday evening!" Payne was thunder struck and became furious; refusing, of course, to play a part into which he had been so thoroughly entrapped, and went in search of

the manager. Arriving at Elliston's lodgings, he there learnt that unexpected business had called the manager suddenly away to Leicester.

Poor Payne now retraced his way to the theatre where at every step, "The American Roscius" in *Niagara* type, assailed his gaze. The actors here gathered about him, for, should Payne still refuse to act, the theatre on Wednesday night would be closed. Payne, who had but lately arrived in England, knew that he had the public to conciliate; and it was now forcibly represented to him that, should he fail to perform, the Birmingham people would naturally enough suspect Payne of some breach of contract with Elliston, and thus look coldly on him for the future. The whole company with one common effort entreated him to play. Their prayers and other considerations finally prevailed. Payne consented; Wednesday arrived. "The American Roscius" was flattered by crowded boxes and pit, the actor was highly applauded, the receipts great, and Elliston, true to the Wednesday, returned to Birmingham before the first act was over, when all grievances were forgotten in the triumphant result of *Richard III.* But, better than this for Payne, at the end of the play Payne was loudly called before the curtain, and a repeat demanded by the whole house, which Elliston had to assent to; Payne consenting, performed three nights, and received ten pounds per night.

But to return to Payne at Paris. After Elliston and Burroughs had placed our dramatist in an unpleasant position by their delays, he did not have to wait long before he received the news that a change had taken place in the management at Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Charles Kemble now succeeded Mr. Harris. This gentleman had scarcely assumed the management before he sent to secure the services of Payne. His means being exhausted, no time was to be lost, and he at once put together a batch of manuscript plays, sent them to Kemble, setting the price

of two hundred and fifty pounds upon the whole. Among this collection of plays was one which afterwards appeared under the name of *Clari*. This drama had long previously been sent to Burroughs under a different name, but he, failing to see its merits, did not produce it. Payne got it back from Burroughs through the instrumentality of his old friend Sir Henry Bishop, the composer, who had hitherto arranged all the music for Mr. Payne's pieces. Payne, in his communication to Mr. Kemble, stated that it would make a good opera, and if he would accept it at once for the sum of fifty pounds, he would make the necessary alterations and get Bishop to arrange the music for it. Kemble instantly accepted the proposal and sent Payne fifty pounds on account of the two hundred and fifty pounds for the batch of plays, of which the drama of *Angioletta*, now changed to the name of *Clari*, was one. At this very juncture, however, Burroughs, hearing of what Payne intended to do, produced *Angioletta* at the Surrey, without the least intimation to Mr. Payne, but withdrew it on the third night at the requisition of the author.

Mr. Payne changed the plot somewhat and introduced several songs and duets, after which it was immediately brought out as an opera at Covent Garden with prodigious success. Miss M. Tree (the sister of Miss Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean) performed the part of *Clari* to crowded houses for the larger part of the season. It is said that her exquisite performance and singing of the part won for her a husband, the wealthy Mr. Bradshaw. It is in this opera that Mr. Payne introduced his immortal song of *Home, Sweet Home!* This song has had a more universal circulation than any other song written before or since. It is a fact that upwards of one hundred thousand copies were issued by its publisher in London in less than one year after its first publication. The profit yielded over two thousand guineas. It at once became so popular that it was heard everywhere. Whether in the streets or

the concert or the theatre, it was always welcome to the ear. It has been heard in the cottage and the palace, it has been sung constantly by the humblest peasantry, and sanctified by the sweet warblings of a Pasta and a Malibran. "It has been quoted in sermons, and sung with slight alterations, in places of divine worship. It is a favorite song of the exile, and is not unfamiliar in the desert wilds of Africa." This one effort has so much of the "touch of nature" in it, that the whole world becomes akin in acknowledgments and love for its author.

Still, with all the success of the opera, and the publication of the song, Mr. Payne was the least benefited of all concerned. The publisher of the song did not even place Mr. Payne's name on the title page as the author of the words, or compliment him with a presentation-copy of the music.

Of late years, there has been some doubt expressed as to who was the composer of the music of *Home, Sweet Home!* But the title-page of the original and earlier edition of the sheet music, expresses the matter so clearly, that further cavil on the subject is in every sense unnecessary, and, as we have now before us one of the editions published while the opera of *Clari* was performing, we copy the title-page below.

(Fourth Edition.)

HOME ! SWEET HOME !

SUNG BY

MISS M. TREE,

IN

CLARI

THE MAID OF MILAN,

COMPOSED AND PARTLY FOUNDED ON A SICILIAN AIR ¹

BY

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Composer and director of the music to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. London, published by Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter & Co., 20 Soho square, and to be had at 7 Westmoreland St., Dublin.

¹ The Air alluded to is from Mr. Bishop's collection of *Melodies of Various Nations*.

On the fourth page of this same publication, is the original Sicilian melody from which Bishop arranged the music of *Home, Sweet Home!* This fourth page also has a title as follows:

“’MID PLEASURES AND PALACES!”

The additional stanza, sung by

MISS BEAUMONT IN THE EPISODE.”

The additional stanza is identical with the first verse of the song, commencing with the words of “’Mid pleasures and palaces,” with a more frequent repetition of “There’s no place like home.” The change in the melody from the original Sicilian air is butslight, and the writer regrets that he has been unable to discover the name of the composer of the original Sicilian air. Donizetti wanted an English air for the last scene in his opera of *Anna Bolena*, and selected for this purpose, *Home, Sweet Home!* thereby unknowingly returning the air to its native language.

We have elsewhere stated that the publisher of the music of *Home, Sweet Home*, did not on the title-page credit the words to Mr. Payne; this is accounted for in the fact that Goulding & Co., the publishers, very seldom in those days placed the name of the poet on the title-page.

Mr. Payne on one occasion in 1835, while at New Orleans, when questioned on the subject of the music of the song of *Home, Sweet Home!* told his personal friend Mr. James Rees of Philadelphia, that the air was not wholly original with Mr. Bishop, and related the following pleasant anecdote concerning it. He said: “I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket, laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity, that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few

moments' conversation, I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air, that suggested the words of *Home, Sweet Home*, both of which I sent to Bishop, at the time I was preparing the opera of *Clari* for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words." This statement is fully sustained in the following letters of Mr. Payne to Mr. Bishop, which we here introduce for the sake of historical accuracy, and also to prove that the words of the song were written in Paris, and not in London, as has been frequently stated. The opera of *Clari* was first produced May 8th, 1823, at the Covent Garden Theatre.

"Paris, February 12th, 1823.

"*Henry R. Bishop,*

"MY DEAR FRIEND: "I sent off *Clari* by the diligence on Sunday morning. You will find I have done what I could to improve it by your suggestions. The hint about the melody I sent you, is so vague that I can only give you something approaching the measure of the *Ranz des Vaches* without much reference to the air, which of course you desire to make as near original as you can. Besides the duets, I have given the *Prince* three songs, and do not see where more music can be introduced, without overloading the piece. In the songs I have endeavored to give as much variety as possible. There was not time to have polished them as I wished. *Home, Sweet Home!* as a refrain will come in nicely. I think that in the duet between *Rose* and *Nim-pedo* it would be well to introduce some playful business, which the little laugh I have inserted evidently requires. I have written very largely about the business of the piece and the acting of *Clari*, and hope Miss Tree will not deem it impertinent.

“ I am indebted to you for the prompt interest you have taken in my affairs with Mr. Kemble, and desire, that you will express to him my thanks for the thirty pounds I received yesterday, making, in all, eighty pounds of the two hundred and fifty for the three dramas.

“ Your ever obedient friend,

“ JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.”

There have been many ridiculous statements made as to the circumstances under which Mr. Payne wrote the words of his celebrated song. Some have stated that he was residing in London at the time, without a shilling in his pocket ; others have stated that, “ on one stormy night, beneath the dim flickering of a London street-lamp, gaunt and hungry, and without a place to shelter his poor shivering body, he wrote his inspired song upon a piece of ragged paper, picked from the side-walk.” This was not so. The letter of Mr. Payne above quoted proves directly to the contrary. We see by his acknowledgment to Bishop of the receipt of eighty pounds, that he was comfortably situated when preparing *Clari* for the stage. We admit that Mr. Payne never, at any period of his eventful life, accumulated any considerable amount of wealth, but those who knew the state of his circumstances, knew that he never was a street-pauper. In a still later communication to Bishop, is another acknowledgment for fifty pounds on the sum of two hundred and fifty, which he was to receive for the three dramas, entitled, *Ali Pacha*, *The Two Galley Slaves*, and *Clari*, all of which were produced at the Covent Garden theatre, under the management of Mr. Charles Kemble.

Mr. Payne has never been “ let alone ;” almost everything he ever did has been doubted, and it is somewhat surprising that his consulship at Tunis has not been denied him, but what of that ? fools have been found who doubted that Shakespeare wrote his own plays, and that Poe was the author of the *Raven*, and, with all their mooted of the question, they

never could find any one else who did perform the works. At one time it was stated that Mr. Payne did not write the words of *Home, Sweet Home!* the assertion called forth inquiry. Washington Irving was applied to on the subject, and his reply was, that he "had been unable to discover who else did, and he could see no reason for doubting the authorship." The Hon. W. B. Maclay, of New York, who was an old and personal friend of Mr. Payne's, took a great interest in this question, and addressed a letter on the subject to Mr. Amos Perry, consul at Tunis, who knew something about Payne, and who, at the time Mr. Maclay wrote to him, was on a visit to the city of London, where he could thoroughly investigate the subject; he did so, and could not find the slightest cause for attributing the authorship to any other than Payne. On the receipt of Mr. Maclay's letter, Mr. Perry called on Mr. Miller, the publisher, who knew Mr. Payne perfectly well, and who purchased the copyright of the opera of *Clari*, and published its several first editions. Anxious to learn what Mr. Maclay could say on the subject, we sent a letter asking for the information in his possession, to which inquiry he sent the following interesting letter.

"New York, Oct. 2d, 1873.

"*Gabriel Harrison, Esq.*

"DEAR SIR: * * * * I was first introduced to Mr. Payne in Washington, many years before his death. His name having been familiar to me from boyhood as the author of *Home, Sweet Home!* awakened my particular attention toward him, and led me to observe him closely. In stature, he was below the ordinary size. He was quite bald. His complexion was florid. His eyes blue and large, and full of expression. There was something extremely winning in his manner, an air of refinement, more easily recognized than described. He always possessed an ease of manner, a collectedness, a certain quality of propriety of bearing,

hitting the just medium between reserve and familiarity, apparently spontaneous, but in reality the fruit of culture, and a varied intercourse with many of the finest minds of his time both in Europe and America. Payne afforded the social circle in which I often met him, no little amusement by the stories of his experience as an actor in England, and the rich collection of anecdotes he had stored away in memory's safe keeping. * * * * In answer to the doubts that have sometimes been expressed, whether he was the author of the popular song of *Home, Sweet Home!* attributed to him, I send you an extract from Mr. Perry's letter on the subject."

"London, Sept. 19th, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. MACLAY: * * * * Mr. Miller has done me the kindness to show me the first printed edition of the opera of *Clari*, with the song of *Home, Sweet Home!* interwoven with the play. In reply to my remark that the authorship had been called in question, Mr. Miller stated that he entertained not the slightest grounds for doubt, that Payne was introduced to him by Washington Irving, and knew Mr. Payne intimately well; that he purchased the copyright of the opera, and that Payne read the proof sheets at the time of its publication.* * * *

"Very truly yours,

"AMOS PERRY."

As will be seen by the reader, we have introduced no less than *three* different arrangements of the words of *Home, Sweet Home!* which are copied from Mr. Payne's own manuscript journal in possession of the writer at this present moment. His first arrangement of the words will be found among the poems of "his later days," and identified by the words "as originally written." It was this version that Mr. Payne altered to suit the music of the natural Sicilian air. The third *Home, Sweet Home!* with the two additional verses he wrote for Mrs. Joshua Bates,

of London, England, are still somewhere extant in the music-sheet which Mr. Payne presented to Mrs. Bates, who was a distant relative of his, and whose fortunes, while abroad in Europe, were widely different from Mr. Payne's, which fact is the burden of his poetic strain and is as beautifully expressed as the accepted words which are set to the music of the song. We deem it unnecessary to say anything further as to the true authorship of *Home, Sweet Home!*

Mr. Payne, in all of his dramatic writings, shows a superior knowledge of the human passions. He knew how to color and present them to his audience without the wild bombast of words so frequently used in dramatic productions. His situations, his entrances, and exits, are always admirable, and at the same time perfectly natural. His characters never lose much time by reviewing the past, or talking about what is to happen in the future of the play. The action is there and then. The passions are immediately presented to intensify the situation, which affords the actor a full opportunity to express his dramatic power, and thereby to grasp the sympathy and attention of his audience.

The pathos of his characters comes from the heart, and the reader or listener is often excited to tears. The scene in *Clari*, between *Rolamo*, *Clari*, and the mother, is truly fine. The same thing may be said of the scene in *Thérèse*, where she relates the story of her persecution to *Fontain*.

In the language of his more classic and heroic characters, such as *Brutus*, *Virginius*, *Romulus*, *Richelieu* and the *Italian Bride*, there is a dignified simplicity that is seldom met with in pieces of like character. The *Dramatis Personæ* are cut off from strut and bluster. They are forced down to the fact of nature, and look and speak and walk like human beings. There is perhaps nothing in the whole range of the English classic drama that is superior for intensity, to the situation between *Brutus* and his son *Titus*, where the father, through the crushing force of circumstances, is compelled to condemn his own son to death, and

particularly the words of *Brutus* in his reply to the reproach of *Titus*. The language seems singularly appropriate, listen! —

Ti. The axe! — Oh heaven! — Then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish like a common felon?

Br. How else do traitors suffer? — Nay, Titus, more —
I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal —
And there behold thee meet this shame of death —
With all thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee. —
See thy head taken by the common axe —
All — if the gods can hold me to my purpose —
Without one groan, without one pitying tear.

[*Turns up, as if in agony.*]

Ti. Die like a felon? — Ha! a common felon! —

But I deserve it all: — yet here I fail: —

This ignominy quite unmans me!

Oh, Brutus, Brutus! Must I call you father,

[*Kneels.*]

Yet have no token of your tenderness,

No sign of mercy? Not even leave to fall,

As noble Romans fall, by my own sword?

Father, why should you make my heart suspect

That all your late compassion was dissembled?

How can I think that you did ever love me?

Br. Think that I love thee by my present passion,

By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,

These sighs that strain the very strings of life —

Let these convince you that no other cause

Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.

Ti. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty:

[*Rises.*]

I now submit with calmness to my fate.

Come forth, ye executioners of justice —

Come, take my life — and give it to my country!

Br. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods

Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.

The sov'reign magistrate of injur'd Rome

Condemns a crime

Thy father's bleeding heart forgives.

Go — meet thy death with a more manly courage

Than grief now suffers me to show in parting;

And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!

Farewell! Eternally farewell! —

However great Kean may have been in the part of *Brutus*, and however much "his great acting may have helped the success of the tragedy," still it was these masterly touches of Payne that gave the actor the opportunity to express himself, and it was by these natural and deeply pathetic touches that the story of the *Stoic* was made acceptable to an audience. This was accomplished by Mr. Payne in so high a degree, that the audience like *Titus*, offered no further opposition to the dreadful act of a father condemning his own child to death, but left the theatre with all their sympathy for the father and with but little compassion for the son.

The tragedy of *Brutus* has stood the test of fifty years, and has been performed by all of the greatest actors that have adorned the stage since it was written. We can never forget the wonderful and perfect picture Edwin Forrest made of the part, and especially so with the whole of the last act. His personification of the fool in the early part of the tragedy was, perhaps, a little heavy. The peculiar physical character of the great tragedian did not seem to suit the portraiture of a fool. But, where he threw off the disguise of the fool, and revealed himself as the sane man, the picture was perfect. In the second scene of the play, (before the camp of Ardea) after the exeunt of *Claudius* and *Aruns*, the look that followed them and the stress of contempt Forrest placed upon the words of

" Yet; 'tis not that which ruffles me, the gibes
And scornful mockeries of ill-govern'd youth —
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters,
Reptiles who lay their bellies on the dust,
Before the frown of majesty! All this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear; — the face
I carry, courts it!"

was masterly in the extreme, and then the change that followed immediately after in the towering up of his manly

figure, seeming in an instant to grow to an additional height of several inches when he exclaimed

“Son of Marcus Junius!

When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
And throw this vizard of thy madness from thee?
To avenge my father's and my brother's murder!”
* * * * Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feigned life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool!”

His majesty and his fervency here, and the perfect tones of his voice, presented a piece of declamation which left an impression upon the mind, like to that, after looking upon a mighty figure by Angelo. And then again, in Act III, scene 1, where the statue of *Tarquinius Superbus* is struck by lightning, and he launches his curse on *Sextus*, after disclosing his atrocious act with *Lucretia*. The intense listening of *Brutus*, the inward struggle pictured upon the actor's face, to keep down the passion within him till *Sextus* revealed the result, the blood almost bursting from every pore in his face, and the swollen veins about his neck and temples, in his interrogation of

“And — and — the matron?” —

Sextus. “Was mine!”

And then the frenzy that followed in the speech of

“The furies curse you then! — Lash you with snakes!
When forth you walk, may the red, flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues!
Vipers that die but slowly, gnaw your heart!
May earth be to you but one wilderness!
May mankind shun you — may you hate yourself —
For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures,
Millions of years expiring!”

At the end of this speech, amazement seemed to sit upon every face in the house, electrical chills crept over all, and

so affected the audience, that they deemed their applause could not express their admiration for the actor, and gave their expression of approval by turning to each other and remarking, "wonderful"! But, however great Mr. Forrest was in his passionate scenes, he was equally fine in pathos. As an elocutionist, we doubt that he has ever had his equal. Nature had lavished on him every requisite for an actor. She had endowed him with a voice remarkable for sweetness and sonorousness, and a mouth so perfectly formed for speech, that articulation with him was as perfect as it would be, expressed by the finest intonations of the violin. His whisper was remarkable, it mattered not how large or how crowded the house might be, it could be heard in every part. The sobbing and choking sounds he produced in sorrowful passages were irresistible in their sympathetic effect, and this was especially so in his last act of *Brutus*, when with an apparent heart-breaking, he sentences his son *Titus* to death.

"Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs, that strain the very strings of life,—
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature."

At the close, of these words, the whole audience could be seen wiping the trickling tears from their faces, and sobbing was audibly heard coming from several parts of the house, and finally, when he ascends the steps of the tribunal, after the lictors have conducted *Titus* off the stage, and it becomes his sad duty to wave his hand as the signal for his son's head to fall from the executioner's block, the pallor that came over his face, the struggle to lift his arm, and then, when the trumpet's sound proclaims it done, the wrapping up of his head in his toga, as it were to shut out the horrid sound—the sudden relaxing of his whole figure and its heavy fall upon the stage, made the acme of

dramatic effect, and one we have no hopes of ever seeing equaled again.

Mr. Payne seemed always to select for his dramas subjects which the mind of sensibility delighted to contemplate. In *Clari*, for instance, the subject is *Home*, where the earliest delights of childhood and the attachment of manhood cling with an increasing fondness. The educated and the uneducated, are captured by the memories of "Sweet Home." The rough sailor, amid the storm and in the calm alike, turns his thoughts homeward. The soldier, when at night he throws himself upon the tented field, enwreathes his thoughts of home with a long sigh, and after his eye-lids have shut out the starry canopy that hangs over his earthly couch, the spirit of dreams paints her vivid pictures of home "however so humble," and he awakes with the exclamation; "There's no place like home!"

In the first edition of *Clari*, the editor thus described the plot of the opera, and as it is not our intention to include the piece in this work, and it is more than likely that all of Mr. Payne's plays will never be collected and published in a compact form, we presume that the plot of this beautiful drama will be acceptable to the reader.

"The opera of *Clari*, at first sight, exhibits *Clari*, the daughter of an Italian farmer, in rather a questionable state. She is enamored of the *Duke Varaldi*, who comes by chance to the cottage of her parents. His grace tells her the usual tale of flatterers, promises marriage, and hints at an elopement; a fainting fit comes to his aid; she sees nothing but the smoke curling over the trees, not even the post-horses, that are ready to gallop off with her to the casino! Her village dress is now exchanged for court finery; she is magnificently boarded and lodged, and subjected to just as much of her lover's company as is agreeable to her. In addition to this state of fear and hope, of uncertainty and apprehension, the thought of the home she had left; the parents

she had deserted crosses her mind, and, like Alibeg, the Persian shepherd, she surveys her rustic garb, "the sad memorials of her happier state," with the fond enthusiasm of one who had discovered how much she had lost by the exchange.

"The piece opens with *Clari's* birthday, and preparations for rejoicing. Paris has been laid under contribution to ornament her person, while a troop of itinerant actors are engaged to perform a play for her special entertainment, of which *Jocoso*, the *Duke's* valet, is appointed manager. The plot of the piece exactly tallies with the story of *Clari*. Her agitation increases as the scene proceeds — when a father, being about to call down the vengeance of heaven upon his undutiful child, she starts from her seat, interposes between the actors, and implores the parent to suspend his curse! The *Duke*, enraged at this public exposure of his villany, throws off the mask; and, to the remonstrances of *Clari*, who reminds him of his oath, returns answers no longer equivocal. She now awakes to the full sense of her delusion and danger; and, having dispelled the one, secretly resolves to fly the other. Her female sentinel, *Vespina*, who is engaged in a love-affair with *Jocoso*, chancing to slumber at her post, affords the desired opportunity. She ties her scarf to the balcony, offers a prayer to heaven, and, by way of climax, blows out the candles! Her descent — the moonlight scene — the alternate darkness and light, are very skillfully and beautifully managed. *Clari* reaches her native village in safety; it is on the eve of a wedding between *Ninetta*, the companion of her youth, and a chosen swain, *Nimpedo*. She appears before her friend, and is received with affection and joy. A well-known air, sacred to *home*, strikes upon her ear, and seems to welcome the returning wanderer. An interview subsequently takes place between *Clari* and her parents. The mother, assured of her daughter's innocence, is soon appeased; not so the father, who refuses to receive her, until

the entrance of the *Duke* himself, who confesses his crime, implores pardon, demands the hand of *Clari* in marriage, and clears up every doubt. It is not often that the imprudent rambles of a cottage-maid meet with so happy a termination. As we began with a *moral*, so will we end; and what one can be more *appropriate*, than the following *just*, beautiful, and affecting picture? —

“ Ah, turn thine eyes,
Where the poor, houseless, shiv’ring, female lies!
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless’d,
Has wept at tales of innocence, distress’d.
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all — her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer’s door she lays her head;
And, pinch’d with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.”

In the opera, Mr. Payne has most happily and feelingly introduced his song of *Home, Sweet Home!* He has done it at the moment when *Clari* first begins to realize her situation, and the terrible truth that she had deserted her home. She awakens to this fact one morning, when leaving her toilet-chamber and entering her new and splendid apartments. The gayeties of the place, the heavy rich draperies at the windows, with their gilded mouldings, the carved furniture, the harp in one corner of the room, the thick Turkish floor-covering and other embellishments of the palatial parlor, at once thrust upon her the contrasts of the lowly thatched cottage, and all she had left behind, and in this spasm of melancholy, she introduces herself to the audience by singing the song of *Home, Sweet Home!*

It is very seldom that we see the words of this song correctly printed, and we embrace this opportunity of pre-

senting them here as taken from Mr. Payne's original manuscript, and with his own precise punctuation.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!
 Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet, Home!
 There's no place like Home!
 There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
 O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
 The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call —
 Give me them! — and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
 Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
 There's no place like Home!
 There's no place like Home!

Although this opera was entirely original with Mr. Payne, yet he was accused by some of the English critics, of *plagiarism*. This was done at a time when he was out of the country, and was residing in Paris. There were enough in London who knew of the originality of the play, but none had the firmness to defend the dramatist. "Once, when he saw the piece announced at a minor theatre as a "translation from the French," he wrote to the manager and explained that it was not a translation. That there was a ballet-pantomine only, upon the same story, which had been performed at one of the opera-houses in Paris, and, had not the story of the ballet been essentially varied, the feet of the dancers could scarcely supply sentences so as to justify the epithet "translation." The manager assured Mr. Payne that he was aware that the drama was original with him, but it was a rule at all minor theatres to endeavor to evade the law, by assuming that works were translated, and the drama was too valuable to him to be lost

through any delicacy. He therefore declined to withdraw the assertion, and invited Mr. Payne to stop in at his theatre, and see how much better it was placed upon his stage at Tottenham Court road, than at Covent Garden or at Drury Lane.

Payne's next success was with the comedy of *Charles the Second*. This comedy Payne dedicated to Mr. Charles Kemble. It was sold to Covent Garden theatre for fifty pounds, one-fourth of the price usually paid for a successful farce. He accepted this paltry amount, because the management was too poor at the time to pay more, and he was too hard pressed to wait for a better opportunity to sell it. The comedy was extremely popular at the time, and is yet frequently performed. "Its incidents and situations are almost identical with those of *La Jeunesse de Henri V*. But the dialogue differs widely, and especially so with the role of *Captain Copp*, a character original with Mr. Payne, and the best part in the piece. This excellent comedy was first produced upon the stage of Covent Garden in 1824. The following was the original cast of characters.

<i>King Charles II,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Charles Kemble.
<i>Rochester,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Jones.
<i>Edward (page),</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Captain Copp,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Lady Clari,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Mary,</i>	-	-	-	Miss M. Tree.

Mr. Payne, in his preface to the first edition of *Charles the II*, remarks: "I understand that the authorship of this comedy has been claimed by different persons, in the public papers, on the ground of their having produced translations of the French original, which have been performed at the minor theatres. In reply to this, I would observe that I have never seen any of those translations. My play was written last autumn at Paris. It was founded on a printed

copy of *La Jeunesse de Henri V*, of which a number of editions have appeared. The incidents and situations are nearly the same, but the dialogue differs essentially throughout, especially in the part of *Captain Copp*."

Mr. Charles Kemble made a great hit in the part of *Charles II*. Prince Puckler-muskau, in his book on England, sketches his performance of the character, in contrast with what he had seen at Drury Lane. "Far better," observes the prince, "was the play at Covent Garden, where Charles Kemble, one of the best English actors, gave an admirable representation of the part of *Charles the II*. Kemble is a man of the best education, and has always lived in good society; he is therefore qualified to represent a king royally, with the *aisance* that is proper to all exalted persons. He very skilfully gave an amiable coloring to the levity of *Charles the Second*, without ever, even in moments of the greatest *abandon*, losing the type of that inborn, conscious dignity, so difficult to imitate. The costumes, too, were as if cut out of the frames of old pictures, down to the veriest trifle." "So very eminent was *Charles the Second*, especially among the higher class, that George the IV commanded it to be acted before him. On that occasion, he even departed from his usual etiquette. He made his first visit of the season to Covent Garden, instead of at the Drury Lane, which was exclusively the 'Royal Theatre', and where alone performers were distinguished by the title of 'His majesty's servants.' *Charles the Second* is distinguished for another marked incident in dramatic history. It was in this piece that the celebrated Fawcett, whose performance of *Copp* was so inimitable, took his leave of the stage."

"The history of Mr. Payne's career in England is only a history of struggles for petty advantages; often, for the reverse. There was much excitement about a tragedy of his, *Richelieu*, which followed *Charles II*. The descendant of *Richelieu* chanced to be the French minister at

the Court of St. James. He did not wish his profligate ancestor to face him upon the stage. The Lord Chamberlain was applied to, and, but for firm remonstrances, the work would have been altogether suppressed. On condition, however, of the name being changed and certain mutilations, it was allowed to appear. As might have been expected, however, the strong arm of power being against it, it had the abuse of the papers as immoral, was caballed against in the theatre, and after five night's performances was withdrawn. This tragedy was dedicated by Mr. Payne to his dear friend Washington Irving. It was first produced at the Drury Lane. This play was altered by Mrs. Catherine Farren, and was frequently played in this country as the *Bankrupt's Wife*."

Soon after *Richelieu*, followed the opera of the *White Lady*. The success of this piece was somewhat impeded by the jealousy of Miss Paton, who at the last moment gave up her part, apprehensive of being eclipsed by Madame Vestris in *George Brown*. A paper war ensued and parties were the consequence. The piece was imperfectly done, but well received throughout and announced, amid loud cheers, for repetition. It ran about twenty nights.

"About this time Mr. Payne made a new venture, and established a new critical paper entitled the *Opera Glass*, one of the most popular periodicals of the day. But the fatigue of attending exclusively to such a work, and the annoyances and vexations from the way in which he was treated about his theatrical and literary enterprises, threw him into an illness, during which his life was despaired of. All communications upon business of any description were interdicted; an unlucky event, on one account, for at that period he was offered the management of a theatre in London, and one in Paris, which he could not accept. After his recovery he produced plays of various descriptions at various theatres. Those most noted were the comedy of *Procrastination*, the farce of *Fricandeau*, at the Haymarket theatre; the interlude of *The Lancers*, the opera

of the *Tyrolese Peasant*, and the play of the *Spanish Husband*, were brought out at Drury Lane. The one-act comedy of *Woman's Revenge*, which was first produced at Madame Vestris's theatre, had a most brilliant reception." This, we believe, was the last piece that Mr. Payne wrote while in Europe, and the last of his dramatic productions produced upon any stage, although Mr. Payne wrote several other pieces after he returned to this country in 1832. One in particular we here allude to, called the *Italian Bride*, a play in four acts, two manuscript copies of which now exist, one in the hands of Mr. James Rees of Philadelphia, and the other in the hands of the writer of this book. From a letter in our possession we are inclined to think that Mr. Payne wrote this play for Miss Cushman. The lady had it to read, but returned it to Mr. Payne with many compliments, and declining to accept the play on the grounds that her many engagements would not allow her time to study the leading part. The play is very interesting in plot, and has in it some of the best dramatic passages written by Mr. Payne. Mr. Payne, after his return to this country, made an effort to get Mr. Forrest to produce his *Romulus* and his *Virginus*. Mr. Forrest was much pleased with *Romulus*, and requested some alterations, but as to Mr. Payne's making these alterations, no proofs appear.

In reviewing Mr. Payne as a dramatist, we should keep in sight the history of his life while in England, and the character of the productions he was forced to make, so as to please the notions of the several managers, who seemed to desire "Parisian novelties" only. Those who have looked upon him in the spirit of detraction, and have insisted earnestly upon his having been so largely indebted to the French stage, should not have lost sight of the above fact. When Terence was accused of such a thing, he replied in the prologue to his famous self-tormentor :

"As to reports, which envious men have spread,
That he has ransacked many Grecian plays,

While he composes some few Latin ones,
That he denies not he has done ; nor does
Repent he did it ; means to do it still ;
Safe in the warrant and authority
Of greater bards, who did long since the same."

And Mr. Payne might quote the mighty example of Shakespeare himself, as Terence has done that of his own exalted predecessors ; but our countryman had motives more imperative than either Terence or Shakespeare. It was expressly for the purpose of transferring foreign works that he was first lured from acting to authorship. At the time he began this career, it was the greatest recommendation of a piece that it was the first English version of the last French success. This is even yet in some degree the case, though not so much as it was before the minor theatres took so many liberties. To comprehend how it happened, the difference between the regulations of the drama in France and England must be understood. In Paris there is a theatre set apart for each particular species of drama, of which new specimens must continually be produced ; and each, of course, brings out its own in the greatest perfection, and pays for it the best price. For many years there was no winter mart in London for the numerous novelties of these various theatres, but the two great houses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. If a hit appeared in Paris, it was important to each not to be anticipated by the other ; and the immense advantages of the immediate transfer of a Parisian novelty, rendered it of the first consequence to seize upon it and be earliest in the field. From the necessity of dispatch, original works, not being likely to create the same sort of competition, were invariably postponed whenever a foreign novelty appeared, sanctioned by a foreign triumph ; and he who could prepare such best and quickest, was the best patronized by managers. Mr. Howard Payne had the reputation of being able to accomplish these transfers with unmatchable celerity. Though his plays from foreign sources have always been sufficiently

varied to have justified a larger claim than has ever been made for them on his account by his best friends, it is not to that fact that he owes his standing. It is for having done subjects which other dramatists and experienced ones, have tried in and failed (although aided by the identical foreign originals), so well as to secure to his works a permanent standing upon the stage. This was the case with his first attempt in *Accusation*. Mr. Kenney, one of the best then living authors, was paid liberally for a piece on the same subject at the rival theatre. Mr. Kenney himself concurred with the public and the papers, and owned that his effort was a failure but the other triumphant. Mr. Poole also tried the *Two Galley-Slaves* at Drury Lane, against that of Mr. Payne at Covent Garden. Poole's was damned while Payne's still continues to be acted. The rival *Thérèse* we have already mentioned as having failed at Covent Garden in the hands of Mr. Beazely, also an author of eminence. Other examples might be adduced, but these are enough to prove that what our countryman undertook to do, he achieved; and that to its fullest extent. Upon the subject how far he deserves praise upon that score, we will take the following opinion of a London monthly reviewer of one of his adaptations. "The author of an original play, has, no doubt, a sufficient and allowed claim on public praise; but no estimate seems to have been formed of the merits or of the difficulties of transferring the *chefs d'œuvre* of the foreign stage to our own. The facility of translating French seems to put this operation in the power of every aspirant, and where all may gather the laurel, it is not unnatural that the wreath should be little worth the wearing. But, in full contradiction to this easy fame, may be placed that of the able adapter, who, coming to his work with a perfect knowledge of the demands of his national theatre, lays upon himself the task of moulding the incongruous and the foreign, of invigorating the feeble, and inspiring the dull, into the shape and interest that attract the tastes of England. The praise is higher, if over this there

is thrown the living hue of genius, and the understanding raised and charmed by beauties unsought for by the original author. Mr. Payne, a writer already known to the public by some excellent productions, has in the present instance increased his literary distinction. He has had all the difficulties of stage-translation to encounter, and has overcome them with singular skill. His arrangement of the scene is admirably theatric, his additions happy, and his language of a rank entirely above the usual vulgar tongue of translation; it is at once forcible and refined; expressive and elegant."

It would occupy more space than we have a right to engross, to go much more largely into his merits. To this praise, however, he has an unquestionable right. He is the *first* native American who, either as an actor or a dramatic writer, ever attracted attention, and secured a firm stand, on the other side of the ocean. He has not lost that stand either there or here. The liberal spirit of the "old country" has unhesitatingly acknowledged, even though he was known to be a wanderer from the new, — that, as he was the first American actor "qui ait vu sa reputation franchir le vaste ocean," so is he the first American author whose plays have been known on the British stage, and adopted there as the stock pieces of the national theatres. Among upwards of half a hundred of these, it is owned that he has given to England and to America, the most popular tragedy (*Brutus*), comedy (*Charles the Second*), melo-drama (*Thérèse*), opera (*Clari*) and song (*Sweet Home*), of the day in which they respectively appeared; and, "when," said a London paper, "the Lord Chancellor Brougham, asked in a discussion concerning the patents some time ago, who in the present day had produced plays, which might be considered as established, and deserving to be so, the name of Mr. Howard Payne was one of the first quoted in the High Court of Chancery, and several of his works were enumerated as part of the stock dramas which did the most credit to England.

It was these considerations, which induced some friends who had become well acquainted with his annoyances abroad, to urge Mr. Payne's return to America. They reminded him that his plays had been acted for many years in his own country, and at a great profit to our theatres and actors, without any recompense to him in any shape. As compensation had been often volunteered to foreign writers, for the advantage derived from their productions, he was assured he would not be forgotten where Bulwer, Mrs. Hemans, and others, had been so profitably remembered. He was promised that, if he came, he should find the necessity for such struggles as had embittered his life for years, no longer pressing on him. But reports had reached him abroad of unkind things which had been said of him at home. He doubted if the zeal of those who wrote to him had not blinded them as to his being recollected so generally; but especially as to his being recollected with so much good will. He thought, if he lingered awhile longer, he might return more independent; and he was reluctant to show himself, after so many years, not quite so well off as when he went away.

But the thought of home and the love of country prevailed over all his distrust. About two years subsequently to the first invitations which had been sent to him from New York, he landed in that city on the 25th of July, 1832. Yet here his evil star seemed still predominant. He found no one to receive him. His first intelligence was that there was cholera raging and an Indian war. No sooner, however, did the alarm subside, and the city fill, than plans were laid to bid him welcome. A meeting was immediately called for the purpose by the following gentlemen: James Lawson, Duncan C. Pell, Samuel Swartwout, Henry Ogden, J. J. Bailey, Prosper M. Wetmore, Isaac S. Hone, Theodore S. Fay, and George P. Morris. It was publicly resolved, that, as his native country had so many years enjoyed the advantage of his productions, without any compensation to him, it was proper she should make some

acknowledgment, and that in a form the most complimentary. It was determined to offer him a benefit "in the name of his native city New York." To give the greatest *éclat* to the festival, the military officers resolved, on the motion of the venerable and public-spirited Major General Morton, to attend in full uniform. The ladies of fashion determined to sit in the pit (in those days exclusively for men), which was opened to the boxes and decorated for the occasion. The price of every part of the house was raised to five dollars, excepting the gallery, which was fixed at one dollar, the then usual box-price. The following address was spoken by Mrs. Sharp, written by Mr. Theodore S. Fay, one of the editors of the *New York Mirror*, whose father wrote the address for the occasion of Master Payne's first appearance on the same stage in 1809.

ADDRESS.

"One snowy, winter night, in times of yore,
 At least some twenty years ago — or more,
 Within these very walls, where now you sit,
 A radiant crowd of fashion, beauty, wit,
 Together came, like that which greets me now,
 Youth's summer head, and age's frosted brow.
 Full many a belle was here — and many a beau
 Who've flirted — flourished — faded — long ago;
 And children, too, perchance — the little elves,
 Who now are here, sweet belles and beaux themselves
 Upon the stage, a glowing boy appeared
 Whom heavenly smiles and grateful thunders cheered;
 Then, through the throng, delighted murmurs ran,
 The boy "enacts more wonders than a man."
 Each word — each look — his loftier nature proved;
 The men admired him — and the women — loved.
 Not fairer Phaon in the forest stood
 And graceful turned, when lovely Sappho wooed.
 Round his young brow, the beams of genius shone;
 Columbia smiled and claimed him for her own.
 Changed was the scene — the boy was here no more —
 His footsteps wandered on a foreign shore.
 Not here again his boyish beauties played

Not here his voice was heard — his glances strayed :
 Yet oft his *spirit* spoke, and all obeyed.
 Oft has the listening crowd been hushed to hear
 The *Maid of Milan's* song enchant the ear.
 In beauty's eyes tears oft have quenched the blaze,
 Mourning the sorrow of the sweet *Thérèse*,
 Till *Charles*, mad son of an unhappy sire —
 To the soft orbs recalled the dangerous fire.
 Rome's reverend patriot, too, appears in sight,—
 Let traitors shrink — (were traitors here to-night,)
 To view him, summoned by the poet's art,
 On freedom's altar lay his mighty heart,
 Bleeding and torn — fit offering to the laws.
 Who drew the picture,— merits your applause.
 Again the scene is changed : the poet boy
 Pines for his native land with trembling joy ;
 And, like his *Clari*, ceased at length to roam,
 His graver footsteps lead to *Home, Sweet Home!*
 But who shall tell what wonders meet his view ?
 Himself is changed, and all around him, too,
 The swelling mound and broken marble tell
 Where lie the hands that pressed his last farewell,
 And friends around him throng, so different grown,
 Scarcely his eyes receive them for his own.
 Oh ! let him find, whatever change appears,
 Our hearts unaltered with the lapse of years.
 Though frequent orbs of foreign genius rise,
 Kindling and blazing in our western skies,
 And one fair stranger, shining from afar,
 Like *Venus* burns — a " bright particular star,"
 Yet let him meet, where first his breath he drew,
 Firm friends, to him and to their country true.
 So they whom gods in future times inspire
 To wake the music of *Columbia's* lyre,
 Shall ever find a grateful nation here,
 Their names to cherish, and their toils to cheer ;
 And never know, where'er their steps may roam,
 More dazzling honors than their welcome home."

The following is a faithful copy of the bill presented on the occasion.

**GREAT DRAMATIC FESTIVAL AT THE PARK THEATRE.
BENEFIT**

Under the direction of the friends of literature and the drama

Sustained by the Volunteered line Talent of the ladies and gentlemen connected with the Stage. In
Compliment, from His Native City, New York, to

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

On this occasion, in addition to the regular company of the Park Theatre, the following ladies and gentlemen, from various parts of the United States have, in the readiest and handsomest manner, rendered their valuable services:

MISS HUGHES,	MISS FANNY KEMBLE,	MISS ROCK,
MRS. BARNES,		MISS WARING,
MR. C. KEMBLE,	MR. J. W. WALLACK,	MR. G. BARRETT,
MR. T. A. COOPER,	MR. E. FORREST,	MR. C. HORNE,
	and MR. J. R. SCOTT,	

Of the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, his first appearance in this city.

Thursday Evening, November 29th, 1832,

Will be performed the Historical Tragedy of

BRUTUS;
Or, The Fall of Tarquin.

WRITTEN BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS,	MR. FORREST.	HORATIUS,	MR. RICHINGS.
TITUS,	MR. SCOTT.	CELIUS,	MR. CONWAY.
COLLATINUS,	MR. BARRETT.	FLAVIUS,	MR. HARVEY.
SEXTUS,	MR. CLARK.	CENTURION,	MR. POVEY.
ARUNA,	MR. BARRY.	MESSENGER,	MR. COLLETT.
CLAUDIUS,	MR. KEPPLER.	1st CITIZEN,	MR. HAYDEN.
VALEMIUS,	MR. BLAKELEY.	2d "	MR. KING.
LUCRETIIA,	MR. NEXSEN.	3d "	MR. JOHNSON.
	Senators, Victors, Guards, etc.,		
TULLIA,	MRS. BARNES.	PRIESTESS,	MISS SMITH.
TARQUINIA,	MRS. SHARP.	VESTAL,	MRS. CONWAY.
LUCRETIA,	MISS WARING.	LAVINIA,	MRS. DURIE.

AFTER THE TRAGEDY

MRS. SHARP, will speak an ADDRESS written for the occasion, and MR. JONES will sing the SONG of
HOME, SWEET HOME!

From Mr. Payne's opera of *Clari*: followed in full chorus, by the Finales to that piece,

WELCOME HOME!

MISS HUGHES will sing *THE MERMAID'S CAVE*,

Composed expressly for her by C. E. Horn, Esq., words by F. H. Gould, accompanied by Mr. Horn, on the pianoforte.

After which Shakespeare's Comedy of

KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO

PETRUCHIO, (1st time in America),	TAILOR,	MR. FISHER.	
	MR. KEMBLE.	NATHANIEL,	MR. JOHNSON.
BAPTISTA,	MR. BLAKELEY.	PETER,	MR. HAYDEN.
HORTENSIO,	MR. NEXSEN.	COOK,	MR. CONWAY.
GRUMIO,	MR. PLACIDE.	KATHERINE, (1st time in America),	MISS KEMBLE.
MUSIC MASTER,	MR. POVEY.		MRS. DURIE.
BIONDELLO,	MR. RICHINGS.	BIANCA,	MRS. DURIE.
PEDRO,	MR. COLLETT.	CURTIS,	MRS. WHEATLEY.

MR. COOPER has obligingly consented to recite in the course of the evening
ALEXANDER'S FAUST.

To conclude with the Comedy of

CHARLES THE SECOND,

WRITTEN BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

CAPT. COFF (studied for the occasion),	EDWARD (the page, with songs),		
	MR. WALLACK.	MR. JONES.	
CHARLES THE SECOND,	MR. BARRETT.	MARY COFF (with songs) MISS ROCK.	
EARL OF ROCHESTER,	MR. RICHINGS.	LADY CLARA,	MRS. SHARP.

Rules and Regulations. The pit will be handsomely fitted upon this occasion, as an amphitheatre, for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen. The usual entrance will be closed, and admittance obtained only through the box-doors. The committee of arrangements will see that ladies are conducted to eligible seats, and no more persons will be admitted than can be conveniently accommodated with places. It is requested that carriages approach the theatre from Broadway, and that they be dismounted on arrival. Carriages will be at the door to convey the company home. Suitable persons will be in attendance to take charge of hats, cloaks, &c.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; Performance to commence at half past six.

Price of Tickets: Boxes and Pit, Five Dollars; Gallery, One Dollar.

May be had at the Box-office.

A stronger cast was never placed on an American play-bill. The house was filled from pit to gallery, and the audience was the most elegant and intellectual ever assembled within the walls of Park theatre, "The old Drury of America." The receipts of the night was over *seven thousand dollars*. At the close of the performance there was a loud and general call for Mr. Payne. He responded to the call, the *Evening Post* says: "he was at first embarrassed but presently recovered, and the grace of his manner, the sweetness of his voice, the clearness of his enunciation affected the audience with a sort of surprise." His speech was frequently interrupted by deafening applause. The *Post* reported his speech as follows:

"My honored countrymen, my most valued friends, I thought I should have been better prepared for the emotions of this moment; but it is long, very long, since I stood in person before the public, and so immeasurably is the anticipation from my wildest dream exceeded by what I now experience, that I am compelled to cast myself upon your indulgence, and shall I not do so, without apprehension, having the "beautiful and the brave," the wise and the wealthy; clustering in one unequalled galaxy of lofty and of liberal hearts; that, for any thing, depending upon kindness, it is impossible to look to you in vain? Grant me your pardon, then, if I am incompetent to acknowledge that kindness as I ought; for it is your own goodness that paralyzes the power to thank you, and I am dazzled, surprised, overwhelmed.

"When I think that, in this place, three and twenty years ago, my youthful steps first ventured before the public, feelings and associations rush through my memory, for which my own sympathies will find a language, that my tongue seeks in vain. The very theatre in which I stood has been leveled to the ground, and, though I am upon the same spot, there remains no vestige of the stage which the fond fancies of a boy arrayed in all the charms and

promises of fairy-land. Since then, the character of my ambition has changed ; yet I remember " Such things were, and *were* most precious," and the retrospect becomes the more touching to myself, now that I appear on it for the last time, and bid it, formally and eternally, farewell. It is high satisfaction to me that my adieu to the stage, and my return to my home, should be marked by an event, which, to all Americans who devote themselves to literature and the arts, will give a glorious lesson. It will show them that they belong to a country which is incapable of forgetting her sons. Let those sons, whatever their discomforts, toil on, and not despair, for the time *will* come, when they shall be nobly recollected. For myself I do not acquiesce in the testimonial of this night, under any vanity regarding my own claims, which can mislead me as to its real incentive ; but I have a deep sense of the responsibility imposed on me by this unprecedented kindness ; and believe me, my excellent friends, believe me, my beloved countrymen, it will be my study and the prayer and the perpetual hope of my future life, to render myself worthy of the present moment and of a country of which I was ever proud, and now, since I have seen other countries, am yet more proud than ever, and of a city in whose far-sighted and graceful and generous and gallant acts, hourly I witness fresh motives for exulting that it is my distinction to have been born her son."

" On the day following, a card was sent to him for a public dinner at the City Hotel, from ' a number of his fellow citizens, uniting the feelings of personal friendship with those which had actuated the acknowledgment of his efforts in the cause of literature and the drama,' and who were ' anxious no longer to delay adding their welcome to his native city, to the one already so properly given by its inhabitants at large.' In accepting the invitation, he wrote : ' It is superfluous for me to say, that I am gratified by your attention ; and, although a public dinner is by no means a

distinction to which my humble labors can have given me any claims, — as the one to which you do me the honor of inviting me, is suggested as the welcome of personal friendship, I should be sorry to incur the suspicion of carelessness of your kindness, by not meeting you at the time you mention.’ On Saturday Dec. 1st, the dinner took place. It was largely attended by the first literary and professional persons in New York and some from Philadelphia; and spoken of as one of the most entertaining of such assemblies. On Mr. Payne’s entrance into the ante-room, he was presented with a letter from the Benefit Committee, officially acquainting him with the proceedings on that occasion. Isaac S. Hone, Esq., was in the chair. Gen. Prosper M. Wetmore was the first vice-president, and Col. George P. Morris, second. The cloth being removed, Mr. Hone closed a most eloquent speech with the following toast :

“ ‘Our distinguished countryman ; John Howard Payne : The family of literature welcomes him to the home whose praises he has so sweetly sung.’

“ As soon as the acclamations with which this toast was received, had subsided, Mr. Payne replied

“ ‘Since my arrival in America, I find, Mr. President, that the phrases of gratitude are less various than the forms in which my countrymen display their kindness. Only two evenings since, it became my duty to attempt the acknowledgment of an unique attention, unprecedented in its elegance and delicacy and munificence; and now a welcome greets me in another shape, yet I can only give utterance to my feelings in the same simple assurance of how deeply I am obliged. Little could I have fancied in the first hour of my return, that I should have had such liberalities to speak of, that I should have been blest with such friends to make my native city more than ever dear to me! Sir, the omens of that hour, and even of days which followed, would have driven a superstitious man back, and he would have returned no more. After an absence of twenty years —

that little lifetime, twenty years!—when uproused one morning by intelligence that the pilot was on board, and our ship within hail of the shore—I flew on deck. A tempest raged. The angel of death seemed careering in the clouds, and flinging around lightnings which almost made each one of us expect his own last moment in the following flash. But the storm cleared, and I beheld the fair city of my birth enthroned upon her beautiful waters, and I rejoiced in belonging to such a mother, and that my weary pilgrimage had closed at such a home! But this succession of emotions was but symbolical of deeper ones to which I yet was destined; for, when my steps sought the spots to which in earlier life they were accustomed, I found a severer darkness frowning over them in the pestilence, and houses untenanted, or most of those which had inhabitants, in tears and mourning. When I asked for many a friend of years gone by, I was pointed to the tomb. But presently the streets began to brighten into what they were; many a warm hand renewed the earnest grasp so long ago remembered; the welcome of many a departed parent smiled on me in their children: until at length I beheld the memories of a former day gathering the lovely and the gallant, and the intellectual, and the affluent, in one splendid circle, where I could almost fancy the spirits of some of the long-buried dead, who would have united at that moment with the living—hovering o'er a scene which made me forget the humbleness of my own desert in exultation for the glorious privilege of once again exclaiming, as I gazed before me—‘The wanderer *has* a home, and it is *here*.’

“‘You have alluded, Mr. President, to my long residence abroad, and I thank you for the opportunity of mentioning those whom I have just quitted. My career has, indeed, been a very chequered one, but I am not aware that its infelicities have exceeded those inherent in a literary life without advantages. In my earlier ramblings, I am bound

to remember France and the revered friendship of Talma; I should also speak of the hospitalities of Liverpool and her lamented Roscoe; and when in Ireland, welcomed by her O'Connell and her Phillips, and myriads of the warm-hearted and enlightened, I said to the people of Dublin: 'My countrymen shall be told from my experience that an American may make friends in other lands, but in grateful Erin he shall find a home,' and I should be glad to know that there are any present belonging to that country, for they would not let it be forgotten that my word to Dublin eighteen years ago, is now fulfilled with pride and thankfulness, to my native city of New York. In the great metropolis, London, I have endured struggles—bitter, heart-breaking struggles—but it should be understood that in a place overthronged with so much bustling competition, it is hard for any aspirant to escape unbruised. My own country would think me unworthy of her, could I deem it any recommendation to her favor, to suppress the truth that I have found the land of my birth by no means so undervalued as we are taught to fancy, in the land which I, for so many years, have made that of my residence. I have experienced cordial friendship from every rank, and, though sometimes hardly dealt with by little minds from sordid motives, I have been sustained by great ones, from the most disinterested. Nay, I must not except some of the aristocracy itself from especial praise for qualities adapted to make members of that order respected even in America, where we do not value them for their rank. When I have been sinking, the support of such men as the Devonshires, the Seagraves, the Mulgraves, has been accorded to me, with an elegance and promptitude, for which I am aware I am less indebted to my own merits than to their honor for a country, which I felt the prouder of, when I found it a passport to the kindness of persons with a nobility beyond their coronets. But, perhaps there would be required no better testimonial of the good will

of that nation toward ours, in all matters connected with literature and the arts, than the cordial alacrity with which the most distinguished representatives of the British drama last Thursday came forward in support of an American. If I single Mr. Kemble and Mr. Wallack from the rest, it is not because I think the attention of one person on such an occasion less complimentary than that of another; but that it enables me to mention how much my gratification was, under all the circumstances, enhanced, in seeing my reception from my native city graced by those who so many years have been the rival managers of the two great theatres of London with which I have been principally connected.

“Mr. President, had I not already detained you too long, I might have attempted to say something upon other points of your address, though I should tremble to approach a subject which had been touched by your eloquence. My feelings for the literature of the drama, and my sense of its importance to the community, must be inferred from my past attention to it; and will, I trust, be obvious from my future efforts to desire a place among those of my countrymen, who have shown, and some very recently, the power of achieving great things for our fame to come, in this most difficult pursuit. Though, as I believe, the earliest native adventurer in the representative department of the drama, I myself have voluntarily withdrawn from the course, with my young countryman, who so nobly wears the laurels, I once so longed to win, (need I say Edwin Forrest?) the destinies of native acting where they are sure to be borne up proudly. But it is time I should release you; and, if I may still be permitted to pursue my strain of egotism, I would ask you to allow me to close with the mention of the three names which are dear to me; two, as my earliest patrons in this my native city, and one, as a warm and most devoted friend; and I do not know that I ever again shall have so fitting an opportunity of paying them the tribute they deserve from me, as among

those who have shown their spirit towards me in later life, though in a different form. I would, therefore, Mr. President, beg leave to propose, without further preamble,

“ ‘The memories of William Coleman, John E. Seaman, and Joseph D. Fay.’

“ Mr. Payne no sooner resumed his seat, than the following ode, written for the occasion, by Samuel Woodworth, Esq., was recited by Mr. J. J. Adams, the actor.

PAYNE'S WELCOME.

TUNE—“*Scots, wha' hae.*”

Braid the wreath, the chaplet twine,
Weave the laurel with the vine,
Taste and mirth shall here combine,
To grace our revelry.

Native genius claims our praise,
Tell his worth in tuneful lays,
Crown him with o'er shadowing bays,
Blooming verdantly.

Freedom's sons who cease to roam,
Thus receive a welcome home,
Here beneath her temple's dome,
Where her anthems swell.

List to him whose magic quill,
Moulds our passions to his will,
Waking feeling's sweetest thrill,
We the tribute pay.

List to him, whose classic lyre
Can the oldest heart inspire,
With a glow of patriot fire,
That can ne'er decay.

Does he not our hearts appall,
In the despot *Tarquin's* fall?
Does not sweet *Lucretia* call
Tears of sympathy?

Does not *Richelieu* impart
Tremors to the "Broken Heart?"
Do not gems of pity start
For his *Oswali*?

Lo! the magic wand he waves!
Kings and courtiers burst their graves;
Charles, with all his merry knaves,
Joins in revelry.

Clari and *Thérèse* are here,
See the white maid, too, appear!
"Home, Sweet Home!" salutes the ear,
Dear to memory.

Hail him welcome to the shores
Where bright Freedom's eagle soars,
Where her temple's open doors
Welcome all the free!

Where in academic bowers,
Shadowed by her loveliest flowers,
Once he passed the sweetest hours
Of careless infancy.

Bard, beloved by all the nine,
Minstrel of the lyre divine,
Fadeless honors shall be thine,
Through futurity.

Take the wreath from friendship's hand,
Woven by this festive band,
Welcome to thy native land—
Land of Liberty.

"The toasts and speeches were very numerous; but the only one we have room to repeat is an exceedingly appropriate one, which was much admired at the time, and was given by Mr. Redwood Fisher.

"*A philosophy more refined than that of the Stoics — The PLEASURE of receiving — PAYNE.*"

In a few weeks after Mr. Payne's grand receptions at the Park theatre and at the City Hotel, he was invited by some old friends to Boston, where lay the scenes of his childhood. He accepted the invitation and his reception was most flattering. No sooner had he arrived than plans were laid for a complimentary benefit at the Tremont theatre, to take place on the 3d of April, 1833, and, although the theatre offered no facilities equal to those at the Park theatre, yet the affair went off with *éclat*. The performance consisted of selections from the various productions of Mr. Payne, viz : the one-act comediotta of *Love in Humble Life*, the drama of *Thérèse*, *The Lances*, *Charles II*, and an address by Park Benjamin.

On this occasion, the box tickets were placed at three dollars each, and the rest of the house at one dollar. By some mismanagement, a portion of the citizens, who felt warmly towards Mr. Payne, were dissatisfied, and only the higher classes in the city attended. The house, though unprecedentedly brilliant, was unexpectedly thin in numbers ; besides, other things conspired to injure the success of the undertaking. "The Kembles were announced to appear shortly. The night was unpropitious, preceding, as it did, the general fast, when many families leave the city to unite in social gatherings."

The following address was spoken by Mrs. Barrett :

ADDRESS.

Could some enchantress, by her magic spell,
 Fair as Love's Goddess from her ocean-shell,
 Chase the dim vapors that conceal the past,
 And o'er Time's sea a tender radiance cast ;
 What various scenes, to gladden and surprise,
 Would to your view, in bright succession, rise !
 Alas ! our age has unromantic grown,
 And fancy is the sole enchantress known.
 Invoke her aid, and from her starry bower,
 She may descend to gild the passing hour.

Through the long vista of departed years,
What vision first, in Fancy's light, appears?
See yonder group of happy playmates stand
Round one who seems the leader of the band!
His cheek is blushing with the rose's bloom.
Why o'er his forehead waves a crimson plume?
His form for Cupid's well might be adored.
Why is it girded with the glittering sword?
He speaks — the group disperse — now formed once more,
Behold on air a silken banner soar,
In serried ranks, with measured steps, they come.
Hark! the shrill fife and spirit-stirring drum.
What field is this? Who leads this gallant train?
'Tis Boston Common — Captain Howard Payne.
The scene is changed — lo! in the still midnight,
A lonely student, by his lamp's faint light,
Pale is his cheek — his eye all dim with tears;
Can such deep grief belong to childhood's years?
A son, his tribute of affection pays —
To her whose smile had blest Life's early days.
Can this frail student be the radiant boy
Whose heart so late was redolent of joy?
Ah, yes! immured in Learning's cloistered shade,
Like a caged eagle's, does his spirit fade.
Once more a change of scene — and such a change!
A stage — a theatre — how brightly strange!
A simple lad, in cap-and-tartan dress,
Yet proud his bearing and superb his crest —
"My name is Norval." Norval! can it be?
Transformed so quickly! that sweet voice — 'tis he!
That smile — lip curled in high disdain,
That graceful form — nine cheers for Master Payne!
Let blushing honors gather round his fame —
This "happy deed shall gild his humble name;"
For the wide stage his youthful footsteps press,
To shield a much-loved father from distress:
And, greeted thus by richly-earned applause,
"Who shall resist him in a parent's cause?"
Loud were the praises that his welcome gave,
In that far land beyond th' Atlantic wave.
There, like a halo, on his young brow fell
The laurel-garland he has worn so well!

Another change — within so brief a span,
 Has this fair boy become a serious man ?
 'Tis true — but sacred in his bosom glows
 A fire like that which burns 'mid Alpine snows :
 Though tempests shatter the volcano's throne,
 Though Winter belt him with an icy zone,
 Still do the splendors of his lofty head
 On regions round a sun-like lustre shed.
 So Genius, left to poverty and woe,
 Whose rending thoughts the world can never know,
 In its lone majesty, all coldly shrined,
 Throws its broad gleam along the realms of mind.
 A change of scene — the nearest and the last,
 We need no spirit to reveal the past ;
 For, lo ! 'tis present and before you now,
 The warrior-child, with sword and plumed brow ;
 The student, bending o'er the written page ;
 The actor, proudly marching on the stage ;
 The author, bringing forms to life and light,
 Which, here reflected, you may see to-night —
 At length has come — Heaven grant no more to roam —
 To his own native land, his " Home, sweet home ! "

At the close of the address, there arose a loud cry for Mr. Payne. He at once appeared, and spoke to the audience as follows : " The sound of his well-remembered voice," says the *Commercial Advertiser*, " was familiar to our ears, and, while all the boyish softness has given place to a more manly tone, it still is as musical as ever."

" MY KIND-HEARTED FRIENDS ! — (You will, I know, forgive my informality in thus addressing you — called to an interview like this, how were it possible I should adopt a phrase more ceremonious ?) — I little expected ever again to hail the intellectual beauties, and the graver worth and talent, of this early-valued city, from the stage ; but surely I shall not be regarded as rescinding by it my resignation of a pursuit once so dear to me — for I should indeed be unmeriting the warmth with which you bid me welcome, were I capable of meeting you as an actor now.

“ I remember in my roving among distant lands, to have heard one of the last of the bards, himself in solitude, enchanting with his harp the picturesque solitudes of his native Wales. ‘ Three things restored,’ exclaimed the minstrel, ‘ give back to the worn and tired of the world, the hopes and cheeriness of youth : the food with which in childhood we were nourished ; the climate where we were in childhood reared ; the train of thought by which in childhood we were amused.’ When, amid the inconveniences of a struggling and a troubled life abroad, recollections of the land I had quitted were rekindled by our writers, and ‘ the woods where I had dwelt pleasantly rustled their green leaves in the song, and our streams were there with the sound of all their waters,’ — even the idea of HOME — ‘ fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, would reanimate the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.’ If bare remembrance of such joys could thus charm away discomfort, how must I feel since I have found myself in the actual possession of all concerning which, I, for so many years, have only been permitted to dream ; realizing that the promise of the poet of Wales was not a fiction ! And where can I realize it more touchingly than in that spot, which, if it did not give me birth, inspired my earliest impressions ? where every step reminds me of some sweet hour of infancy ? where I scarcely move without being greeted by the smile of some companion of departed days, or some engaging event of the morning of my existence ? Nay, in glancing around me here, it may be that there can some be found, at this time chieftains of renown, whom, in the mimic grandeur of military pomp as a boy-warrior, I was myself the first to lead to glory over the old Common, with true martial valor, never flinching even from the squibs by jealous urchins flung at us on election days ; and others, who from the press, the bar or the senate, have won still greater honors

than those for which we once contended in the school-room or the college. Indeed, I cannot but exult in the manly and the wholesome feeling, which, during my recent visit, regardless of the differences since created by fortune or position, has animated numbers in extending to the returning wanderer the hand of cordial recognition, and of kindness even fraternal. Many, long since gone from the earth, would have this night brought hither hearts as warm as the warmest which are now beating here; and there was one, most nearly and most dearly allied to me, who would not, could his spirit witness what has passed since my arrival, be unmoved by the evidence that out of the many, who from him and from some of his family, derived the first impulse to knowledge, there should yet be those remaining who affectionately, in me, remember him and them.

“But I trust it is on higher grounds than any merely personal, that I have acquiesced in this opportunity of expressing to you my thanks. The awakening of public feeling upon such an occasion, is only of importance as it proves a dawning enthusiasm regarding points of national taste and literature. If, by so humble a pretext as my poor claims, the slightest interest can be excited, the tendency is likely to rise into something which must, ultimately, elicit genius worthy of every honor. To my high-hearted and liberal friends in a neighboring city, I predicted that the disposition which there so splendidly and so spontaneously displayed itself towards me, would prompt similar encouragements to others, and it did; and, should such a disposition continue, we may ere long expect for every thing intellectual the bright day when ‘delicate spirits’ shall never again, like Ariel in the cloven pine of Bermuda, only be discoverable among the treasures of the new world, by cries of anguish and by supplications for relief. Would you rival other lands in literature? Give it advantages. Do not be content with leaving literature, like virtue, to be its own reward. For myself, allow me to repeat my earnest grati-

tude that, in my case, another assurance should have been suggested that my countrymen begin to think upon such matters in a way which will be sure to rivet all hearts which take an interest in them, to our native land. My own, at a distance, has for many years gloried in the majesty of our eagle's flight: but my admiration cannot but deepen into love, the more I feel what warmth and comfort dwell beneath her wings."

It seems that, besides the ill-selected night for Mr. Payne's testimonial, and the fact of the Kembles being announced shortly to appear, that some invidious person, one of those who seem to live for no other purpose than to find fault, and to stab at the finest feelings and intelligence of others, saw fit on this occasion to depreciate, through one of the papers, the efforts of Mr. Payne as a dramatist, and also to stigmatize the testimonial offered to him by the citizens of Boston, as an act of charity. On this conduct, the following remarks were made by the spirited editor of the old *New York Mirror*.

MR. PAYNE'S BENEFIT AT BOSTON.

"The complimentary theatrical festival offered to Mr. Howard Payne in Boston, seems to have been less cleverly managed than that given in New York. It was attended, however, by a galaxy of beauty and fashion, represented as exceeding any thing of the kind ever before witnessed in that city; but the time chosen was, from a variety of causes, unfavorable — the bill had little attraction, and the audience was not so crowded as every one anticipated. The papers are warm in their eulogies of Mr. Payne, with the exception, we believe, of one discordant voice, which emits something about *charity*, very inappropriate to, and quite uncalled for by the occasion.

"It is a pity, if the friends of Mr. Payne, as an actor, an author, and a man, and the friends, also, of dramatic litera-

ture in general, may not have the privilege of awarding to him a compliment on his return to his native country, without opposition from people who, if they do not assist, might at least refrain from interfering. In regard to the pecuniary profit of the benefits to Mr. Payne, they are just as much charitable donations, as the sums paid to Walter Scott by his publishers; the subscription-money received by an editor, the fee handed to a lawyer, or the reward allowed to any artisan or artist who receives a *quid pro quo*. The *Boston Evening Gazette* says, ‘averaging the performance of plays by Mr. Payne at twenty in Boston each season, it would take more than one year, acting every night, Sunday not excepted, to have got through the number of actual representations we have had of his pieces.’

“For all this, the author had been but inadequately paid abroad, and not at all here. We trust he will not find his praises of “Home, sweet home” overwrought. Is it *charity*, then, in us to express to him our appreciation of his various and beautiful productions, and to put that expression in a form which will be as useful as it is honorable to him? A number of physicians rendered services to the people in this and other cities, during the prevalence of the late epidemic. Some of them have been presented with complimentary tokens of regard, and a few with money. Is this charity? On the death of Dr. Dwight, his works were collected and published, and the proceeds of their sale appropriated to the use of his family. Was this charity? It must be remarked, also, that Mr. Payne was *invited* from London, to receive in this, his native country, the identical compliments, the conferring of which is now beheld so enviously by certain individuals.”

It is a relief to know that there was but one paper in Boston that had the littleness to assault Mr. Payne, and to accuse him of having appealed for public charity, while it found fault with him for not having been born in Boston. “He had better go back to London,” it said, “where he

has spent so many years of his life, and there seek the compensation for his labors, which he now desires to obtain from our fellow citizens." To this gratuitous tirade of the *Atlas*, the *Boston Transcript* made the following reply.

"We may set it down as a general rule that no man can receive notice without provoking enmity; for, as Shakespeare says, 'It is the bright day which brings forth the adder'; and in reference to our own country, the idea has been amusingly amplified in a manner which may not be inapplicable: 'The same sun whose plastic power decks the blooming temples of Flora with chaplets, and bows the broad shoulders of autumn with luxuriance, quickens from the chrysalis the spleeny race of mosquitoes, and operates like galvanism on the torpid venom of the rattlesnake.' For shame! charity, forsooth! Here is an early townsman of our own — himself and his family well known and highly respected here for years — and whose youthful connection with Boston, while abroad whenever he was spoken of advantageously there, has uniformly been most pompously paraded. Well, this townsman produces a vast number of plays, which are uniformly successful. These plays are caught at by our managers with avidity. For sixteen years they constitute stock pieces on our stage. Averaging the performance of plays by Mr. Payne at twenty-five in Boston each season, it would take more than one year, acting every night, Sundays not excepted, to have got through the number of actual representations we have had of his pieces. The average is doubtless much beyond our statement; for, even since his present short visit to Boston, pieces from his pen (*not* including the three on Wednesday, which would swell the sum to fourteen) have been acted eleven times. To one of these, the *White Maid*, brought out even under his very eyes, the managers had no right whatever. They acted it against Mr. Payne's wish. It was never published. The manuscript was clandestinely obtained from London. Mr. Payne might have legally prevented its ap-

pearance or forced the managers to *pay* him thrice as much as his benefit has been said to have yielded. But he allowed the Tremont managers to reap the advantage, which *they* regarded as sufficient to justify them not only in paying three "stars" and extra choristers and musicians, but in complimenting Mr. Sinclair with a magnificent gold watch and chain and other appendages, (costing nearly two-thirds as much as, after the house-expenses of the festival are paid, the benefit will produce), and which Mr. Sinclair displays at parties as the tribute to him from the theatre for the success of his acting the principal character in an opera by Mr. Payne! What is done for Mr. Payne all this time? Do the managers show *him* any attention? They do. They *allow* his friends to take the theatre on paying a much greater sum than could be brought into it by any other means, at such a time, and to give him a benefit, as some remuneration for what his countrymen have enjoyed in gratification, and the theatre itself in profit, for sixteen years from his labors. The benefit is given. The gentlemen who give it, following the high example of New York, handsomely offer any praise to be derived from so proper a tribute, to the city generally. All things, where the many are concerned, must originate with the few; and in such matters, the few necessarily represent, in the first instance, the many. The elegance and fashion of Boston turn out, but the pecuniary result is unworthy of such a city, unworthy of such an occasion. What follows? Mr. Payne is represented as a supplicator for public charity and an undeserving one! We have scarcely patience to repeat an imputation so disgraceful to the maker! At the very moment that we write, we see a man sticking play-bills all over the town for Mr. Pelby's benefit on Monday evening, announcing John Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus*, probably for the hundred and fiftieth time in Boston, as the great attraction, and yet, while this is doing, we have to screen Mr. Payne from the dirt thrown at him in

our "literary emporium" as accepting a charity in accepting a benefit welcome for himself! *Had* it been a charity, it would have been rather an unchristian thing among a religious people, and rather an ungracious one among a polite people, to have spoken of it as such; and looking at the amount, it would have been somewhat of a reflection upon a liberal people, to have shown themselves incapable of a better. But being a civility, and a civility not claimed by Mr. Payne, but offered to him by the patrons of the theatre, is it not rather hard that it should be rendered only a source of insult and of discomfort to a gentleman whose deportment during between two and three months that he has been among us, has been uniformly such as to secure him not only respect but friendship? And that, even of many who have been influenced against him by the petty tricks which are always set in motion by the malignant to depress the popular; and who have been astonished at their prejudices the moment they have been favored with his acquaintance? Let our countryman be assured that such is not the feeling of our city; nor is there any one among us who enters at all into the paltry slurs attempted to be cast upon him for having remained so long abroad. Let those who go to see his *Brutus* on Monday evening, say whether, since he has been away, from us his writings have not upheld those principles most dear to us as Americans; and judge whether we ought not to value him even almost as much as we are expected to do some who have remained among us, to display feelings of which we have every reason to be ashamed. No, let our distant friends be certain that Boston people disclaim with indignation such a course of conduct as has been attempted to be ascribed to them on this occasion; although we are sorry to say there are now and then one or two to be found among us who get something like our east wind in their heads and their hearts, which blows no good to themselves or to any body else. But as to the question

whether the leading people of Boston had anything to do with the complimentary part of this affair, that will, we conceive, need no further answer than this; one of its first recommenders was a Boston representative to the legislature, one of its first committee was another Boston representative to the legislature, one of its last committee was also a third representative, and one of our wealthiest citizens, too, to the Boston legislature; those present, without an exception (unless perhaps some one who may have taken a gift of two tickets and then set to work abusing it), were persons from our most fashionable and wealthy families, and all long and thoroughly known in Boston. So large an assemblage of persons exclusively of the high fashion of Boston has never before been seen. We state this merely for the information of those at a distance. To all here, it is, of course, known thoroughly. And now, we proceed to the reply of the committee of arrangements, which is copied from the *Transcript*.

“The committee of arrangements of the Payne festival who have “humbled” the public, cannot allow the article in the *Atlas* to pass without a comment. As the friends of Mr. Payne never admitted the word or feeling of charity to enter into their views in the management of the benefit, nor wished aid to it under such impressions, they pass over in silence that part of the article reflecting such an imputation on the true friends of Mr. Payne and dramatic literature. The members of the committee concur entirely with the *Atlas*, that the benefit was not given by the city of Boston, but by the friends of Mr. Payne: it would have been unkind, even to his enemy, if he have any, and we have not yet realized the fact, had the committee prefaced their bill by saying they only expected or invited the particular friends of Mr. Payne to be present. They wished to give the city of Boston the opportunity of proving whether it had any feeling for such an evidence of Mr. Payne’s merits or not. The sequel has proved that,

independent of a very attractive bill, it had not the feeling in question. We cannot allow that one solitary paper, among so many, should be an evidence of the feeling of the community at large. We place the matter entirely on the ground that the *Atlas* has done, so far as regards those who gave the benefit, and we are happy in saying that the Tremont theatre never was more graced than by the bright galaxy of fine faces and intelligent minds that were assembled on that occasion.

“ A better representation of the feeling of a community could not have been chosen, and we are confident in saying that, had the theatre had it in its power to afford as attractive a bill as was brought forward at New York, that the house would have been filled not only by the personal friends of Mr. Payne, but by the mass of the people.”

Shortly after the Boston fiasco he returned to the city of New York, where he had been so handsomely received, and resided with his brother Thatcher Payne, who then had risen to eminence as a lawyer. Here he constructed the grand work of the *Life of our Saviour*, which he had prepared in the manner of a harmony of the four Gospels. It was said to have been beautifully executed, on the common theory of the three years' duration of the ministry of Jesus. But after consulting a friend on the subject of its publication, he concluded not to have it printed, from the fact that a similar work by Mr. Ware had pre-occupied the market. This given up, he soon after issued a prospectus for a weekly periodical, which was to be published in London, and conducted on an international basis, its contributors to be both English and American. The idea was a novel one, and at that time could not have failed to make the English better acquainted with our progress in all things pertaining to a high civilization, as well as to modify a national feeling of conflict between the two people.

Mr. Payne said in his *Prospectus*: “Literary labor in America can only be rendered a source of sure and per-

manent benefit to its followers and others through some connection with the periodical press. Even abroad, this is widely, though less exclusively, the case: Byron himself knew it, and was ambitious of establishing a Magazine with Shelley and Hunt. Scott was for a long time at the head of an *Annual Register*, and to the last was more or less concerned in less ponderous publications of the same class; and Campbell, Bulwer, Lockhart, and numbers equally eminent in England, besides Jouy, Durval, and others in France, and many who might be quoted in various parts of the world, look for their least precarious resources and means of usefulness, notwithstanding their popularity as makers of books, to their editorships of periodicals.

“But there is no country where works of that nature form so essential a portion of national literature, as ours; or where their power of doing good or evil can be so widely and so suddenly diffused. It was, therefore, the first thought of the writer of this, to associate himself with some establishment already in existence here, or to create upon the spot a new one of his own.

“He has found every place, however, in the enterprises now existing, not only filled, but ably filled. He has found, too, that the country already contains as many dailies, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies and annuals, upon the established system of such productions, as it appears to require; and no opportunity seems open for a new undertaking of the sort, which might not be an interference with those already popular. To the enlightened person connected with works of this description throughout the United States, the undersigned is indebted for many civilities, and so large and liberal has been the kindness with which they have sustained him, equally through good report and evil, that he would not for a moment entertain a thought of any speculation, which could scarcely be successful without disturbing the arrangements of some one, who, though a stranger, may have been a friend.

“But, in the course of his examination, he has remarked how largely some of our papers draw upon materials from abroad, and so prevailing is the desire for European extracts and information, that papers are not only liberally patronized expressly for these alone; but republications made in London Journals as they stand, and even some of the best of our own, establishing a strong claim to patronage upon the correspondence of agents, whom they employ abroad. Thus, the voice of Europe is heard incessantly in every corner of the North American Republic.

“In the meantime, who hears of our own Republic in Europe? Who knows any thing of the innumerable improvements we are hourly making in the application of science to the useful arts,—of the many valuable works which are constantly issuing from our press,—of the numberless displays of high intellectual power in every department among us, which, from circumstances, are never wrought into books;—in short, of how much we are laboring in the great cause of universal good, which, even when the effect is felt in other climes, is felt without any recognition of its source?—And who, in America, is not aware,—even while the press of Europe is so much courted in America,—through what distorted mediums it leads us to look upon productions and events, or how seldom, even when fairly represented, they are exhibited in those points of view, which would be, to us, the most interesting or instructive?

“These reflections have suggested to the undersigned a project, which, though venturous, appears to supply the only stand never yet taken for extensive usefulness in periodical literature. It is an enterprise which could only proceed from a country situated like ours; and it appears to him equally a desideratum for both sides of the Atlantic. The work in question is an original American Journal, to be published every week in London, supported by the united talent of both countries, and containing the most

accurate information from both upon every subject,—excepting politics,—which can have interest or importance either in America or Europe.

“The proposed title of this Journal has been hinted by the story of the magical cup, so much the theme of eastern poetry, and to us rendered peculiarly interesting from the impression among certain of the scripture commentators, that, in the sack of Benjamin, some cup with such a story must have been placed, to have impelled Joseph’s servant to ask his brethren,—“Is not this it whereby my Lord divineth?”—It is scarcely necessary to add that the allusion is to that famous cup supposed to possess the strange property of representing in it, the whole world, and all the things which were then doing,—and celebrated as *Jami Jamshed*, the cup of Jamshed, a very ancient King of Persia, and which is said to have been discovered in digging the foundations of Persepolis, filled with the elixir of immortality. The name given to this cup by the poets of Persia, is the one thought of for the present purpose; and if the work in contemplation should be attempted, it will probably bear the eastern title of **Jam Jehan Nima**, which means in English the goblet wherein you may behold the universe.

“On each side of the Atlantic the intended Journal is expected to afford distinct advantages, which may unite to assist objects of vast interest to the world at large.

“To America it can be serviceable thus :

“I. By providing a depository where original literary productions from the writers of America and England may appear side by side; a competition may be created tending to most favorable influences upon our literature; while its effects, exhibited before so large a mass of readers on both sides of the ocean, will afford evidences in our favor better than the best of arguments. Nothing overcomes mere prejudice more effectually than acquaintanceship; and there is a sort of remorse mixed up with the sense of having

been unjust through ignorance, which almost always changes those who were once embittered, by want of knowledge of each other, into the most earnest friends. The closer intercourse of England with this country, by means of literature and the arts, has done more to wear away a bad spirit than all the negociations of all our political ambassadors.

“II. It will supply a vehicle in which the intellectual interest of America may be upheld. As our political relations call for a political ambassador,—and our commercial intercourse causes the establishment of houses of commerce,—and our fashionable world keeps up its envoys at the courts and coteries,—is it not equally desirable that some mode should be created for extending attention to the moral and mental, as well as to the physical and mercantile, strength of this vast republic?—for steadily representing the reading and the writing and the thinking portion of the people of America in the great parliament of European letters which taxes them so largely?

“III. It will give Europe a *catalogue raisonnée* of all the original books issuing from the American press; and prompt inquiry after, and knowledge of, many of which otherwise nothing might be known beyond the limited sphere of their publication.

“IV. It will circulate the names and powers of numerous writers of the first-rate merit, whose reputation is now merely local, and who seldom seek an outlet for their productions of wider range than a magazine or newspaper. Our business habits, and the large influx of English works, concur to check original publications among ourselves;—and while booksellers can supply the market with sufficient novelty from abroad, which, to the advantage of being obtained without cost, adds that of bringing along with it an established fame, many who can write admirably, write only for themselves. A magazine of the sort now described, would draw them out and circulate their treasures.

It would, at the same time, make foreigners familiar with some now entirely hidden from observation by the very limited number of book-makers compared with the number of those among us capable of making books.

“V. It will communicate most readily and extensively every discovery we hit upon in science and the mechanical arts.

“VI. It will enable misrepresentations of our country to be answered ere they have time to take root.

“The service it can render on the other side of the Atlantic, may be:

“I. To provide opinions upon productions and events, entirely uninfluenced by party or local prejudice. It has often been remarked that we are with respect to Europe a sort of cotemporary posterity. Towards England our intellectual relations are altogether unprecedented in the history of nations. Our mutual influences exceed those of other nations, because we do not only think upon the same topics, but in the same language; and our understanding of each other never suffers through those distortions often inevitable from the different shades of signification growing out even of the clearest communication in any language not our own. As to their earlier master minds, that country is identified with ours; and we have only been rendered a separate nation by having realized the inspirations upon the subject of national liberty for which some of these mighty teachers became immortal. But, though divided from the rest as the peculiar people, who went apart to preserve the right principles of national happiness, we have continued as one and the same people in every thing relating to literature, to science and the arts. The identity of our interests in these matters is strengthening with time; and as the vast increase of readers of works from England goes on increasing (as it has done ever since Pope complained that he could only be “read in one island”), the desire to stand well with this new literary

public becomes more vivid with the British literati. But if we contribute so largely to their fame, we are entitled to a voice in the legislature of their taste; and a work which shall speak the sentiments of a clear headed republic, will not be heard without interest, and probably not without courtesy and profit, by those who are gratified with that great republic's sanction."

Mr. Payne in his prospectus made several other good points, and, to promote his enterprise, traveled through many of the western and south-western states to obtain subscribers, at ten dollars each, in advance, which appeared at the time to be too large a sum, and the amount of money required to start the enterprise, "fifty thousand dollars" was harder to accomplish than he at first supposed, and after spending more money to obtain subscribers than was subscribed, he quietly abandoned the project.

In 1835, while on his way through the south he stopped at New Orleans, where he was at once received by the press and the citizens with much consideration, and, shortly after his arrival there, a large number of citizens offered to give him a testimonial at the "Camp street theatre." The event took place on the evening of March 18th, 1835. The bill offered for the occasion consisted of *Charles the Second* and *Thérèse*.

The committee who had the matter in hand, offered as a prize for the address a silver cup, which was awarded to Mr. James Reese, of Philadelphia, a gentleman who has written many dramas, and is now better known to the public as a dramatic critic, over the signature of "Colley Cibber." The latter part of the address is the finest of any that has been, on any occasion, offered as a graceful tribute to Mr. Payne.

ADDRESS.

When classic Greece first reared the infant stage,
 And to the drama gave her title-page,
 Æschylus caught the all-inspiring flame,
 And sent the volume down to future fame.
 Then Shakespeare, with a radiant beauty bound
 The mighty work, which Genius' self had crown'd,
 Until the world, the sceptic world approved,
 What all admired — what all so fondly loved.
 The volume opens, on whose varied page,
 The spirits shine of a departed age :
 Richard, Macbeth, Othello, glide along,
 Raised by the magic of that prince of song.—
 But, hark ! another sweeps the glowing strings
 Of nature's harp — 'tis our own Payne that sings,
 And see ! stern Brutus panoplied appears :
 Himself all marble ; kindred, friends, all tears.
 Then Carwin, hid beneath his cloak of crime,
 Seems the dread angel of destroying time.
 Again — but lo ! what brighter visions rise,
 Each sense enthralling in a glad surprise,
 " Whose wings like heaven's vast canopy unfurl'd,
 Spread their broad plumage o'er the subject world,"
 Around whose forms young Genius proudly clings,
 And "*Jam Jehan Nima*," glitters on their wings !
 'Tis Learning's arch extending o'er the main,
 Raised by the talisman of gifted Payne.
 But what reward for him, whose midnight lamp,
 Emits its ray from chambers cold and damp,
 Whose cheerless looks and dreary aspect seem
 The spectred portrait of some horrid dream,
 Whose mind, replete with lore — profusely gives
 Food for the million — while himself scarce lives.
 Who decks creation with a brighter gem
 Than ever sparkled on a diadem ?
 Thus Genius pines, his stores displays in vain,
 Thus bards have languished, steeped in grief and pain :
 No showers of gold, by speculative art,
 Dispel the gloom, or warm the aching heart.

What star is that, whose bright, increasing light
Breaks on his soul and cheers the gloom of night ?
His country's star ! it comes the bard to cheer ;
The exile has a home — *He finds it here !*

Music — “ Home, Sweet Home ! ”

What sounds are these, what pleasing, heavenly strains
Whose echoing sweetness wanton o'er the plains ?
Hark ! (Music) now on airy wings they float,
And angel voices catch the inspiring note,
'Tis the warm welcome — “ Wanderer, cease to roam ;
Thrice doubly welcome to thy “ Home, Sweet, Home ! ”

(Curtain fell to music of Home, Sweet Home !)

Immediately after the benefit, the following correspondence occurred between the committee and Mr. Payne. The letter of Mr. Payne is of the most highly interesting character, as it shows him to have been one of the strongest and earliest champions of international copyright law, and the argument is so pertinent that it would be an injustice to the interests of literature to omit it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

“ *John Howard Payne, Esq.,*

“ DEAR SIR : Enclosed, we have the pleasure to hand you a check for one thousand and six dollars and fifty cents (\$1006.50), being the net proceeds resulting from the performances at the American theatre, for your benefit, on the 18th inst.

“ We regret that the inauspicious state of the weather should have caused the amount of the receipts to be less than was anticipated ; we trust, however, that, viewed as a compliment to you as an American author, it will be acceptable, and be considered as an evidence of the good wishes of the gentlemen, under whose management the benefit was presented to the notice of the public.

“ We avail ourselves of the occasion to convey to you the expression of our distinguished consideration, and remain most respectfully,

“ Your obedient servants,

JAS. SAUL, Chairman,

“New Orleans, April 2, 1835.

NATH. DICK,

J. FOSTER, JR.

“ *Committee.*”

“GENTLEMEN: I am this moment honored with your letter, enclosing the sum of \$1006.50, being the amount remaining after payment to the playhouse managers, for one evening’s performance at the American theatre, volunteered for my advantage, on Wednesday, the 18th of last month, by my countrymen at New Orleans. In return, I beg you to make my grateful acknowledgments to all who have promoted this attention, and to accept for yourselves, and for the other gentlemen composing the various committees, my especial thanks. Apart from any considerations personal to myself, I believe the evidence of a disposition for such actions, will inspirit the literary of our land, by showing that neither time nor distance, can cause their labors, however humble, to be forgotten or entirely fruitless.

“ As, however, there may be some who are not altogether apprised of the peculiar position of writers for the stage, and to whom the unique one in which I myself have stood, may not be familiar, I take the liberty of naming my reasons for having acquiesced in this and previous civilities of the same nature. I scarcely need mention why I have deferred this representation until now: had it been made earlier — by some it might have been regarded as a sort of electioneering stratagem to promote my pecuniary interests; but now, I trust, there is no one who will not do me the jus-

tice to take it as it is meant— to understand it as emanating entirely from a wish to make the deplorable state of patronage to the literary portion of the drama understood among us, that all may see, for the advantage of authors in general, the necessity for a speedy reform.

“Dramatic authorship in the English language,—although the most vexations, while it is the most widely influential, branch of literature — has always been the least protected by the laws both of America and England. The authors of France have a permanent interest in every representation of their plays, and this property descends to their families — the law obliges theatres to pay them. In England, until very lately, dramatic writers were sustained by no law but that of custom, and custom only entitled them to claim the profits of the third, sixth, ninth, twelfth, twentieth, and fortieth, performance of any play, from the theatre in which it first appeared, but from no other; and no sooner had it appeared, than it was at the mercy of the prompters, who made vast perquisites by supplying early copies to all the provincial theatres of England and by forwarding them to the managers of this country. When published, the author had no power to screen his interest from the cupidity of gain in managers; his play, even against his expressed wish, as in the case of Lord Byron, could be impudently wrested from him before his eyes, and acted without recompense and without even thanks. This enormity was for some years a theme of unregarded remonstrance in the newspapers and magazines. I myself wrote quires to call the attention of the British legislature to the injustice, and to invite them to imitate the law of France. At length the subject was brought before the Parliament of England by Mr. Bulwer. A law was very recently passed, securing to the author (or if the copyright were sold, the proprietor¹) of any play appearing in the

¹ This was not the original intention of the act. The act meant to secure the rights of authors, exclusively, to a species of profit which can never be

English language, whether published or in manuscript, a right to enforce compensation, during some five and twenty years, for every performance of that play, wherever it may appear, within the jurisdiction of the British government. So impressed was the legislature of England with the inadequacy of theatrical payment as it stood previous to the reform I mention, that they made the new law revert to productions which had been brought out within seven years. I myself might have gained largely by this enactment; but, never looking for such a law, I had sold most of my copyrights during the first run of each play, to publishers who are at this moment reaping incomes from them; and such as remained my property, and are still constantly acted as stock-pieces, were produced on the wrong side of the seven years' limitation.

“What are our own laws upon this subject? — We have none. Dramatists are at the mercy of managers. The now obsolete law of custom in England still remains feebly imitated with us; not in four benefits for a success, but in one alone; and even that one is usually proffered under circumstances so hopeless, that authors seldom avail themselves of the opportunity. Present a new play to a

calculated in the outset; for nothing is more uncertain than the future fortunes of a play, and that which has promised the least, and under such a doubt, has often been sacrificed for a trifle to managers or publishers, has very frequently turned out the most lucrative in the end. But, from being loosely worded, the act has since been perverted from its original purpose. Indeed, its framers did not see the necessity of providing for the difference between publication by printing, and publication by performance, which has always perplexed the question of dramatic copyright, until it has been recently forced upon them through this perversion of their purposes by the grasping spirit of managing and bookselling speculators. When the decision was pronounced in favor of the latter, and against authors, in the court of King's Bench, the court, though compelled to adopt the literal construction, advised a remodeling of the statute, which had evidently defeated itself by the carelessness of its phraseology, and notice has been given that an explanatory law will be submitted. It was, of course, intended to prevent authors from becoming the victims of circumstances, and to insure them all the advantages of greater success with the public than they expected.

manager, and he delays its production till the season is withering, and then flings it upon the forlorn hope; or if you ask a certain compensation, he replies: 'We are glutted with plays from England, which we must produce, because they bring with them a fame which will excite curiosity; and for these we have only to pay the prompters, who are salaried to smuggle over all the novelties.' Within a few years, some opportunities have been afforded to a few, employed by certain popular actors, traveling as stars, to write under their patronage and direction, and for their own personal aggrandizement; but such a market is very soon supplied, and perhaps not always the most desirable. To me, it has never been offered. On the contrary, when I was abroad, and new productions have occasionally been wanted from England for any particular purpose in America, I have seen myself passed over, and the commission tendered to others, not American; and since I have been in America, play after play have I presented for performance, and have uniformly been answered — 'We can get new plays from England, and for nothing.'

"It will be unnecessary, after this explanation, to state why the market which pays, must be the one resorted to by the person who is not wealthy enough to labor without pay. It will explain, also, why I have taken my productions to the theatres of England. I had no other means of deriving profit from them. I had no other means of getting them before the public of my own country. In this manner I manœvered myself, as it were, into opportunities of being heard, and from the frequency with which my plays were announced all over America, and from the praises of them in the papers, I naturally imagined that I had been heard with favor. To confirm this, invitations were sent to me to return, and to receive from my countrymen, testimonials, that, if managers would not reward me, the public would; — that many plays of mine which had been acted for some nineteen years, would be acknow-

ledged by a benefit in each town where they had been acted, and that, having thus shown that the past was not forgotten, I should find an equal alacrity to make the future prosperous. It was known that much prejudice had been excited against me by a party in England for having so strongly asserted my American principles, as to endanger the license of certain plays, and to bring down the vengeance of certain critics; and I was promised that my own land would sustain me against what I have suffered from the support of sentiments, to which I trust no persecution will ever make a citizen of our country false. It was known, too, that my most fortunate efforts had been made when the theatres were so much embarrassed that they could never pay me one-fourth of the prices usually paid, although it was publicly stated that these very efforts had averted the bankruptcy, first, of Drury Lane and, afterwards, of Covent Garden; and many enthusiasts fancied I should find better opportunities and better rewards at home.

“My return, however, was delayed by business, till two years subsequently to the invitations of which I speak. I was reluctant to comply with a request which might have exposed me to the imputation of having been brought to America only to court notice and attention. I waited until other matters rendered a visit to my native land desirable; but, when I did return, I found the professions which had been made to me from New York were not forgotten. My native city gave me the welcome which had been tendered.

“From various parts of the United States, I was invited to receive similar testimonials. I never understood these as public honors — of such, I never had the vanity to dream. I considered them as a mere compensation from those who had often expressed approval of my labors, and never before had an opportunity of offering that sort of acknowledgment for them which no writer, in any language or in

any nation, ever deemed himself dishonored in receiving ; which your divine receives, your lawyer receives, your doctor receives — and why should not your author? Nor could I feel that an acceptance from any theatre, after the performance in it, times innumerable, of many plays during some nineteen years,— of the profits of one night, under the title of a benefit, could be less a simple recompense, in the straight-forward way of business, than the acceptance of the profits of one similar night, after merely a couple of performances in such theatre, of any single play. How could I, unless I could be convinced that hundreds of representations degraded that return into the stigma of charity, which only two could elevate into the dignity of compensation? How could I, unless I could discover that payment long deferred, must necessarily be construed as alms bestowed, merely because the sum total of that payment had dwindled by delay and come without interest? And still less, when not only Mr. Irving, and Mr. Cooper, the novelist, but even writers much their inferiors, can secure, for their publications through the press, an equal property on both sides of the Atlantic, by a protective law,¹ still less could I see any impropriety in receiving advantages of correspondent character, though inferior value, from the publication performances of my efforts, when my countrymen were disposed to atone for the want of a similar protective law, by what they deemed an act

¹ Col. Hamilton, in his work on our country, thus alludes to this point : " Copyright, in the United States, is not enjoyable by a foreigner, though an American can hold it in England. The consequence is, that an English author derives no benefit from the republication of his work in America, while every Englishman who purchases the work of an American, is taxed in order to put money into the pockets of the latter. There is no reciprocity in this; and it is really not easy to see why Mr. Washington Irving, or Mr. Cooper, should enjoy greater privileges in this country than are accorded to Mr. Bulwer or Mr. Theodore Hook in the United States. There is an old proverb, " What is good for the goose, is good for the gander," which will be found quite as applicable to the policy of Parliament as the practice of the poultry-yard. It is to be hoped this homely apothegm will not escape the notice of the government ; and that, by an act of signal justice (the aboli-

of voluntary justice — no compassion — no charity — but justice, simple justice, — though a justice deriving peculiar elevation from the grace and luster of having been unforced, unasked, unlooked for. Nor would I insist on limiting this sort of justice to the works of natives of our country; especially as the law of England involves no exclusion to the detriment of Americans, but renders the manager who produces any play in the English language responsible to its author, no matter to what country that author may belong. If we can pay the actors of England for entertaining us, we can pay their authors too; and, if it were necessary to pay both equally, it would save us from much foreign trash, and force advantages for writers of our own. But their first-rate authors ought to be paid. It would make them love our country and respect its lofty principles — and the respect of the intellectual is thought lightly of by none but fools. Our countrymen think entirely as I do upon this head; for we are at this very moment paying one of their most estimable and distinguished dramatists, Sheridan Knowles, and, by doing so, we do ourselves honor in honoring a great genius. But, if there must be an exclusion, let us not exclude any native of our soil, especially while our literature and arts are yet so much in the difficulties of their dawn that they need extra encouragement from those partialities which have ever

tion of American copyright in England), it will compel the United States to adopt a wiser and more liberal system."—(*Men and Manners in America*, p. 201, Carey & Lea's 8vo edit.)

What would the Colonel have said, had he been aware that for the particular branch of literature, whose rights I am asserting, even our own countrymen cannot secure the only profitable copyright of their productions, — that of publication by representation, if these productions happen first to have appeared in England, the only country where, under existing circumstances, they can be made first to appear with profit and fame. Perhaps were our theatres in the hands of Americans, the interests of Americans might suffer less. But they are, almost without exception, under the control of persons who have left the sterile, provincial theatres of Great Britain, to seek their fortunes in this country, and to enrich themselves by the despised authors, and, sometimes, we find, despised audiences of America.

been regarded as a duty towards the first steps of timid, faltering infancy. But to return to the case in question — my own case. It is not on the quality of my labors that I would expatiate. They were even most of them produced under circumstances which forbade much excellence; circumstances which might have paralyzed far greater powers than any I can boast of. But it is the principle of deeming any work from an American, which has often been thought worth listening to, at least worth once paying for that I would see cherished. Believe me, I do not urge this principle on my own account:—to me its enforcement is never likely to render any essential service; on me its enforcement has already brought misconstruction and discomfort. But let it be cherished. It is of vital import to our future fame and affluence in literature and the arts. It will stimulate minds, whose works will make the world venerate our common country when we are in our graves. Managers of theatres ought not to make it necessary for the public to act for themselves upon such a subject; but every such act involves a comment upon the negligence and short-sightedness of managers, not to be misunderstood, and under which it is scarcely to be wondered that they should wince. So strongly am I persuaded that demonstrations like the one which calls forth this letter, are doing a national service, in awakening national attention to a most important subject; that it is my purpose at the first fitting opportunity, to petition congress to compel that justice from managers towards authors, by a public law, which is now only to be looked for in the public feeling.

“ But, I have said, I was invited, on my return to my native land, from various parts of the United States, to receive similar testimonials. I was. To New Orleans, among other places, I was expressly invited, and by Mr. Caldwell, when he was in the management. I did not, however, think it delicate to visit any place expressly for such an object,

although I felt no hesitation in acquiescing whenever such an object might be presented. I did not visit New Orleans for the purpose. I did not visit it till I had matured a plan for rendering to my country the greatest service which I supposed that the chances and experience of my life had qualified me for rendering. I had projected a periodical which should supply to the mind of Europe opportunities for appreciating that of America, by showing the energies of both combined in one great work — a periodical which, out of the joint patronage of America and Europe, should create for me the means of paying American talent with a liberality which no support, yet obtained for any work in our own country, has thus far been able to afford; and a periodical which should stand ready, in the very center of those by whom we have so often been misrepresented, to uphold, by the power of the press, my native land against all Europe, should she, in Europe, be defamed. In the pursuit of support for this periodical, I visited New Orleans; — not for any theatrical benefit. But I found that Mr. Caldwell had not forgotten his invitation, although the managers to whom, in the interim, he had let his theatre, had forgotten the promise they made him, to give effect to the invitation by coming forward, unsolicited, whenever I might appear; and I found, too, from yourselves, gentlemen, and the gentlemen associated with you in various committees, the same spirit which I had already found elsewhere, and for the results of which I have now to give you thanks. Various arts were put in action by the envious and disaffected, to disgust me from accepting the attention you proffered, and to disgust others with me for not having repelled it; but what you could think fit to offer, it would have been presumption in me to have refused; and what I had ever felt justified in receiving from other places, I could not have had the bad taste to have declined from a city like New Orleans.

“The nature of this subject has led me into a much longer letter than I could have desired to trouble you with. But I am a stranger in this city, and would make myself distinctly understood upon a subject which has in some degree engaged public attention, and which involves my own character as a citizen and a gentleman. And, on such an occasion, I consider it especially incumbent on me to press upon my countrymen the propriety of following up the feeling for the rights of the literary department of the drama, which benefits like the one which elicits this letter, prove to be in some degree awakened. The public voice has been uttered; let it still be eloquent, and it will ultimately arouse the legislature of the land.

“Having offered this explanation, once more allow me to thank you and the other committees for the attention with which I have been honored, and to beg that you will convey to the citizens generally, with whom I have been acquainted in New Orleans, my sincerest acknowledgments for their hospitalities.

“I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

“Your obliged and faithful servant and

“Fellow-Countryman,

“JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.”

CHAPTER IV.

PAYNE AMONG THE INDIANS.

They waste us,— ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.”

THE benefit at New Orleans was the last of Mr. Payne's associations with the drama, and we now take him up in an entirely new character.

As we have once before stated, Mr. Payne traveled through many of the states to obtain subscribers to his new periodical. It was on this occasion that being attracted by the difficulties then existing between the United States' government and the Cherokee Indians, he went among them and the wild scenery of Alabama and Georgia for the purpose of obtaining material for his journal.

Payne was one of those men who was never satisfied by being a mere “looker-on in Denmark.” The battle in the distance was nothing to him, he must be in the thick of the fight; and, therefore, the first thing he did when he got into the wild lands of the Cherokees, was to seek out the great chief himself. We soon find Mr. Payne not only talking with the red man in the depths of the forest, but we find him eating at his table, sleeping in his hut and advising the chief Ross what to do, and how to act with the United States' government in obtaining a treaty that would protect them from the rascalities of the border agents, and secure a proper remuneration for their lands.

When Mr. Payne first approached Ross, the chief of the Cherokees, he was about to meet in council the agents of the government, which council, Payne attended. Here he at once became a sympathizer with the Indians, and deeply interested in their affairs; so much so, that he became a sort of adviser to Ross, and for several years was mixed up with the transactions of Ross and the United States government, which resulted in the treaty that finally led to the removal of the tribe to the far west. All of Ross's petitions and statements to the government were drawn up by Payne. There is no doubt but that Mr. Payne upset the treaty that was on the eve of being ratified at the time he arrived among the Cherokees, and was the means of procrastinating a final settlement. In this matter Mr. Payne did not stop to think that by his advice to Ross he was in opposition to his own government. It was a matter only of philanthropy.

The government agents, after Mr. Payne's connection with Ross and his chiefs, found it far more difficult to carry out their plans with the red men, and, observing Payne constantly with Ross, they complained of him to the government at Washington. Payne in the meantime became more bold, openly advocating their cause, and finally wrote an address in behalf of the Cherokees, dedicated to the American people, which he caused to be published in the *Knoxville Register*, of Dec. 2d, 1835. This was copied extensively throughout the United States, especially so by the papers of the opposition party to the one in power.

The military that had been placed along the borders of Georgia to keep peace between the Georgia state whites and the Indians, during the negotiations, took it into their heads one night to rush upon the hut of Ross, made the chief and Payne prisoners, and marched them off over twenty miles to their head-quarters. This adventure appears to have been done without orders. Both Col.

Benj. F. Curren, and Mr. Schermerhorn, the principal agent for the government, denied to Lewis Cass, secretary of war, that they had anything to do with it. Payne and Ross were held as prisoners for several days. The adventure caused considerable excitement among the Cherokees. The press teemed with many exaggerated stories of their arrest. Mr. Schermerhorn, in one of his communications on the subject to the secretary of war, stated, that at the time Mr. Payne was arrested, he was at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and that he at once hastened to the head-quarters of the agency to investigate the matter, but when he reached the spot, he found that Mr. Payne and Ross had been set at liberty several days before. Mr. Payne's brother, as soon as he heard of the affair, wrote the annexed letter to the Secretary of War.

New York, November 27, 1835.

"To Hon. Lewis Cass,

"SIR: I have just received information that my brother, John Howard Payne, on the night of the 10th of November instant, while in company with John Ross, the Cherokee chief, at his dwelling in the Cherokee nation, was seized by a party of about twenty-five of the Georgia guard, and conducted by them to the head-quarters, about twenty miles distant from the place of seizure, where, as I am informed, he is now imprisoned. Mr. Payne's general object, in a tour through the western and southern sections of the United States, has been partly to obtain subscribers to a periodical work, in which English and American writers may meet upon equal grounds, and partly to collect such materials for his own contributions to the work as a personal acquaintance with the various peculiarities of our extensive and diversified country may supply.

"To one acquainted with his pacific disposition and exclusively literary habits, the supposition of his entertaining any views politically dangerous, either in reference

to the state of Georgia, or the United States, in their respective relations to the Cherokees, if it were not accompanied with results painful, and perhaps perilous, to himself, would seem ludicrous. My informant, a stranger, states, that 'it is there reported that he is considered by the officers of the government to be a spy; whether by 'officers of government' is meant those of Georgia, or of the United States, I am not informed.

"He likewise states, that 'Mr. Payne is supposed to have some influence in producing the *failure of the late treaty with the Cherokees.*'

"In the present excited state of feelings in that section of the country on subjects connected with the Indian removal, these may, perhaps, be serious charges to the personal safety of one coming under suspicions of the character above alluded to, however groundless.

"I take the liberty (I hope not unwarrantable) to request and urge a speedy inquiry into the circumstances of the case; and the use of the means within the power of your department of the government to procure his release, if, as will undoubtedly appear, upon investigation, he shall be found to have been wrongfully detained.

"I am, with respect,

"Your most obedient servant,

"THATCHER M. PAYNE."

By looking over the "State Documents, 2d Session of the 25th Congress," in which there is a full report of the whole matter, we do not find that the government of the United States ever held Mr. Payne particularly responsible for any of his actions towards the government, while connected with John Ross. We also find by letters in our possession from Mr. Payne, to parties in New York, that he was still concerned in the Cherokee affairs up to a date as late as 1840.

To a man of Payne's peculiar disposition, his stay among the Indians must have been highly interesting. Always eager for adventure, and fond of the marvelous, he must have enjoyed greatly these strange people, and the wild, beautiful scenery that surrounded them. It was all new to him, he had been absent from his own country for over twenty years, and left it at a time of life when his young mind as yet had not been impressed with the character of the red men of the forest, and the vastness of his own country. Payne possessed all the feelings of a true artist, and when he traveled, nothing in the way of scenery or the habits of the people escaped his notice and comments. If he did not give object form and color, by using the pencil or the brush, he did so by the constant use of the pen in letter-writing.

We cannot here but remark that as a letter-writer, it may be doubted whether he has ever had his superior, and that, had his letters, written while abroad, been properly cared for and filed for safe keeping, their publication would be of rare value to literature. His large and familiar acquaintance with English and French celebrities, all apparently his personal friends, and with whom we have every evidence he had a voluminous correspondence, sustains us in this opinion.

Among his most intimate friends, we may enumerate such as Charles Lamb, Washington Irving, with whom he roomed while in Paris, Thomas Moore, O'Connell, Counsellor Phillips, Talma, John Philip Kemble, Kean, the elder Charles Mathews, Shiel, the Irish orator, Washington Allston, Haydon, to whom Payne introduced Charles R. Leslie, R. A., who painted Payne full length in the character of *Douglas* and *Hamlet*, Robert Owen, who was in the habit of taking breakfast with Payne when in London, Kenney, Bishops, Elliston, Dr. Crowley, Scott, and the editor of the *Champion*, who fell in a duel in consequence of an attack upon Lockhart, Pool, and many others

whom we could readily name, all of which names are taken from many of Mr. Payne's own letters now before us, but unfortunately too disconnected to form a complete whole.

While in the country of the Cherokees, he frequently wrote to his brother or some one of his sisters, letters of ten and fifteen pages, descriptive of all things of interest that met his observation. His hand-writing is remarkably clear and neat, each letter is well formed; hence his pages are as legible as a book. Not a blot, not an erasure is to be found even in letters containing a dozen pages, such as the one we now copy, descriptive of the Creek Indian festival, which, from its graphic clearness and minute details, possesses historical value in connection with a race of people who ere long will be numbered among the things of the past, and to whose peculiarities and history stories of the wildest fiction cling, to fascinate the more civilized.

“Macon, Georgia, Aug. 9, 1835.

“MY DEAR SISTER: You find me much in arrears with you for letters; that is, I have only written you several to your none, and therefore, of course, you have reason to complain. But it is not too late to make atonement for my sins of omission. Here I am, all alone in a strange place — Macon in Georgia — a good sized, handsomely built town nearly twelve years old, and with 4,000 inhabitants. I arrived about eleven last night. I have no acquaintances here yet, so, for the sake of company, I will brush up my recollection of some of my adventures. I have been among the Indians for a few days lately. Shall I tell you about them? You make no answer and silence gives consent, so I will tell you about the Indians.

“The State of Alabama, you will remember, has been famous as the abode of the Creek Indians — always regarded as the most warlike of the Southern tribes. If you will look upon the map of Alabama, you will find on the west side of it, nearly parallel with the state of Mississippi, two

rivers — one, the Coosa and the other the Tallapoosa, which, descending, unite in the Alabama. Nearly opposite to these, about one hundred miles across, you will find another river, the Chattahoochee, which also descends, to form, with certain tributaries, the Apalachicola. It is within the space bounded by these rivers, and especially at the upper part of it, that the Creeks now retain a sort of sovereignty. The United States have in vain attempted to force the Creeks to volunteer a surrender of their soil for compensation. A famous chief among them made a treaty a few years ago to that effect; but the nation arose against him, surrounded his house, ordered his family out, and bade him appear at the door, after all but he had departed. He did so. He was shot dead and the house burned. The treaty only took effect in part, if at all. Perpetual discontents have ensued. The United States have assumed a sort of jurisdiction over the territory, leaving the Creeks unmolested in their national habits, and their property; — with this exception in their favor, beyond all other tribes but the Cherokees — they have the right, if they wish to sell, to sell to individuals at their own prices, but are not bound to treat with the republic at a settled rate, which last mode of doing business they rather properly looked upon as giving them the appearance of a vanquished race and subject to the dictation of conquerors. So, what the diplomatists could not achieve, was forthwith attempted by speculators, and among these the everlasting Yankee began to appear and the Indian independence straightway began to disappear. Certain forms were required by government to give Americans a claim to these Creek lands. The purchaser was to bring the Indians before a government agent; in the agent's presence the Indian was to declare what his possessions were and for how much he would sell them. The money was paid in presence of the agent, who gave a certificate, which, when countersigned by the president, authorized the purchaser to demand pro-

tection from the national arms, if molested. All this was well enough; but it was soon discovered that the speculators would hire drunken and miscreant Indians to personate the real possessor of the lands, and having paid them the money, they would take it back as soon as the purchase was completed, give the Indian a jug of whiskey or a small bag of silver for the fraud, and so become lords of the soil. Great dissatisfaction arose and lives were lost. An anonymous letter opened the eyes of government. The white speculators were so desperate and dangerous that any other mode of information was unsafe. Investigators were appointed to examine into the validity of Creek sales, and the examiners met at the time I went to see the Indian festival. It was necessary for me to be thus prolix to make you understand the nature of the society and a sort of danger by which we were surrounded; on the one side, white rogues—border cut-throats contending, through corrupted Indians, for the possessions of those among them who are honest and unwary. The cheated Indian, wheedled by some other white cheat into a promise to sell, payable in over-charged goods, at a higher price, to the one who should expose the fraud—and, when the decision was reversed in favor of the pretended friend, the foiled thief flying at the over-reaching one with fist and knife, and both in good luck if either could live to see what both had stolen. I beheld a fine, gentle, innocent-looking girl—a widow, I believe, come up to the investigator to assert that she had never sold her land. She had been counterfeited by some knave. The investigator's court was a low tavern bar-room. He saw me eyeing him and some one had told him I was traveling to take notes. He did not know but government had employed me as a secret supervisor. He seemed to shrink and postponed the decision. I have since heard that he is as great a rascal as the rest. This ill-starred race is entirely at the mercy of interpreters, who,

if not negro slaves of their own, are half breeds, who are generally worse than the worst of either slaves or knaves.

“In the jargon of the border, they call them *linkisters*; some say, because they, by interpreting, form the *link* between the nations; but I should think the word a mere corruption of *linguist*. The Indians become more easily deluded by the borderers than others, because the borderers know that they have no idea of any one being substantial, who does not keep a shop; your rascal of the frontier sets up a shop and is pronounced a *sneezer*—if his shop be large, he is a *sneezer-chubco*—if larger than any other, he is a *sneezer-chubco-mico*; but in any of his qualities, a *sneezer* is always considered as a personage by no means to be sneezed at. The sneezer will pay for land in goods, and thinks himself very honest, if he charges his goods at five hundred times their worth and can make it appear by his account against the Indian’s claim, that he has paid him thousands of dollars, when, in fact, he may scarcely have paid him hundreds of cents.

“Well, now for the festival.

“When the green corn ripens, the Creeks seem to begin their year. Until after certain religious rites, it is considered an infamy to touch the corn. The season approaching, there is a meeting of the chiefs of all the towns forming any particular clan. First, an order is given out for the manufacture of certain articles of pottery for a part of their festival. A second meeting gives out a second order. New matting is to be prepared for the seats of the assembly. There is a third meeting. A vast number of sticks are broken into as many parts as there are days intervening previous to the one appointed for the gathering of the clan. Runners are sent with these, made into bundles for each clansman. One is flung aside each day and every one is punctually on the last day at the appointed rendezvous. I must now mention the place where they assemble.

“It is a large square, with four large, long houses, one forming each side of the square, and, at each angle, a broad entrance to the area. These houses are of clay and a sort of wicker work, with sharp-topped sloping roofs like those of our log houses, but more thoroughly finished. A space is left open all around at the back and sides of each house, to afford a free circulation of air; this opening came about up to my chin and enables one to peep in on all sides. The part of the house fronting the square, is entirely open. It consists of one broad raised platform, a little more than knee-high, and curved and inclined so as to make a most comfortable place for either sitting or reclining. Over this is wrought the cane matting, which extends from the back to the ground in front. At each angle of the square, there is a broad entrance. Back of one angle, is a high, cone-roofed building, circular and dark, with a sloping entrance through a low door. It was so dark that I could not make out the interior, but some one said it was a council-house. It occupied one corner of an outer square next to the one I have described; two sides of which outer square were formed by thick and tall corn-fields, and a third by a raised embankment apparently for spectators, and a fourth by the back of one of the buildings before described. In the centre was a considerably high circular mound. This, it seems, was formed from the earth accumulated yearly by removing the surface of the sacred square, to this centre of the outer one. At every Green-corn festival the sacred square is strown with soil yet untrodden; the soil of the year preceding being taken away, but preserved, as I explain. No stranger’s foot is allowed to press the new earth of the sacred square until its consecration is complete. A gentleman told me that he and a friend had chanced once to walk through, along the edge, just after the new soil was laid. A friendly chief saw him and remonstrated and seemed greatly incensed. He explained

that it was done in ignorance. The chief was pacified, but ordered every trace of the unhallowed steps to be upturned and a fresh covering in the place.

“The sacred square being ready, every fire in the towns dependent on the chief of the clan is, at the same moment, extinguished. Every house must, at that moment, have been newly swept and washed. Enmities are forgotten. If a person under a sentence for a crime can steal in unobserved, and appear among the worshippers, his crime is no more remembered. The first ceremony is to light the new fire of the year. A square board is brought with a small circular hollow in the centre. It receives the dust of a forest tree or of dry leaves. Five chiefs take turns to whirl the stick, until the friction produces a flame. From this sticks are lighted and conveyed to every house of the clan. The original flame is taken to the centre of the sacred square. Wood is heaped there and a strong fire lighted. Over this fire, the holy urns of new made pottery are placed; drinking gourds, with long handles, are set around on a bench, officers are over the whole in attendance, and here, what they call the black drink, is brewed with many forms and with intense solemnity.

“I cannot describe to you my feelings as I first found myself in the Indian country. We rode miles after miles in the native forest, neither habitation nor inhabitant to disturb the solitude and majesty of the wilderness. At length we met a native in his native land. He was galloping on horseback. His air was oriental; he had a turban, a robe of fringed and gaudily figured calico, scarlet leggings and beaded belts and garters and pouch. We asked how far it was to the square. He held up a finger and we understood him to mean one mile. Next, we met two Indian women on horseback, loaded with water-melons. We bought some. In answer to our question of the road, they half covered a finger to say it was half a mile further, and, smiling, added “*sneezer-much* —” meaning that we

should find lots of our brethren the sneezers to keep us company. We passed groups of Indian horses tied in the shade, with cords long enough to let them graze freely; we then saw the American flag (a gift from the government) floating over one of the hut-tops in the square; we next passed groups of Indian horses and carriages and servants, and under the heels of one horse, a drunken vagabond Indian asleep, or half asleep; and at length we got to the corner of the square, where they were in the midst of their devotions. I stood upon a mound at the corner angle to look in. I was told that this mound was composed of ashes from such fires as were now blazing in the centre, during many preceding years; and that these ashes are never permitted to be scattered, but must thus be gathered up, and carefully and religiously preserved.

“Before the solemnities begin, and, I believe, ere the new earth is placed, the women dance in the sacred square. The preliminary dance of theirs is by themselves; I missed this. They then separate from the men and remain apart from them, until after the fasting and other religious forms are gone through.

“On my arrival, the sacred square, as I gazed from the corner mound, presented a most striking sight. Upon each of the notched posts, of which I have already spoken as attached to the houses of the sacred square, was a stack of tall cones, hung all over with feathers, black and white. There were rude paint-daubs about the posts and roof-beams of the houses fronting on the square, and here and there they were festooned with ground-vines. Chiefs were standing around the sides and corners alone, and opposite to each other, their eyes riveted on the earth and motionless as statues. Every building within was filled with crowds of silent Indians, those on the back rows seated in the Turkish fashion, but those in front with their feet to the ground. All were turbaned, all fantastically painted; all in dresses varying in ornament, but alike in wildness.

One chief wore a tall black hat, with a broad, massy silver band around it, and a peacock's feather; another had a silver skull-cap, with a deep, silver bullion fringe down to his eyebrows; and plates of silver from his knee, descending his tunic. Most of them had the eagle-plume which only those may wear who have slain a foe; a number wore military plumes in various positions about their turbans; and one had a tremendous tuft of black feathers declining from the back of his head, over his back; while another's head was all shaven smooth, excepting a tuft across the centre from the back to the front, like the crest of a helmet. I never saw an assembly more absorbed with what they regarded as the solemnities of the occasion.

“The first sounds I heard were a strange, low, deep wail — a sound of many voices, drawn out in perfect unison, and only dying away with the breath itself, which, indeed, was longer sustained than could be done by any singer whom I ever yet heard. This was followed by a second wail in the same style, but shrill, like the sound of musical glasses, and giving the same shiver to the nerves. And after a third wail, in another key, the statue-like figures moved and formed two diagonal lines opposite to each other, their backs to opposite angles of the square. One by one, they then approached the huge bowls in which the black drink was boiling, and in rotation dipped a gourd, and took with a most reverential expression a long, deep draught each. The next part of the ceremony with each was somewhat curious, but the rapt expression of the worshippers and the utter absence of anything to give a disagreeable air to the act, took away the effect it may produce even in description. By some knack, without moving a muscle of the face, nor joint, they moved about like strange spectres, more than human beings. But soon the character of the entertainment changed, and I more particularly observed two circular plates of brass and steel, which appeared to be the remains of very antique shields. They

were borne with great reverence, by two chiefs. The nation do not pretend to explain whence they came; they keep them apart, as something sacred; they are only produced on great occasions. I was told, too, that ears of green corn were brought in at a part of the ceremony to-day which I did not see, and presented to a chief. He took them, handed them back with an invocation that corn might continue plenty through the year among them. This seemed to be the termination of the peace-offerings, and the religious part of the affair was now to wind up with emblems of war. These were expressed in what they call a *Gun Dance*. When dispositions were making for it, some persons in carriages, were desired by a white *linkister* to draw back, and to remove their horses to a distance. Some ladies especially were warned. 'Keep out of their way, ma'rm', said the *linkister* to a lady, 'for when they come racing about here with their guns, they gits powerful sarcy.' I saw them dressing for the ceremony, if it may be called dressing to throw off nearly every part of a scanty covering. But the Indians are especially devoted to dress in their way. Some of them went aside to vary their costume with nearly every dance.

"Now appeared a procession of some forty or fifty women. They entered the square and took their seats together, in one of the open houses. Two men sat in front of them, with gourds filled with pebbles. The gourds were shaken so as to keep time, and the women began a long chant, with which, at regular intervals, was given a sharp, short whoop, from male voices. The women's song was said to be intended for the wail of mothers, wives, and daughters, at the departure of the warriors for the fight; the response conveyed the resolution of the warriors not to be withheld, but to fight and conquer. And now appeared two hideous-looking old warriors, with tomahawks and scalping knives, painted most ferociously. Each went half round the circle, exchanged exclamations, kept up a sort of growl all the

while, and at length stopped with a war-whoop. We were now told to hurry to the outer square. The females and their male leaders left their places inside, and went to the mound in the centre of the outer square. This mound their forms entirely covered, and the effect was very imposing. Here they resumed their chant. The spectators mounted on the embankment. I got on a pile of wood, holy wood, I believe, and heaped there to keep up the sacred fires. There were numbers of Indian women in the crowd. Four stuffed figures were placed erect, in the four corners of the square.

“ We now heard firing and whooping on all sides. At length in the high corn on one side we saw crouching savages, some with guns of every sort, some, especially the boys, with cornstalks to represent guns. A naked chief with a long sabre, the blade painted blood-color, came before them, flourishing his weapon and haranguing vehemently. In another cornfield, appeared another party. The two savages already mentioned as having given the war dance in the sacred square, now hove in sight, on a third side, cowering. One of these, I understood, was the person who had shot the chief I mentioned in the first part of this letter, the chief who made an objectionable treaty, and whose house was burned. Both these warriors crept slyly towards the outer square; one darted upon one of the puppets, caught him from behind, and stole him off. Another grasped another puppet by the waist, flung him in the air, as he fell, tumbled on him, ripped him with his knife, tore off the scalp and broke away in triumph. A third puppet was tomahawked, and a fourth shot. These were the emblems of the various forms of warfare. After the first shot, the two parties whooped, and began to fire indiscriminately, and every shot was answered by a whoop. One shot his arrow into the square, but falling short of the enemy, he covered himself with corn and crept thither to regain it and bore it back in safety, honored with a triumph-

ant yell as he returned. After much of this brush-skirmishing, both parties burst into the square. There was constant firing and war-whooping, the music of chanting and of the pebbled gourd going all the time. At length the fighters joined in procession, dancing a triumphal dance around the mound, plunging thence headlong into the sacred square and all around it, and then scampering around the outside and pouring back to the battle-square; and the closing whoop being given, all then from the battle-square rushed helter-skelter, yelping, some firing as they went and others pelting the spectators from their high places with the corn stalks which had served for guns, and which gave blows so powerful that those who laughed at their impotence before, rubbed their shoulders and walked away ashamed. We resumed our conveyances homeward and as we departed, heard the splashing and shouting of the warriors in the water. Leave was now given to taste the corn, and all ate their fill, and, I suppose, did not much refrain from drinking, for I heard that every pathway and field around was strewed in the morning with sleeping Indians.

“We passed the next day in visiting the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood. We saw the fine falls of the Tallapoosa, where the water tumbles over wild and fantastic precipices, varying from forty to eighty or a hundred feet; and, when wandering over the rocks, passed an old Indian with his wife and child, and bow and arrows. They had been shooting fishes in the stream, from a point against which the fishes were brought to them by the current. The scenery and the natives would have made a fine picture. An artist in the neighborhood made me a present of a picture of these falls, which I can show you when we meet.

“The next part of the festival consisted, as I was told, in the wives urging out their husbands to hunt deer. We went down to the square towards night. We met Indians

with deers slung over their horses. The skin is given to a priest, who flings it back to the young man who gave it the first shot, to retain as a trophy; and at the same time asks from the great Spirit that this may be only the harbinger of deer in abundance, whenever wanted. There was some slight dancing in the evening; but all were reserving themselves for the winding-up assembly of the ladies on Sunday morning. Some of our party remained after I left. They found a miscellaneous dance at a house in the vicinity, negroes, borderers, and reprobate Indians, all assembled in one incongruous mass. A vagabond frontier man asked a girl to dance. She refused, and was going to dance with another. He drew his pistol and swore, if she would not dance with him, she should not dance at all. Twenty pistols were clicked in an instant, but the borderer swore there was not a soul who dared against him to draw a trigger. He was right; for the pistols were dropped and the room cleared in an instant, whereupon the borderer clapped his wings and crowed and disappeared.

“The assemblage of the females I was rather anxious to see, and so I was at my post very early. I had long to wait. I heard the gathering cry from the men on all sides in the corn fields and bushes; it was like the neighing to each other of wild horses. After awhile, the ladies began to arrive. The spectators crowded in. The Indian men went to their places; and among them a party to sing while the women danced; two of the men rattling the gourds. The cauldrons had disappeared from the centre of the sacred square.

“And now entered a long train of females, all dressed in long gowns, like our ladies, but all with gay colors and bright shawls of various hues, beads innumerable upon their necks and tortoise-shell combs in their hair; ears bored all around the rim, from top to bottom, and from every bore a massy eardrop, very long, and generally of silver. A

selected number of the dancers wore under their robes, and girded upon their calves, large squares of thick leather, covered all over with terrapin shells, closed together and perforated, and filled with pebbles, which rattled like so many sleigh bells. These they have the knack of keeping silent, until their accompaniment is required for the music of the dance. The dresses of all the women were so long as nearly to conceal the feet, but I saw that some had no shoes nor stockings, while others were sandaled. The shawls were principally worn like mantles. Broad ribbons, in great profusion and of every variety of hue, hung from the back of each head to the ground, and, as they moved, these and the innumerable sparkling beads of glass and coral and gold, gave the wearers an air of graceful and gorgeous, and at the same time unique, wildness.

The procession entered slowly, and wound around the central fire, which, although the cauldrons were removed, burned gently, and the train continued to stretch itself out, until it extended to three circles and a half; the shorter side then became stationary and kept facing the men seated in that building which contained the chanters; and in this line of dancers seemed the principal wearers of the terrapin shell leg-bands. These make their rattles keep time with the chant. Two leaders at each end of the line (one of them an old woman and the other not young), had each a little notched stick with two feathers floating from them. At a particular turn of the dance, they broke off, and went the outside round alone and more rapidly than the rest. The body of the dancers slowly proceeded round and round, only turning at a given signal to face the men, as the men had turned to face the emblem of the Deity, the central fire. Every eye among the women was planted on the ground, I never beheld such an air of universal modesty, it seemed a part of the old men's privilege to make comments aloud, in order to surprise the women into a laugh. These must often have been very droll and always personal,

I understand, and not always the most delicate. I saw a few instances among the young girls where they were obliged to smother a smile by putting up their handkerchiefs. But it was conquered on the instant. The young men said nothing, but the Indian men all seemed to take as much interest in the show as we. The chief, Apotheola, had two daughters there. Both were very elegant girls, but the eldest delighted me exceedingly. She seemed about seventeen or eighteen; she is tall and of a fine figure. Her carriage is graceful and elegant and quite European. She had a white muslin gown, a small black scarf embroidered with flowers in brilliant colors, an embroidered white collarette (I believe you call it), gold chains, coral beads, gold and jeweled ear-rings, (single ones not in the usual Indian super-abundance) her hair beautifully dressed in the Parisian style, and a splendid tortoise shell comb, gemmed, and from one large tuft of hair upon one temple to that upon the other, there passed a beautiful gold ornament. Her sister's head-dress was nearly the same. The elder princess, Apotheola, I am happy to say, looked only at me. Some one must have told her that I meant to run away with her, for I had said so before I saw her, to many of her friends. There was a very frolicsome, quizzical expression in her eyes; and now and then it seemed to say, 'No doubt you think all these things very droll; it diverts me to see you so puzzled by them.' But, excepting the look at me (which only proved her taste), her eye dwelt on the ground, and nothing could be more interestingly reserved than her whole deportment. The dance was over, all the ladies went from the square in the same order that they entered it. In about an hour, it was repeated, and after that, signal was made for what they call the dance of the olden time, the breaking up of the ceremonial, when the men and women are again allowed to intermingle. This was done in a quick dance around and round again, all the men yelping wildly and merrily as struck their fancy, and generally in tones

intended to set the women laughing, which they did and heartily. The sounds most resembled the yelpings of delighted dogs. Finally came the concluding *whoop*, and all the parties separated.

“Between these two last dances, I sent for a chief, and desired him to take charge of some slight gifts of tobacco and beads which I had brought for them. The chief took them. I saw the others cut the tobacco, and share it. Ere long my ambassador returned saying, ‘the chiefs are mighty glad and count it from you very great friendship.’ I had been too bashful about my present. If I had sent it before, I might have seen the show to more advantage. As it was, I was now invited to sit inside of the square, and witnessed the last dance from one of the places of honor. But I was obliged to depart at once, and give up all hopes of ever again seeing my beautiful princess Apotheola. My only chance of a guide through the wilderness would have been lost, had I delayed. I reluctantly mounted my pony and left the Indians of Tuckabatchie and their Green-corn festival and their beautiful princess Apotheola.

“It was a great gratification to me to have seen this festival; with my own eyes to have witnessed the Indians in their own nation; with my own ears to have heard them in their own language; nor was it any diminution of the interest of the spectacle to reflect that this ceremony, so precious to them, was now probably performing in the land of their forefathers for the last, last time. I never beheld more intense devotion; the spirit of the forms was a sight, and a religious one: it was beginning the year with fasting, with humility, with purification, with prayer, with gratitude; it was burying animosities, while it was strengthening courage; it was pausing to give thanks to Heaven before daring to partake its beneficence. It was strange to see this, too, in the midst of my own land; to travel, in the course of a regular journey, in the new world, among the living evidences of one, it may be, older than what we

call the old world; the religion and the people and the associations of the untraceable part, in the very heart of the most recent portion of the most recent people upon earth. And it was a melancholy reflection to know that these strange people were rapidly becoming extinct, and that, too, without a proper investigation into their hidden past, which would perhaps unfold to man the most remarkable of all human histories.”

CHAPTER V.

PAYNE AS CONSUL AND EDITOR.

“ My Lord he has been sent upon an embassy,
And will I know, perform his duties well.”

IN 1838, we find Mr. Payne spending considerable of his time in the city of Washington and frequently furnishing the *Democratic Review* with articles from his graceful pen. At this time the efforts of William Cullen Bryant, J. G. Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Miss Sedgwick and Miss Du Ponte, adorned its pages. In the February and March numbers of the *Review*, 1838, he contributed an article entitled, *Our Neglected Poets* (the one included in this work). In this essay he has done a good service, he has preserved for us a few poems, that give additional value to the pages of American poetry. There is a graceful simplicity, a warmth and a touch of pleasantry in this contribution, that reminds us of Charles Lamb's style. Payne never overrates, he is always truthful and irresistibly carries you to the end, and you are satisfied. The story of William Martin Johnson, the subject of *Our Neglected Poets*, is admirably told, and attracts all our sympathy, while it presents to us, for the first time, some verses of great sweetness. In this paper he alludes to East Hampton, the scene of his earliest childhood. He describes it with the affection and with the feelings of a true poet.

One who has studied the character of John Howard Payne, cannot fail to discover in his picture of the old homestead a deep, unsubiding love for the place, as if the spirit of his boyhood had come back to awaken memories of a delightful past. Indeed it was here, where his earliest inspirations

were winged, where his eyes were first opened to the beauties of the world, where he first took breath of the broad, green fields, where the waves of the sea shore, as they broke their white crests at his young feet, whispered to him strange stories of the deep, where he first tried to count the stars, and where, each early morn as he awoke, hope painted new pictures for his imagined future. Indeed, if he was thinking of any one place on earth when he wrote his song of Home, Sweet Home! it was of "the lowly cottage" at East Hampton.

In 1840, a change of administration took place at Washington. Payne at once became acquainted with all of the most prominent members of the new cabinet, and was one of the most welcome and frequent *habitués* of the presidential mansion. Many of his friends suggested that he should receive an appointment as consul abroad. At first Payne doubted that such an end could be brought about, but several prominent members of the party in power spoke in his behalf, and on the 23d of August, 1842, he was appointed, by President Tyler consul at Tunis. The position was procured for him principally through the efforts of Mr. Webster and Mr. Marcy. A school mate of Payne's, who wrote a sketch of him after his death, states that, on the evening of the day when Mr. Payne received his appointment, he sat with him at his table, and that Mr. Payne pointed to his full-length picture hanging upon the wall, representing him in the character of *Zaphna*, remarking that he still had the dress and desired to know how it would do for him to be presented in such a costume to the Grand Bey. But Mr. Payne's friend continues to say, that Mr. Payne never made a joke of his official business.

I have looked over his letter books and I do not believe the government has often had agents who have better filled their places. I remember the book, too, as a feast to the eye. His hand writing was beautiful in the extreme; indeed in whatever belonged to him, from verses to furniture,

from the choice expression of a letter to the folding of the sheet that bore it, there was a rare, governing elegance and taste.

Mr. Payne's appointment was not secured as a partizan one; the prominent men of both parties endorsed him. At the same time, he was also made colonel in the staff of Major-General Aaron Ward, of the Fourth Division of Infantry of the Militia of the state of New York.

In February, 1843, Mr. Payne left for Tunis and arrived there on the 13th of May. On his way to the Court of the Bey, he stopped at Havre, Paris, Marseilles, and London, and met, in these several places, many of his old friends, who congratulated him on his official appointment.

A few days after he reached Tunis, he sent home the following letter, which is full in its description of the place and the characteristics of the people. The story is told in a manner as to almost persuade the reader that he is an eye-witness to the events.

"United States Consulate,
"Tunis, Feb. 14, 1844.

"MY DEAR SISTER ELIZABETH:

"Why your most kind letter of August 27th, 1843, has not been answered before, I have already explained to Thatcher; therefore I will not dwell upon an omission, the memory of which is to me so disagreeable, but proceed to carry on my account of my way hither and of my ways here, as if I had never sinned by silence.

"Where did I leave off? I told you of my trip across to London. It all seems a strange dream. London looked odd and changed. I had been so long disaccustomed to the odor of coal in the air and the dinginess of coal-smoke every where, that both gave me a sort of uneasiness; especially as change on all sides, and a multitude of recollections and apprehensions, concurred to depress my spirits, all buoyant with hope and novelty when, from America so

many years before, I first entered the vast metropolis. A busy look in all the people, throngs of strangers where I used to meet familiar faces, altered streets and buildings, met me in every direction; and yet the old landmarks were unremoved, old play-bills stood exactly in the same type of old at the same shops, and old book-stalls retained the same old books. In one lone street, a blind beggar was playing 'Sweet Home' on a flageolet before a barber's shop, into which I went for a shave. At night, when I strolled like an unseen spectre into Drury Lane Theatre, I found the vestibule adorned with a full-length statue of Kean, whom, on quitting England, I had left alive. There was a skull in its hand, which pointed to an inscription: 'To this complexion must we come at last.' The dead, marble eye of my old acquaintance seemed to rest upon me, and his stony lips to direct on me their melancholy smile.

"Presently came the rail-road again, all new, all since I went from England, the whirl back to Southampton, the steamer, the going to bed in one country and waking up in another, the jolting in the old-fashioned diligences to Rouen, and from Rouen to Paris, and then the retracing my old haunts at Paris, and the rush of changes there, as well in the looks of the people, as in their rulers. Embellishments which were in progress when I departed, were now complete. Napoleon was no longer named, but mighty works set on foot by Napoleon, had at length found their accomplishment, rendering Paris, ever praised for its beauty and grandeur, still grander and more beautiful. But the dainty and curled Frenchman of my first acquaintance with Paris, had given place to the Frenchman not only with lips overshadowed by moustache, but with beard descending to the bosom; a fashion of looking venerable, devised in honor of the New France in old Algiers. Then, ere long, appeared diligences once more, and I was launched upon my way to regions entirely new.

“What absolute fraud and folly it is for any one to pretend that a country can be described from thus traveling over it anyhow, especially by diligences, or even steamer. My route to Marseilles was first by land, then by water, then by land again; but I will be honest, and only tell you what I really remember. This is scarcely more than that there were queer passengers, shut up together with me in the lumbering conveyances, and that they caused and expressed sundry little vexations during joltings, day and night; and most especially when, the moment we had sat down to a meager meal any where, came the cry: ‘*En-virtuse, Messieurs? Depechez! En virtuse!*’ Then followed the hurry to pay, the pretended difficulty to make full change, the greater difficulty to get settled again all in our right places. I had my guide book, and looked out of the window (whenever I was awake), as we rattled through a town, but I could only gather the names of the places, and sometimes not even the names; their aspect I had no time to fix in my mind, even if I caught it. Occasionally, however, it seemed, while I went on thus, now by land, and now by water, as if I were passing through the appendix to a vast bill of fare, a gigantic amplification of that at Delmonico’s, after the dinner-items, down among the wines; for at one time I came to Beaune, and at another to Macon, and so forth, and on hearing these names called out, could almost fancy myself in New York again, at the big, stone house where Thatcher and I had a bachelor repast together not long before my embarkation.

* * * * “But if the entire way from Paris to Marseilles leaves only a confused recollection, it is not so of main features and particular places, where I made a brief pause to take breath. You must bear in mind, first, that the diligence took me to Chalons-sur-Saone, there I entered a steamer which conveyed me to Lyons; from Lyons, another steamer bore me to Avignon, and at Avignon I

resumed the diligence to Marseilles. Now I had thought the nearer I got to Marseilles, the more luxuriant would every thing appear. I expected to find Lyons a matter-of-fact, manufacturing place, with large shops in long, wide streets, and full of fine silks, but no attractions of scenery. In Marseilles I expected a laughing, gay city, like Paris before its age of tragedies. But nearly the reverse occurred. The loveliest and the most luxuriant appearances are on the river-banks between Chalons and Lyons, long before you draw near Marseilles. The Saone presents a succession of most fascinating landscapes ; picturesque little towns, and a vast number of beautifully finished stone bridges, mostly new, crossing from side to side. The immediate approaches to Lyons are full of life and variety ; high hills, with lofty structures above and below, an antique castle-crowned island in the middle of the river near the town, large quays, fronted and parapeted with stone, wide bridges ; near the water, tall, ancient houses, and facing it, lines of shops in lower stories ; more remote from it, at many points, eminences towering almost into mountains and most of them surmounted by chapels. From one of these I had a fine view of both the Saone and the Rhone at once, so different in color and in swiftness. On the Rhone side of Lyons, are bridges and edifices newer and more splendid than on the Saone side. But the streets in the older and most populous part of the city disappointed me. They are narrow ; so much so, in places, that huge beams stretch across to prop the lofty walls from toppling upon one another. The shops are small, and make no show to be compared with ours in Broadway.

“ The Rhone, where I expected to find the banks one garden, offers to the eye only stoniness and aridity, though in some instances its rocks and cliffs assume a fantastic and striking variety, approaching to the sublime ; and antique looking towns carry one back to the olden time. Perhaps the coming on of the *mistral* (the north-wester)

of the country, during our passage, made the Rhone look to me, especially when some showers fell, altogether more unsmiling than it might have seemed in brighter weather. Still, I experienced one sensation while rolling in the steamer there, of which language cannot give an adequate idea. 'What huge, white-topped masses are those, like clouds, in the horizon?' asked I, just as if I were looking at any of our familiar scenes, not thinking where I was. 'The Alps,' was the quiet reply. My start of astonishment and sudden change of manner, made my informant stare as if he thought me crazy. It was sometime before I could speak.

"In times gone by, it happened that I voyaged in what I then thought the first steam-boat, when the old Albany sloops were put out of countenance by Robert Fulton. I have since been a passenger in many a Robert Fulton, a name which bore undisputed super-eminence among our steam boats, till a second came up to push it from its throne, and on the Ohio appeared a John Fitch, in compliment to the true originator, so called, of traveling by steam. But, during the excursion now in question, I found another true and genuine name immortalized like the former two, and the rivers of France bearing upon their bosoms multitudes of Jean Papins, with guide-books all eloquent in praise of the genius of Jean Papin, to which they declare that mankind is indebted for the introduction of steam navigation, never even deigning to mention Robert Fulton, and still less John Fitch! 'There's honor for you!' as Falstaff says. But, after all, what signifies that which we call fame? What matters it even during life, to any one but the inventor, whether his invention bear his name? And when he is dead, who cares a jot, or knows a difference, whether it be ascribed to Jean Papin, or to John Fitch, or to Robert Fulton? The main point is gained, when an obtuse world is persuaded to permit a great improvement, either mechanical or moral, to make it happier or better.

“ Well, leaving the Papin, after a late dinner at Avignon, whereby I was prevented from seeing either the town, or any memorial of Petrarch and Laura, once more behold me shut up in a diligence, whence, after a very cold night, in the morning I caught a first glimpse of the Mediterranean, and entered Marseilles, passing, as I went in, a procession of priests who bore a crucifix and other emblems, and were hastening along with some occasional chant. But did I find Marseilles what I expected? A light and laughing place, more French than all preceding France? Not I. To be sure, I saw of Marseilles scarcely more than the newer part; but what I did see was staid and business-like and neat, more like parts of Philadelphia, than like any town abroad. It has, however, what Philadelphia has not—picturesque eminences, with fine sea-views.

“ And now I come again to shipboard. I pass out of the crowded, artificial harbor, sail by the forts and the rocky points and islands, and toss about and roll about till near dinner time on the following day, when, lo! Minorea! It appears like a long line in the horizon, swelling to a sugar loaf shape in the centre. What is that eminence? There is a story about it, so we will stop a moment, while I tell it.

“ That eminence is called Mount Toro. It was famous for a chapel to the virgin, of more than ordinary uncton. In earlier times that chapel was in a small village at the mountain's foot. But one day its silver image of the virgin had disappeared. Consternation shook the neighborhood. Men, women, and children, gathered from every side to seek for the lost image. In the midst of the search, a strange and awful bull appeared. It was not an Irish bull, nor any relation to John Bull of England, nor of his stock exchange; it must have been a bull of the pope! Its singular movements created a curiosity in the crowd that overpowered their terror. They followed it to the mountain top, where, suddenly pausing, it turned, struck its horns

into a rock which fell asunder, and then the bull vanished. The throng flew to the mysterious rock. They found the lost image, where the rock had been cloven asunder. The hint was not lost on them. They transferred the virgin's chapel to that spot, immortalizing both the event and the bull by naming their new structure: *The Chapel of our Lady of Mount Toro*. The best of its influences which yet survives, is, that by Mount Toro vessels direct their course to any point of Minorca island for which they steer, and by so doing are sure to get in safe.

“Of Port Mahon, in Minorca, I believe I have told you already. It is a long, well-sheltered harbor, of deep water. The ruins of a fortress once deemed impregnable stand on the left hand of the entrance as you go in, and one of the largest and best of lazarettos, on the right hand. Near the inner end, on a left-hand eminence, stands the town, high and dry. It is the neatest town I ever saw; has narrow streets, paved with round stones, and houses of white, green, yellow and red, always kept in good color within and without. The ceilings wear an awkward aspect to eyes accustomed to all white and smooth overhead. They look like some of our garret-roofs: huge beams run fore and aft, and rows of joists cross between them from beam to beam. These are all whitewashed or painted. There are excellent gardens in the neighborhood of Mahon, but the island is stony and bare, as far as I strolled, excepting of olives and the prickly pear, neither of which grow tall, though the latter spreads wide and is bulky. They say, however, that forests of oak and pine clothe the mountains, and that other trees prosper in other parts. The roads cut one's feet with their flintiness, and the sea views are often shut out from them by tall walls of round stones, an amplification of such stone walls as may be seen in our country; and over the top of them bristles the prickly pear. Few horses appear, and seldom a cart or carriage. I saw but one carriage, and that one, a sort of minor omnibus, used as a post-coach

once a week between the two extremities of the island. The people are gentle, civil, and superstitious. Priests are evermore seen parading the streets in religious processions of various sorts; and the Minorcan's pride might be taken for the human voice. They say that the Carthaginians possessed the island for a long time, and that old Hannibal was born at Port Mahon.

"I remained long enough here to feel perfectly at home; got acquainted with everybody and was amused by being carried about the harbor from ship to ship. One day when I was going on board the *Fairfield* to dine, a sailor who had been sent up the hill to me to announce the boat, stopped short as we got to a turn near the bottom which shut him out from the view of the men, and, after considerable stammering, and much bowing and scraping, commenced the following dialogue:

"'Will you excuse, sir? I am going to take a great liberty, but I hope, sir, you'll excuse me.'

"'Certainly. Speak.'

"'Well, sir, I don't want to be rude, but I hope you'll excuse me.'

"'Speak, I say, my good fellow.'

"'Well, sir, I want to take the liberty of asking if your name is *John Howard Payne*?'

"'It is, what of that?'

"'By ——! I said so! I saw your trunk coming over the side, and I said to the men, if those trunks belong to the man I think, d—e, if I don't stand up for him, and so shall you. But the men said your name wasn't John, but James, so, "If it is *James Howard Payne*, said I, that alters the case ——"

"'—— And being *John Howard Payne*——'

"'Being *John Howard Payne*, pardon me, sir, but give me your hand; and all I have to say is, I'm satisfied with you.'

"'Thank you.'

“ ‘ I’m satisfied with you, because I’ve made more money out of you than ever I made out of any man, or ever shall again. Why, sir, I’ve been an actor, and have acted your *Brutus*, over and over again, and with great applause, too; and I’ve been a manager, likewise, and had others of your plays performed and made my profit out of them, and, by —, give me your hand again, for, John Howard Payne, I’m satisfied with you ! ’ ”

“ An officer heaving in sight, our conversation was broken off, and I went on board, where I told the story in the captain’s cabin. The man was inquired about. The captain said, ‘ Yes. Our men looked upon you as their property. They’ll be greatly disappointed if they don’t take you to Tunis.’ But on the unexpected change of commodores, it was differently ordered, and I left the *Fairfield* for the *Preble*.

“ The next change was the *sortie* of the squadron. ’Twas really a noble sight. Boats followed the different vessels with salutations and benedictions. Numbers of both sexes stood on the shores and in the balconies, waving farewells.

“ Out we sailed, and then commenced sea-manœuvres, which lasted a couple of days, such as; forming by signal in a line and in single file and in double file and so on. At last, while we were at dinner, a midshipman announced that the commodore had made signal, ‘ Part company you may.’ The various vessels then went alongside of the commodore’s ship. Their shrouds were lined with men. Three cheers were given by each. Finally, all were answered by an equal number of cheers to each from the commodore’s ship, then each turned off in a different direction, and, forthwith, I was on my way to Tunis.

“ We sailed, and sailed, and sailed. In the Mediterranean we met scarcely anything, excepting, at two different times, sleeping on the waves, a turtle; one of which we

put out a boat for, and took, but the other waked and got off.

“‘There, sir,’ said a lieutenant to me at last, as he lowered his glass, ‘There, sir, is your new home, there is the coast of Africa.’

“Taking the glass, I discerned a long line of hills in the horizon, seemingly treeless, and, midway through their entire length, a wide yellowish streak, lighted by the sunshine, and apparently of sand. But to a landsman, coasts from shipboard look pretty much alike; so we will pass over certain intermediate islands, and here we are just entering the harbor of Tunis.

“I must give you an idea of the form of this harbor. Do you remember the shape of what they call the Saracenic arch? You will then remember that it is two parts of a wide arch, whence springs an entire, but narrower one; or, if this wont do, suppose we turn it upside down, and so compare it to a fine, full-cheeked half moon, with a noble pair of regular, branching horns, as thus: such (making due allowance for the drawing), is the form of Tunis harbor. Here we are, as I said before, just entering it at the wider part. Away off to the left appears a large island, and nearer the cape, a small one. Don’t forget these islands, for I have something to say about them.

“Now we sail onward. At last we get to the inner arch. Within its right side as we enter, tower the hills of ancient Carthage. From the outermost point of land on the side opposite, are wildly picturesque mountains, jagged and steep. Far ahead of us, on the edge of the innermost arch top, stands the Goletta castle; behind it, inclining to the left, is the large lake of Tunis, and behind the lake, on a rising ground, but dimly perceptible from the sea, and overlooked at the left by greater elevations crowned with ports, stand Tunis wall and Tunis. Between the two sides of the shore facing us, the land is flat. From the harbor,

trees are only seen in one or two spots, and those only dwarfish olives.

“Come. It is time for us to try to be classical. You wish to know why I desired you to bear in mind the two islands at the left? It is because the smaller one, nearest the coast, is the scene of the wreck of part of Æneas’ fleet. At the shore adjacent, the remainder of the fleet landed. To the heights overhanging this part of the shore, Æneas went up for the purpose of seeing into what sort of a region he had been cast, and thereabout met his mother Venus, disguised as a huntress, who gave him a deal of valuable information. Farther in towards Tunis, near one of the mountain tops, is the cave where he and Dido sought refuge later in their history, from the tempest that arose, while young Ascanius was galloping after the stags on the plain below. And farther in yet towards Tunis are the other eminences whence Æneas caught his first glance at Carthage on the opposite elevations across the water. Of Carthage, on our right hand side, nothing appears but one of the finest of positions for a noble city. About one hundred and eighty feet, as they say, from the water’s surface, rises by very long gradations, the site of the Temple of Esculapius and the Citadel of Byrsa. The famous spot where the Carthaginian leader Asdrubal deserted his country’s cause, and his heroic wife Sophonisba, rather than imitate his baseness, fired the temple, plunging with her children into its flames, is now marked by a meagre little red chapel recently built by the French in memory of St. Louis, who is said also to have died there. Thence runs a second long slope mounting to a still loftier eminence, from the summit of which springs a tall watch-tower, and under it descends a white Moorish village consecrated to Sidi-Bon-Saed (literally, Our Lord Father of Felicity) a Mahometan saint whose tomb, there, is a sanctuary for Mahometan criminals of every sort. From the latter height, Dido might have

gazed her last at Æneas escaping; and it is only on the former, that we can place the palace wherein the Trojan told her his adventures with such fatal eloquence, and subsequently built her funeralpyre. In short, from the vessel's deck in the harbor, nearly all the points, either in poetry or history, which give Tunis its fame, are discernible. One takes as much interest in verifying the truth of fiction here, as the truth of history; and we realize the events connected with Æneas and Dido, as we do those of Hannibal or Regulus, Scipio or Asdrubal or Sophonisba, or St. Louis, or Charles the V, or any of the rest; and the poetical ones, perhaps even more intensely than the other, because Virgil has laid the hearts of those whom he describes open before us, making us their confidants.

“Mighty, however, as may have been the sensations produced at various times by the arrival in these regions of Æneas, and Regulus, and Scipio, and Louis of France, and Charles V, and others, I will venture to assert that on the 12th of May, 1843, the arrival of John Howard Payne, consul from America, occupied the attention of numbers, while not a soul far or near gave a thought or ever knew of the existence of any of the rest; and among the numbers in question, were those grim warriors here who are specially charged with the important duty of firing salutes. At eight in the morning subsequent upon the anchoring of our vessel about sunset, up went the flag, and bang! went the cannons at the Goletta fort, one-and-twenty times. ‘Count their guns,’ cried the officer on duty. When they ceased, ‘Twenty-one, sir,’ was the reply. Meanwhile, our men had been placed at their posts. ‘Larboard, fire!’ called our officer on duty. Bang! went a Preble gun on one side! ‘Starboard, fire!’ Bang! went a Preble gun on the other side; and so on, to the twenty-first. This ceremony over, I was formally invited to name a day when I would dine with the gentlemen in the ward room, and the captain was asked to be of the party. It

was then announced that the boat was manned, and the captain and I in full costume descended ; some one guiding my honorable heels, as I let myself down by a rope to the edge of the capering boat. Just as we were clearing the vessel, 'Bang!' went a gun once more from the Preble. 'That is for you, sir,' said the captain, whereupon I stood up, as instructed, the captain steadying me on one side, and a midshipman on the other; retaining that position till nine guns were fired, when I reposed for a while upon my glories. Dance, dance, dance, went the boat for about two miles. Along the low, bare, empty shore, appeared only the Goletta fort, and between it and Carthage-heights on one side, but a single building, a large, new one, much resembling those ingenious structures which young people form of playing cards. On the other side of the Goletta, and at some distance from it, there was a range of little crooked trees with dark bushy tops, which proved to be an olive-grove. In the corner of the harbor, fronting this grove, were many ships at anchor. The Goletta fort looked just as it does in the engraved view of it annexed to Noah's book on Tunis, Mordecai Manasseh, and matters and things in general. As we passed, the fort fired another salute of nine guns. We went round the point of a pier, terminating in a line of heaped rocks and stones, entering within the Goletta by a straight passage, on either side of which were queer, looking barges, full of queerer looking sailors, black and brown, some turbaned, some with red skull-caps. Sentries saluted us at posts along the shore. Then we passed a steamer at the wharf-side, then other vessels, and then we stepped on classic ground, rendered most prosaically common-place by ragged sailors and work-people and double lines of galley-slaves, marching by in chains from one task to another. At the house of a native, of French parentage, a very gentlemanly man, who is our agent at the Goletta, I found two large four-wheeled cabriolets in waiting. A little man standing at the door

eyed me intently. He had a long, grisly beard and vast mustachios; tall, red cap, from behind which hung a profusion of blue silk thread; a short, Mameluke jacket, a broad red sash, immense large blue breeches, gathered below the knee, naked calves, Turkish slippers, and a large sabre. This person I afterwards found to be one of my Dragomans. He had been in his boyhood an Italian captive; turned Mussulman as he grew up, and in his prime became eminent as a pirate. He mounted his charger and galloped on ahead. Captain Wilson and I entered one cabriolet, and the chevalier, my agent at the Goletta, another, and off we rolled through the conglomeration of misshapen buildings, large and little, under the gates of a wall, into the plain leading around the lake's side to Tunis, turning our backs on Carthage.

“ We rode, and we rode, and we rode, two hours in the hot sun. So flat was the way, so silent, so lonely, so treeless, I might have fancied myself on an American prairie, had there been more vegetation. The lake by our left hand side was streaked across, here and there, with hues of a pea green. Birds flew about its borders, that made our captain long for his gun. Now and then, we met a rider on a mule, another on a horse, and wrapped in what seemed a white sheet, with an immense nondescript straw-covering over his head, a little like the caricature of a coarse Leghorn bonnet, and a good deal more like a huge, unstrung umbrella, open, lofty, crowned and most amazingly wide in the brim, which went flapping up and down as either rode. To an aged horseman, in passing, our *avant-courier*, the Dragoman, galloped up, when, each kissing the other on the shoulder, both darted onward their respective ways. Then came by, some two or three loaded camels; then a crazy Maltese cab, with a half-starved horse, the cabman now running along by its side, and now springing in to drive as he sat on the cab-bottom, with his legs dangling out over the side. Once or twice, we passed flocks of

sheep with tails resembling old-fashioned full-bottomed wigs. Startling the Bedouin shepherd, as he was stretched full length along some small slope, wrapped in his burnouse to watch them, he would lift up his head, gaze a moment, and then lay it down again. Here and there we saw at a distance from the road, groups of coarse, Bedouin, black tents of hair-cloth, the unchanged *mapalia* of the ancient Numidians, to the form of which Sallust compares a ship-keel inverted, and concerning which the Song of Solomon says, verse fifth of chapter first: 'I am black, but comely, like the tents of Kedar;' comely, or pleasant to the eye, I presume, in allusion to the delight derived from the indication of social life afforded by one of these movable villages in the desert. A black hair tent-village of this sort, is supposed to have crowned the upper height of Carthage (now the Sidi-Bon-Saed already mentioned), and to have formed the ancient town that Dido found there, and which retained the title of Niagara, that the learned are said to regard as identical with *mapalia*, and with *magar*, the still more antique, and, probably, the parent term.

But what else did we meet on the road to Tunis? Moorish ladies out for an airing, but we did not see them. They were curtained up in a little, close carriage on two large wheels, and which was enveloped in a sort of brown Holland carriage-cover, bearing on each side a black caricature of five outstretched fingers, signifying 'five in your eye!' the severest curse of the Arabs, and meant as a spell against the evil eye, and to express 'Fie, and bad luck to you, if you dare peep at our fat ladies!' More than midway between us and the lake, we passed a little, square, white, stone building of one story, where horses and mules were drinking at the door, a Moorish coffee-house and baiting-place for man and beast. Farther on, we passed through a grove of olives that looked exceedingly like a superannuated, old, Yankee apple-orchard; and at last, appeared the white walls and round domes and minarets of Tunis; pleasant

eminences covered with olives, a mile or two off, facing and overlooking it; and above, and on a line with it, a wind-mill (the only remembrancer of familiar scenes); and, crossing the way ahead, in the distance, beyond the city, a tall line of narrow arches, sustaining an aqueduct, but not of that part of the olden time which is classical.

“A little more riding and a little more riding, and lo! the American flag waving over a tall house, just behind the inner wall of Tunis; and over other houses equally tall, flags of European nations; and on the walls, the flag of Tunis, with its crescent and its single star. (These flags, I would have you to know, by way of parenthesis, were raised in compliment to the new consul.) The outer gate is before us. A square, ragged old structure, open on all sides, and disclosing a saint's tomb within; an unfenced burial-ground by its side, with raised flat stones, lengthwise, wider at one end than the other, and surmounted often with a straight stem, occasionally bearing a turban on its top. A drove of camels on the other side of the road, some with their legs doubled under them, reposing; others standing and staring. We have passed by these, and now we are under the outer gate-way. Dirt! Dirt! Queer, grim-looking creatures, stretched on wide stone benches that are built against the wall beneath the canopy. Boys and men half naked, standing and walking about, with earthen pots of antique form, crying, ‘Water! Who'll buy water!’ Blind beggars shouting, ‘Charity, for the love of Mahomet!’ ‘Bahlick!’ (Take care!) ‘Hemp-shee!’ (Clear out) bawls the driver, meaning that the way must be freed from that drove of donkeys, puzzling to and fro, and running under the wheels. ‘Bahlick!’ The Dragoon gives that camel a cut with his whip and he stalks aside indifferently. ‘Bahlick!’ The Maltese cart must stop against the wall, and make room for the consul!

* * * “We have passed under the passage. We are within the limits of Tunis city.

A short, unpaved street of moderate width; low, one story, dirty white houses, with little ragged sheds projecting over them, eylet holes for windows; dirty looking squatters of every color and age, with turbans of every color, in the doorways and on heaps of dirt at each side of the street. Donkeys loaded with panniers of greens, of charcoal, of almost everything. Camels with huge skins of water slung across them, like giant saddle bags, flocks of sheep, herds of black goats; but all must push aside, to make way for the carriage. 'Bahlick! Bahlick! Hempshée!' From the short street, we enter a wide open space, in its middle two rising grounds on either side of the largest of which runs to one point, a road. We take that at the left. What does this open space look like? It most resembles the burnt district of New York after the great fire of 1835. Right and left hand of our road arise burial grounds unfenced. What are those waddling masses of draperies, gowns, one would say, and shawls, of every hue and texture hung around the sides of a huge barrel, with a black masked head thrust through its top and a pair of thick legs through its bottom? 'Foregad!' as the old nurse says in *Romeo and Juliet*, 'how every part about it quivers!' Behold! Another, and yet another of these monsters! Some unmasked! Hush, man! These are Moorish women! The one or two with their broad faces bare are Jews. That fourth one so carefully muzzled with a black silk scarf, as if nature had mixed her Indian ink inadequately, is a she nigger! Bahlick! Bahlick! women though you are, you must cling up close to the side or you'll be run over. We have got to a narrow turn over a short bridge. Now we have crossed — up we go — down again along a pinched up way between dead walls and low houses, with only a grated slit here and there for windows. The other carriage coming from the opposite direction must back and let the consul pass! 'Bahlick!' We are through another gate. There's another wall and gate over

the bridge, sole tribute to past glories, the gate is called 'the Carthaginian.' 'Bahlick! Bahlick!' Every one gets out of the way but that yellow chap with bushy black hair, shirtless, shoeless and bare legged, and only girt with a dark cloth descending from his waist. He is a SAINT, *anglice*, a crazy man. He does not fear, and we must take care not to hurt him. None are truly respected among the Moors but those who have lost their senses. 'Bahlick!' How that grey bearded Jew, who has picked up a superannuated three cornered hat like an old continental colonel's, somewhere, and mounted it over his Moorish garb, pins himself against the wall to keep secure from being run over! We jolt under and across the gateway, a short, very short, turn. 'Bahlick! Hemshee! Bahlick!' Why don't those men, women, children, donkeys, goats and camels, mind what they are about? We are through the gate, into a winding street, each side of which can be touched from the carriage if we outstretch our hands. No danger of upsetting here, ruinous looking houses, dead-walls. Now the walls grow higher and more regular on one side, and the houses taller on the other. We are among the ministerial and the consular mansions. A short turn. A small open space. We shoot under a long archway. Halt! We stop, descend, turn short again. We are conducted under another archway. In a high quiet vaulted place like a huge cave, stands a band of musicians. Is not that attempt at Hail Columbia? It is. When I appear, all the musicians bow and play and play and bow. These are my premises. I am at the foot of my own staircase, up we pass, to deafening music, groping our way over a long ascent of clumsy stone steps. We come to sunshine again in a square hall lighted by rickety windows from above. Rooms open into it. A young man advances and holds out his hand. 'Mr. Gale, I presume?' 'Yes, sir.' He shows me into a drawing room. His power as consul *ad interim* is at an end and mine begins.

Oh, the uncouth place! Great iron bars everywhere! I look out of the window. The city wall is on the opposite side of the unpaved street, its top cut by way of ornament into the shape of a long range of grave-stones. 'Congenial horrors, hail!'

"'Have you anything for me?'" 'Oh, yes, letters and papers.' I open a very agreeable epistle from Mrs. Thatcher Payne, forwarded by Mr. Ballard from Gibraltar, wherewith I also receive one of my old night-caps.

"Dreary, indeed, seemed every thing. A *YAHOO* of a house meagerly furnished, and none of the furniture mine. Not a comfortable bed in it. Some hard wool-mattresses, and harder wool-pillows were laid on boards raised about two feet from the ground. On one of these at night, I sought repose in a recess. I looked up at the rafter-ceilings, all in the Mahon fashion, and just at the wall-top, was a black, irregular blot. My imagination was full of scorpions. I thought of Miss Phœbe Filer's customary malediction at East Hampton. After long watching the spot, 'till it seemed to move and crawl downward, at last I got asleep, while thinking how the bite of a scorpion could be cured.

"The official visits to the bey, and from the consuls, next ensued.

"For the former, I was glad to find the modes grown more European. I need not take off my shoes nor attempt to smoke.

Accompanied by the consul *ad interim*, and Captain Wilson, I went to the fortified palace of the bey, about two miles out of Tunis, on a plain. We passed through the arches of the aqueduct I spoke of entering the city, and which is about midway from Tunis to Bardo, for so they call the palace. An irregular mass of edifices combined, and a number of others standing apart, are enclosed within an extensive oblong square, by lofty walls, with cannon and

watch-towers, and surrounded by a wide, deep moat. The crescent and star banner of the bey waved over the main building.

“We enter the gateway. Sentries and guards salute. Grim throngs, some standing and some reclining, fill long dark passages, on either side of which are low rooms. An open space with many carts and carriages, a turn to the left, another passage into an unpaved court with a fountain in the middle, an ascent up several wide marble stairs to apartments seemingly important. Under this colonnade we stop. Persons with anxious and busy faces pass to and fro, some in humble garb, some richly clad, and wearing diamond orders. One of the apartments forms the hall of justice, where a move of the bey’s hand may be to his subjects, either All the world can give, or Death.

“After broiling for some time in the hot sun, we were asked up into a little room set apart for a consular antechamber. Thence we were at length summoned to the royal presence.

“Down stairs under the colonnade, a turn through a central door, into a passage lined at each side with guards, who presented arms. Before me, my dragoman; at my left, one of the bey’s ministers; behind me, the vice consul and Captain Wilson.

“We enter a long drawing room, carpeted, a range of numerous windows on one side. Wide Moorish sofas against the wall, facing each other, from end to end.

“At the corner of the left hand extremity, fronting me as I entered, sat a person in a tall red cap. At his left stood, with similar caps, two others, young and plump. All had long, double-breasted blue frock-coats, closed from the top, descending to the heels, the yellow buttons stamped with the crescent and the star, and converging from each shoulder to the waist, till they formed there nearly the point of an angle. All had diamond orders, but the diamonds of the one who was seated, were the richest and most numerous. The

minister who accompanied me, wore a costume similar to the others.

“We are at our destination, my dragoman has kissed the royal hand, for it was the bey who sat before us.

“‘Peace between us,’ said his highness in Arabic. ‘Be pleased to take a seat,’ continued he, pointing to the sofa at his right, ‘and to receive my welcome of you and of your friends.’

“Chairs being placed, Mr. Gale and Captain Wilson sat in front of the bey, and the minister, standing at their right, interpreted Mr. Gale’s Italian in Arabic, after my English to Mr. Gale.

“Presently I asked Mr. Gale for my letter of credence, and having received it, I rose, and said :

“‘In presenting these, my credentials, I am instructed to assure your highness of the cordial friendship of the president of the United States, and of his earnest desire that the amicable relations now subsisting between Tunis and our republic, may long continue unimpared.’

“His highness interrupted me, by declaring with emphasis that no one could cherish more strongly such a desire than he himself did.

“‘Permit me, at the same time, to avail myself of this occasion, on my own part, to express the gratification I feel in being honored by my country with a mission, of which the duties promise to be rendered not only easy but agreeable, by their bringing me into communication with a prince universally characterized as wise, and good, and just.’

“While the minister was translating what I had said, his highness frequently put his hand to his heart and said, ‘Meleeah!’ which means ‘good!’

“I then handed my letter of credence to the minister, who handed it to the bey.

“His highness hoped I should find my new residence comfortable and happy, and assured me that nothing should be wanting, within his power, to make it so.

“Some general chat ensued, in which Captain Wilson took part. The captain expressed the pleasure it would give him to receive his highness on board the *Preble*, and his highness said he should be gratified some day when he went to the goletta, at any rate, to take a look at the corvette from his windows there. I observed that I hoped our vessels would visit Tunis more frequently hereafter, as we had a large squadron in the Mediterranean. The bey replied that he was always happy to welcome the ships of *friends*, dwelling on the word *friends*. A question whether our squadron was actually in the Mediterranean, or only expected, was answered that she was at that moment cruising there. A black now entered with little coffee cups on a silver tray. We all partook, made our bows, and departed. I felt considerably annoyed that, from the combined effects of so long standing in the sun, and of the unsettledness arising from my recent voyage and novel situation, my hand trembled so in taking the coffee, that the cup went tap, tap, tap! against the saucer, when I sat it down, as though I were under a fit of ague. You may guess from that how glad I was, when, my bow being made, I found myself once more through the guards, out of the palace, and on my way back to Tunis.

“Visits from all the consuls and all their respective suites, glittering in gold and silver, immediately ensued. They were consumed in hollow diplomatic civilities, and in hints that I should find Tunis a most unendearing residence; all social relations being broken up by a miserable spirit of village prying and scandal, which has destroyed even the unreserved and agreeable intercourse once subsisting among the consular families. There was more truth in this than always comes from ministerial agents.

“So! the *Preble* went and I was left alone, all alone! but soon I got used to the looks and ways of the folks around me. There is a minaret of a mosque close by my mansion; and even the five-times-a-day call to prayer, repeated at

each of the four corners of the square top, has lost its strangeness and is now uttered without my being aware of it. One of the oddest things at first seemed to me, when I asked, 'Where is Mr. (such a one)?' — the reply, 'Oh, he's gone to breakfast at Carthage, he'll be back to dinner.' And it was long before I could really feel and believe that *real* Carthage was meant, and not some Carthage in our far west. But I must defer any further mention of Carthage, or the neighborhood, or Tunis itself, for future letters, and proceed to the next great court-ceremonials which it came within my course of duty to attend.

"Probably you are aware that there is a Mahommedan lent, during the ninth month of their year, and which they call Ramadhán. At the next new moon following, Ramadhán ceases, and the lesser Beiram, or feasting, begins, and lasts four days. The greater Beiram, or fasting begins on the 10th day of the twelfth moon, and also lasts four days.

"The Ramadhán this year fell on the 24th of September, the first day of the lesser Beiram on the 24th of October, and the first day of the greater Beiram on the 24th of December.

"For the week preceding the Ramadhán, all sorts of preparations were made for it. All the Moorish servants wanted presents for the purpose of enabling them to lay in their stock of extra provisions for the thirty nights to come, no food being permitted during the thirty days.

"Cannons, drums and guns at midnight announced the commencement of this fast. All the day after, every Moor looked most forlorn, and daily, till it ended, worse and worse. On the first night, great illuminations had been talked of, but they consisted merely, I believe, of lighted lanes, and extra-lighted coffee-houses, with the novelty of a row of lamps all round the minaret's balustrade on each mosque. The moment the sun sets, eating

and drinking begins, and is only suspended, when the drum goes about beating for the fast to be vigorously resumed.

“I took a turn in the town, well attended, on one of those nights during this fast, when the Moors are permitted, after sunset, to indulge a little more than usual. I stopped at a coffee-house which was greatly crowded, but very orderly. Groups were sitting all about on Moorish divans, drinking coffee, smoking, playing at draughts. Curiously cut tin lanterns hung in every direction as did cages with canary-birds. In the centre was a long table, and Moorish sofas on each side and at one end. Various adornments stood on the table, among them, for instance, a large glass vase of gold fish. Some famous singers, one of them blind, very old, very celebrated, and with a most venerable white beard, sat on the end bench, bearing in his hand a musical instrument. Six or seven others were squatted, tailor-like, on each side of this one. They had a something like pipes and tabors; and little instruments with a couple of strings each, played on like a violincello, and others like mandolines, and accompanied them with the earthquake fury of stentorian lungs in Arabic songs — as I was told, but never should have suspected — of most melting tenderness. As it was known that I intended to visit the Café that evening, I and my suite, (among whom was Mr. Ballard), received the honor of the most conspicuous place there, and chairs were placed for us so near the musicians, that we were almost deafened. To mend the matter, every now and then, when the voices were most outrageous, the keeper of the coffee-house would go round with a staff, and violently slapping cage after cage, startle up the wearied out and slumbering birds, who would begin also to sing most vociferously, by way of chorus. Yet the whole scene was most amusingly oriental. Both a gallery overhead, and an open apartment overlooking it, were crowded with Moors, as were the steps leading up to them.

“During this fast a native Tunisian, who called upon me, mentioned a strange scene and a stranger history, which had just come under his notice. His curiosity was excited by the view of a tall, haggard, turbaned person, with long white beard, and skin-pails filled with water, girt all around him and bearing in his hand a cup. He made seven steps and paused, knelt, bowed his face to the ground, licked the dust, rose up and then went on again, but repeated the same at every seventh step. All looked on him with respectful silence and a sort of awe. My informant learned that he was a Turk from Egypt. During the French invasion, he fled thence, leaving behind him a wife and child. He obtained employ on board a vessel that brought him to Tunis. Meanwhile, unknown to him, the troubles of his country drove his wife and child away from it, and chance also led them to Tunis. The wife died, The motherless child found a protecting friend, who brought her up as her own daughter. The Egyptian Turk hearing a description of this young girl’s attractions, demanded her in marriage; courtship in these countries always going on through others, and without personal acquaintance. After some months of marriage, the husband and wife happening to disclose each their history to the other, the Egyptian, horror-struck, discovered his wife to be his daughter. He flew distracted to the *cadi* and told him all. The *cadi* forthwith decreed a divorce and condemned the man through life, to give water, without pay, to all who should desire it, and at every seventh step, to lick the dust. This he has done for years, and is often seen performing his penance, especially at Moorish funerals.

“The *Ramadhán* is over when the new moon of the *Beiram* is discovered; great, indeed, is the noise and the rejoicing. On the morning following, the national banner is raised everywhere, and the cannons, wherever planted, fire a national salute. The bey goes through various ceremonies at *Bardo* Palace, and, among the rest, receives the

bow of felicitation, while seated in state upon his throne, from all the consuls.

“My honorable self, of course, with my vice-consul, went on the 24th of October, to grace this ceremony with my presence. The road was alive with even a more motley group than used to animate that from Boston to Cambridge on the commencement days of Harvard University. And what crowds of white mantled, and red mantled, and green mantled Moors, in the passages, and first open space of the approaches to the palace; and how carriages and carts and splendidly caparisoned horses were, in the latter, wedged together! The first court-yard, the unpaved one with a fountain in the centre, was entirely covered with a thick bed of sand; for what purpose, you shall know anon. We ascend the high, wide range of steps, jostled there, and in the short passage above, by multitudes of persons in various rich costumes, and by dense masses of epauletted officers, white, yellow, and black, returning from paying their devoirs to the bey. We enter the inner and paved court-yard that I spoke of as surrounded by a colonnade. Opposite the entrance, in the door way to the apartment where I was first received by his highness, sat the king of Tunis; on either hand, his officers of state; the superior ones, generally, in the uniforms of the frock-coat form which I have noticed before, but glittering with rich embroideries, and a greater number of diamond decorations. A child of some seven or eight years old, decked out in the same style, the orders, and the sabre, and the epaulettes all in little, stood at the right hand of his highness. Of course, finely dressed persons hemmed in every side, but the area was unencumbered.

“Ahmed Pacha Bey was seated in a white chair, of some peculiar fish-bone, put together with silver rivets. No doubt the chair has intrinsic claims to admiration, of which its exterior gives no sign, nor could I learn what they were supposed to be. His highness was magnificently decorated

with embroidery and diamonds, and had a splendid scymetar before him. His right hand rested on a yellow cushion. Facing him stood a Herculean figure, wrapped in a dark burnouse.

“The bey’s countenance was unmoved as marble while he received the various obeisances, but when he desired to give a mark of signal favor, he would turn the palm of his hand upward, after the back had been kissed, and he who obtained that honor, would again kiss the hand on the palm; and throughout this ceremony, I observed that none were content with a mere kiss, but after it, the forehead was bent down and pressed upon the open palm, and then the lips again, all of which pressures probably meant something particular, but I could not find out what, beyond entire devotedness of body and soul. But there was a more significant manœuver than the rest, and which proved how much these potentates confide in the aforesaid public testimonials of entire, soul-and-body devotedness; it was this; the Herculean figure that I mentioned as standing in front of the bey, grasped firmly each bending devotee’s shoulder, never relaxing his hold till the faithful slave was too far from his royal master to stab him while he kissed. The manual exercise of courtesy is not expected, even on these occasions, from the consuls. All their kissing of the barbarous high and mighties, is done, like the courtship of kings, by proxy, all by their dragomans. Each, preceded by his own dragoman, after the royal hand is duly saluted, makes the best bow he can, and goes away in silence. The presentation of the Divan is more imposing. This is the nominal council of the ruler, whom formerly it could crown or decapitate at pleasure. It consists of long-bearded, and gravely, but elegantly, attired old men, who advance in a row, single file. As they appeared, seats were brought and placed on a line from the bey to the entrance door, and at his right, but

considerably distant from him; to which seats, after the kissing of hands, these dignitaries went, and coffee was handed to them and to his highness; which being disposed of, they rose and uttered a prayer from the Koran, that was every now and then interrupted by a loud cry, ahmeen! synonymous, as I was informed, with our amen! This over, and the bey having withdrawn for awhile, the next move was another presentation of all the principal personages to the bey of the camp, as he is called, the lieutenant-general of the army, and heir presumptive, at present, of the throne, but who, in a direct line, would now have been reigning. He sat in a dark room, and the same forms to him as to his royal cousin were observed.

“His highness, Ahmed Pacha Bey, with all the great folks, followed by multitudes of the ordinary ones, reappearing, crossed this main court yard, to the top of the stair-case overlooking the ante-court yard, unpaved, which has the fountain in the centre; and was, as I told you, entirely covered with a thick bed of sand; you will now perceive for what purpose.

“Near the fountain stood a number of swarthy, tall, athletic Bedouins, with bodies and limbs bare, and entirely shaven pates unturbaned; all shining from head to foot with oil. At their left, as they faced us great personages on the stair top, squatted queer-looking musicians before queer-looking instruments. On each side of the wide, open space before the fountain, was a throng of turbaned and mantled Moors and Turks and Arabs and Bedouins and Negroes.

“All this array was for a Barbaric wrestling, practiced from time immemorial on such occasions in presence of the king and court. Directors and judges stood near. The ladies of the harem have a place allotted to them overlooking the court-yard, where they may see the sport, themselves unseen.

“Drums and other music; a signal; two of the wrestlers start forward. They curvet around, flinging their arms and legs about, and striking their palms together, like capering sailors half drunk, about to jump Jim Crow. Coming in front of the bey, they suddenly cast themselves each upon his knee, up again, and jump Jim Crow back to their starting place, where each, with neck and knee bent, stands like a statue, while a priest (I suppose it was), advances, and placing a finger on the back of the right hand one, loudly utters some words, which I understood to be a prayer to excite them to do their best, and to invoke Mahomet to carry them through the trial uninjured; for, sometimes, it is said, they do not quit the struggle alive. The invocation over, they start up, watch their chance awhile, then close.

“If they become exasperated, and make any move contrary to rule, or if they display such equal prowess and dexterity as to render it clear that neither is likely to conquer, the judges stop the struggle. In the latter case, or in the case of a victory, the band plays, and then another pair contend. After each encounter, there is a small caper, and a kneeling obeisance to the court. I understand that they were ushered before the bey after the trial, for the honor of kissing his hand, and to receive gifts or prizes. This, however, I did not witness, but when the sports were past, pushed through the crowd as soon as possible to my carriage.

“It would have diverted you to have seen what odd-looking military officers passed us on the road. We saw, mounted on a little donkey, two of them, one astride, the other sideways, each with fine epaulettes; and though they had clumsy shoes on their feet, their pantaloons, being without straps, had worked, in riding, up to their knees. Others, however, were on noble steeds, and both horse and rider were gorgeously caparisoned.

“The same forms in every respect were repeated on the 24th of December, the beginning of the greater Beiram; but all upon a grander scale. I saw the account the bey paid to the French merchant who got the new coat and sword-belt embroidered that his highness first wore on this occasion. Its amount was six thousand seven hundred and seventy francs.

“Here, then, my ‘full, true and particular story’ draws to a close; and high time it did, say you. But Anna asked me to relate every thing about my life here, public and private, and I do not hold myself responsible for the consequences of complying for once with such a request, though I think you will find it more agreeable that I should in future be regulated by the rule given to dyspeptics about food, ‘less at a time and oftener.’ For the present occasion, however, I will suppose I may take with me, even into Africa, the license which has always been allowed wherever else I have lived ere now, of spoiling as much paper as one chooses on Valentine’s day in honor of the ladies.

* * * “Ah, Eloise! Did you get a Valentine this year? Though Uncle Howard’s words do come to you now with black faces from the country where the Negroes grow, what a pretty Valentine you should have if I were in France, where they make paper with such beautiful pictures on it, and ink all bright with silver and gold! There! That’s a kiss for you, my dear, and take that for Uncle Howard’s Valentine. I would send one Valentine to *my* Miss Van Rensselaer, and another to Miss Julia Sands, were I not afraid my little Eloise would be jealous. You may, nevertheless, thank Miss Sands for giving me the pleasure of her appearance, and of the flashes of her wit, in a dream last night; and say to her that her literary glory has even extended to Barbary, for I myself saw it here recorded in *Picket’s Academician*, side by side with

that of Miss Miller and others, whom it delighted me to find thus honored in the land of Dido.

But here I am talking of love and ladies, when everything around me threatens war. I had almost forgotten to mention that, for the last three months, forts have been building, monitors arriving, troops collecting, and hostile fleets looked for, by some from Sardinia, by some from Austria, by some from Constantinople; but I can scarcely think the difficulties (for there are real ones with all these powers), will have any results so serious. Therefore you may assure Mrs. Barnes and the ladies, that I hope at some future day to see them all again in spite of cannons and scymetars, and to tell them how much their little Turkish slippers have been admired even by genuine Turkeys.

“I would add a list of those to whom I desire to be particularly remembered, Miss Sedgwick and her connections, the Bryants, Mrs. Bradish, your father, and many others, but you will be glad to be spared the inconvenience of reading any more from me just now, on condition of yourself calling them all to mind without my naming them. To Mrs. Osborn and Aunt, I mean to write when the next scribbling fit comes on; so you are set free from the effects of the present one, with assurances how sincerely I remain

“Ever yours faithfully,

“JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.”

After his presentations to the bey, Mr. Payne immediately devoted himself to the duties of his office. Mr. Hodgson was the preceding consul, but this gentleman spent the most of his time in Italy, and left the affairs of state in the hand of his clerk, a young man by the name of Gale, whom he appointed to act as consul *ad interim*. The business of the office was found to be in a state of neglect which caused Mr. Payne much hard work to put into proper condition; besides this, he found the consular residence in frightful disorder and dilapidation, entirely unfit for

persons of the most ordinary circumstances to live in, far more the representative of a great nation, and, had the prior consuls to Mr. Payne properly respected their office, they would have demanded other apartments of the Tunis government. It did not take Mr. Payne long to discover the place far beneath the dignity of his position, for he at once made a representation to his government at Washington of the vile condition of the consulate mansion, and asked for the necessary authority to repair the dungeon-like place, with iron-barred holes for windows, and rafted ceilings. But the government at the time did not think it expedient to take any steps in the matter, as there was a disposition, on the part of congress, to suppress its Tunisian consulate altogether. Meantime, Mr. Payne had discovered that the bey himself was his landlord, and sometimes put such of his houses, as were occupied by consuls in order, and that he was at that time actually spending quite a sum of money on the building assigned to Queen Victoria's representative. "On this hint he spake." He forthwith wrote to the secretary of the bey in the spirit of complaint, declaring that it was almost offering an indignity to his government to remain in the building. This was done in such a manner, and so impressive was the style of the communication compared with those hitherto sent by earlier American consuls, that it received an immediate answer, with the promise of repairs. After some two or three days had passed and no workmen appeared, he appealed to his royal highness again. Then workmen were sent, who fooled about the place and who only took something away and left no substitute. Then came another pause: this was too much for Payne. He made up his mind to press the matter until his residence was put in handsome order. He made out a list of the alterations that he desired, got it translated and written down in Arabic, put on his full uniform, and, with his interpreter and vice-consuls, posted off in battle-array to Bardo.

One of the ministers, whom, according to usage, he first had to meet, asked the object of his visit, and when he told the gentleman of state his object, he declared that he was extremely grieved to hear of our consuls inconvenience, but that there was no necessity of his seeing the bey, who was at this moment much occupied with an important case in the hall of justice, and that his highness had already issued orders that all should be done that he desired. Payne was not to be put off any longer; he insisted on seeing the bey. The minister retired for a moment, and then returned with the request from the bey that if Mr. Payne would have patience for a few seconds, he would be happy to receive him. In a few moments more his highness adjourned a cause that was then before him and Payne with his attendants was escorted to the hall of justice. Payne entered in the true court-style. His highness was reclining on a long sofa; at his right stood his minister, and on his left, the interpreter. A dense crowd of white burnouses were on each side of the room, leaving a large open space between them and the bey. Payne's dragoman walked up and kissed the hand of his highness, as his (Payne's) proxy, observing court etiquette, and then his interpreter, who did his own politeness, also kissed his royal hand, whereupon his majesty fixed his eyes upon Payne's majesty, and exclaimed in Arabic:

"I bid you welcome. What can I do that will afford you pleasure?"

Payne answered! "I am sorry that I am forced to distress or inconvenience your highness, but ever since my arrival I have been much annoyed about my residence, which now has been rendered so vexatious that, unless something is immediately done, I shall be forced to find apartments elsewhere, and make a complaint to my government."

"But I have given orders to have the patio newly roofed, as you requested," replied the bey.

“This is the least of the things needed. I have informed one of your ministers that there are other things infinitely more required than the roof your highness specifies.” Handing the list, Payne in addition remarked, “This will prevent further misunderstanding.”

His highness appeared to be struck on finding the communication written in Arabic, and half opening, and then closing it, and then looking at his minister, and again half opening it, he acted as if he desired to read the communication before the proper time. He then said to Mr. Payne :

“I myself will read your list, and see that all your wants herein expressed shall be with promptitude attended to.”

Mr. Payne evidently had made an impression, and perfectly satisfied with his own august display, left the apartment of his majesty once more to inhabit his tottering palace.

A few days more passed and nothing done, he sent another message to the bey by his vice-consul, stating that he would at once take the trouble off his highness' hands, make the required improvements, and deduct the expenses from the rent, until he should be reimbursed. He directed his messenger, Vice-Consul Mr. Gale and his interpreter to insist on a reply, either oral or written.

On this occasion, as before, the approaches to his highness were already crowded with consuls and others waiting on special business, in such numbers when Payne's ambassadors arrived, that there was a general titter as if to say : “Gentlemen, you came too late ; your case is hopeless, for we must be served before you.” But Payne's officers had learned a lesson but two days before, assumed a dignity that did not belong to them, and pressed through the crowd to the immediate door of the grand court ; where the minister who previously presented Mr. Payne to his highness at once recognized the messengers, treated them with the most marked civility, and attended to them forthwith. The expression upon the faces of the crowd that stood

about at once changed to wonder and astonishment, and Mr. Payne's ambassadors had the satisfaction of hearing a muttering complaint from the bystanders thus set aside, and who were unable to understand why the United States should be so promptly attended to. A badge signified the consulates to which they belonged. In a quarter of an hour or so, the following written answer was placed in the hands of Mr. Payne's plenipo, when he and his coadjutor departed, highly delighted with their success and importance.

“Glory to the one only God! From the slave of All-powerful God, the Mouchir Ahmed Pacha, Bey, Emir of the Tunisian armies;

“To our Ally, Sidi John Howard Payne, Consul General of the American Government at Tunis.

“We acquaint you, that we have received your letter, regarding the affair of the consul's mansion. We had even previously ordered our L'oukie (architects) in relation to the subject; we now come from dispatching the Bache Bouck (chief of the guards) to compel that every thing might be done which you have desired,

“May God be your holy guardian!

“Written this ninth day of the month of El Hadja, in the year 1259.” (Corresponding with the month of January, the 8th, 1844).

Scarcely had the answer been read by Mr. Payne when a giant of a guard covered with tunics and jackets and cloaks, all brilliant here and there with gold (the same man stands before the bey on presentation-day), who assured Mr. Payne that the work would go on in the morning. The work did go on as promised, and Mr. Payne ordered just whatever he desired. Walls were cut through; iron gates disappeared; eyelet-holes were turned into

magnificent windows; all the terraces were newly covered and painted; all the floors newly paved with the most expensive painted tiles, and an arched dome towered above the roof, giving a grandeur to the building almost equal to that of the bey's own palace, and over this again our consul caused to be erected a flag-staff of a size that had never before been witnessed in Tunis, and a new American flag was flung out to the winds, of such magnificent proportions that it became the subject of public comment. These improvements cost the bey over thirty thousand piastres (almost four thousand dollars). When all was complete, Mr. Payne congratulated himself on having the finest consulate building in Tunis.

Mr. Payne became a great favorite with the bey. He induced Mr. Horace H. Day of New York, the manufacturer of rubber goods, to present the bey with some specimens of his best work, among which there was a large Indian-rubber boat, for which his highness expressed himself much pleased, and in return presented Mr. Day with a gold snuff box set with brilliants valued at one thousand dollars.

Mr. Payne had not much more than got his consulate affairs in good working order, and felt comfortable in many respects, when by a change of government at Washington and the intriguing of a person who had formerly been the consul at Tunis, (and who desired a reëppointment,) he was recalled. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Payne in several respects. The most important one was, that he had been engaged for over a year on the history of Tunis, and, to accomplish the work properly, it was absolutely necessary to be there, where he could come in contact with the materials required for the work.

He received the official notice of his recall on the 20th of November, 1845. On his way home he stopped for some twelve months or more, in Italy, Paris, and London, and reached New York in July, 1847. He then went to Wash-

ington where he was received with great warmth and respect by every one who knew him, and especially so by Gov. Marcy. Many of his old friends were astonished to see him back at home, as they had not previously heard of his recall; and protested that he should be returned to a post he had filled with so much dignity and patriotism.

Mr. Payne had not been in Washington for a great while before Mr. Marcy and Mr. Clayton made a strong move for his reëppointment. This was done on the ground of the dissatisfaction given to the bey, and the people of Tunis by the consul who took Mr. Payne's place. The matter, however, dragged along for some time, and he was not reëppointed, until a change of administration took place, and in 1851 Mr. Webster stood by his "old friend," and caused Mr. Payne to be reinstated. Payne, now once more "an exile from home," left his country and his friends, for the last time, in the latter part of April, 1851. When he bade his friends good-by, in Brooklyn, where he had been residing with his brother, Thatcher Payne, he did so in broken health. On his way to Tunis he stopped at Paris for a little over a month, and then taking ship (the Mississippi) July 25th, at Marseilles, under the command of Commodore Morgan of the United States navy, he was directly *en route* for Tunis, and in sixty hours afterwards, he once more lay in the harbor opposite to the classic grounds of Carthage. Salutes were fired; he was visited from the shore, and was every way received with all the signs of marked respect. When the bey heard of his arrival, he exclaimed, "Let him be welcome." All the flags were displayed, and all the foreign consuls, in full uniform, immediately called on him; his old personal friends hastened to give him a cordial reception. Once more Mr. Payne sat down to his work, with his characteristic determination to do it faithfully and well.

In the early part of the winter of 1852, his health commenced to fail rapidly. Rheumatism and great prostration

followed. He was confined to the house the whole of the winter. In March, feeling somewhat better, he ventured out, to entertain, and show the interesting features of the place to three American gentlemen who were traveling for pleasure, and crossed over from Italy to see Tunis and Carthage. The undertaking was too much for him, and on his return home, he was prostrated to his bed again, from which he never arose. He died on the 9th of April, 1852, in the sixty-second year of his age.

The following is a translation of the official letter announcing his death to the government of the United States.

“Tunis, the 9th of April, 1852.

“*To the President, and Government of the United States :*

“MONSIEUR: I hasten to have the honor to bring to your knowledge the decease of Colonel John Howard Payne, our consul, who died this morning at six o'clock.

“GASPARY.”

At the moment that Mr. Payne died, his Moorish domestics and two sisters of charity were at his bedside. During the whole of his last confinement to his sick room, he received the kindest consideration and nursing at the hands of these good women; not a day passed without some one of them standing at his side, administering the consolation that so lifts the drooping spirit of the sick, and those delicacies that moisten the parched taste and for a moment, at least, revive the lost appetite. The sisters of mercy who attended him, were Rosalie, Josephine, Marie Xavier, and Celeste. A priest of the Greek church said prayers over his remains at the grave. His remains lie in the old, time-honored burial-place that over-looks the bay, and the ruins of Carthage. The United States government caused to be placed over his grave a marble slab with the following inscription on it.

IN MEMORY OF

COL. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

Twice Consul of the United States of America, for the
Kingdom of Tunis,

This stone is here placed by a grateful country.

He died at the American Consulate in this city after a painful illness, April 1st, 1852. He was born in the city of Boston, state of Massachusetts, June 8th, 1792.¹

His fame as a poet and dramatist, is well known wherever the English language is spoken, through his celebrated ballad of *Home, Sweet Home*, and the popular tragedy of *Brutus*, and other similar productions.

The stone that bears this inscription is an oblong slab of white, Italian marble, raised a few inches above the grave. On each of the four margins of the slab, are the following lines of poetry.

“ Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God’s angels said
‘ Welcome to Heaven’s ‘ Home, Sweet Home ! ’ ”²

So ended the singular and constantly varying life of John Howard Payne, unquestionably a man of genius, but who failed to accomplish a very high position in any of the several professions of poet, dramatist or actor, from the want of exclusive devotion to some one of them.

A life-long friend of Mr. Payne, a gentleman of the finest literary attainments, and of whom we have already

¹ The current dates of his birth and death as placed on his tomb-stone are many. It is a singular fact, that none who have written of Mr. Payne, have had the dates right.

² These beautiful lines were composed by Mr. R. S. Chilton, who at the time held the position of clerk in the consular bureau at Washington. As Mr. Payne’s personal friend, he took great interest, on behalf of the government, in having the monument erected over him at Tunis.

spoken as having published a sketch of our subject in the *Boston Gazette*, thus comments upon the close of Mr. Payne's life.

“Many mourn him : the fascination of his early brilliancy has left its record on many minds. The tidings of his departure touch many hearts with very tender memories. Always buoyant, full of resource, rich in the stores of a varied and peculiar experience, his society always had a singular attraction. Always busy about something, he always kept his mind cheerful and wide-awake. His abilities did not fulfil their early promise. His faculties were never sufficiently disciplined by the healthy toil of exact study, nor was his knowledge enlarged by methodical and various acquisitions from books. But, if he did not assimilate or amass in the way necessary for a higher eminence than he attained, so quick a mind with such opportunities could not fail to collect a great deal of what was profitable and pleasant for immediate use ; his grace of expression, from boyhood to age, combining remarkably the exactness of art with the ease of nature, had a singular charm ; and, I presume, a collection of his letters might be made, which would take a high rank in that department of composition. But what I like most to think of is, that a life, begun in some respects so unpropitiously, should have passed to its end so blamelessly, and so happily. To be the spoiled child of public enthusiasm and not to be a ruined man ; to lose the huzzas that have cheered one on at the threshold of life, and not become *blasé* or a misanthrope ; to be made drunk with admiration in the feebleness of one's teens, and not wake to a chronic imbecility or spleen, bespeaks the presence of elements of a noble nature.”

When we were preparing a paper on Mr. Payne to read before the Faust Club of Brooklyn, for the purpose of inciting the members to assist in erecting a memorial to the author of *Home, Sweet Home*, we wrote to Mr. Amos Perry,

who, some few years after Mr. Payne's death, filled the consulship at Tunis, and who, on arriving there in 1862, took a great interest in all matters concerning Mr. Payne's consulship, and the literary effects which he left behind him, which perhaps are now lost forever. Indeed, had it not been for the appreciation and manly sympathy of Mr. Perry, hardly an autographic letter of Mr. Payne's would have been saved for his admiring friends to look at. In answer to the communication we sent to Mr. Perry on the close of Mr. Payne's life, we received the following:

“ *Gabriel Harrison, Esq.*

“ 380 Wyckoff St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

“ DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor, of the 3d instant, is before me. I am gratified to learn that you have made a movement for the erection of a monument in Prospect Park to the author of *Sweet Home*, and I desire to make my grateful acknowledgment to you and the high-spirited Faust Club of Brooklyn, for the effort to do simple justice to the memory of one who deserves the respect and admiration of every American citizen. I am, also, gratified to learn that you are engaged in preparing for publication a biography of Mr. Payne, which, I doubt not, will be a graceful and a fitting tribute to his genius and industry, and will supply a manifest demand in the republic of letters.

“ I had no knowledge of Mr. Payne on my arrival in Tunis, — 1862, except that he was the author of *Sweet Home*, and had held the consular office in that city. Paying an early visit to his grave in the Protestant cemetery, I plucked and pressed flowers that I found growing luxuriantly around it. In writing to friends across the ocean, I frequently enclosed these flowers with a copy of the inscriptions upon the grave-stone, and I subsequently learned from the various sources that the memorials were greatly prized.

“I soon became interested to learn about Mr. Payne’s life, and especially about the sad, closing scenes in his consular career and his earthly existence. But here my enquiries were not, in general, cheerfully or satisfactorily answered. A shadow seemed to rest upon his name. Estimable and worthy persons spoke of him with ominous reserve. In searching the archives of the consulate, I found comparatively little to gratify my curiosity. I saw convincing proof of method and order in his transactions. His letters and accounts were duly filed. His dispatches to the department of state and his communications addressed to the Tunisian government were neatly copied in his own clear hand. There was abundant proof that he did not pass his time in ignoble ease. He had animated controversies with the Tunisian government and with one of his colleagues, on some matters that have long since ceased to interest the public. It was through his official interference and untiring exertions, that a superior consular mansion or government-house was secured for the use of the American representative at the Tunisian court. The old consular building, whose foundations date as far back as the days of Venetian greatness and glory, was, through his official service, thoroughly remodeled or rebuilt in a style of grandeur bordering on extravagance. On the top of this great structure was erected a towering mast, from whose heights was suspended a liberal supply of bunting, with the stars and stripes in such ample proportions as to be seen and distinguished at a distance.

“Mr. Payne labored indefatigably for the honor of the American government. Believing that, without a stately official mansion, and a tall mast from which to suspend the national standard, the representative of his country could not secure becoming respect, he applied himself to what seemed at the time a hopeless task. At a formal audience given to him by the bey, he pronounced the dilapidated old building, with its diminutive flagstaff, (that had once

served the republic of Venice), beneath the dignity and honor of America, and demanded in unequivocal terms a suitable mansion. The bey, aroused to indignation by his bold manner and utterances, caught up the word America, and with the severest irony and derision replied: 'America! America! where is it? I do not know of any such country.'

"One of my informants, an intelligent and outspoken republican, born at Venice, and long a resident at Susa (ancient Hadrumetum), said that Mr. Payne, on receiving this reply, determined that the bey should learn something about the country of whose situation and existence he professed to have no knowledge. To this end he besieged the bey and his ministers, persistently pressing his claims for a new consulate, till 'his highness' acquired a practical lesson in geography and history. In fine, the bey came to the conclusion that America actually existed somewhere on the globe, and that its representative was entitled to courteous and respectful treatment. His coffers were speedily opened, and America thus secured the finest consulate and the tallest mast in the city. It was a trial of wits in which Mr. Payne proved victorious. The completion of the consulate was observed in a marked manner. The consul procured a national standard, of quality and dimensions in harmony with the occasion. The stars and stripes were unfolded to the breezes in the presence of a multitudinous throng. A brass band, stationed on a platform, fastened with iron bands to the flag-staff, twenty-five feet above the roof of the consulate, made the welkin ring with their shrill and boisterous blast, while the spacious and the tasteful apartments in the second story were the scenes of feasting and gayety. One of Mr. Payne's Moorish friends, in speaking of this celebration, called it 'an American jubilee.'

"While Mr. Payne was successfully carrying out his project of securing for the use of the American represent-

ative at Tunis, a stately and commodious mansion, he took a step, which, in connection with official rivalry, envy or malice, and in the absence of needed aid from personal friends and relatives, seriously impaired his reputation in that city. Not content with the great outlay made by the bey, he expended on his private account for his darling project some borrowed money, thus involving himself in a debt which subsequently increased, in Mussulman phrase, by the hand of God.

“A proud-spirited man, Mr. Payne found himself, despite his success in getting a new consulate, weighed down and chagrined. In this state of affairs his health gave way. His plans for literary labor, on which he depended for funds, were broken up. He drooped, sickened, and after a lingering and painful illness, passed on to

‘That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns.’

“It was a sad issue and a cruel lot. He was in a foreign land, deprived of the pleasures of the sweet home about which he had sung, and of the presence of long cherished friends. Yet he was cared for. Sweet charity from Christians, Mussulmans and Jews failed him not. He was tenderly and lovingly nursed, till his spirit departed from the clayey tabernacle.

“The saddest part of the case was his disappointed hopes and unfulfilled obligations. His plans were all frustrated, and his account was closed. For the want of a strong friendly hand to gather up his effects and protect the interests of his creditors and of his heirs-at-law, irreparable losses, confusion and dissatisfaction resulted. Some to whom he was indebted, regarding themselves as the victims of misplaced confidence, became sour and uncharitable. Smothered malice and animosity broke out. Many-tongued scandal started up and ranged through that city and over that coast, as in the days of Æneas and Dido.

The consul, silent in death, became a veritable victim. Could he have looked on, he would have witnessed haggling and contention. The love of money was at the root of the evil. Mr. Ambrose Allegro, who was one of the appraisers of Mr. Payne's effects, and who had unusual means of understanding the condition of his affairs, thought that six or seven hundred dollars would have paid all the demands upon Mr. Payne's estate. For the want of this amount of money, after due notice had been given to Mr. Payne's relatives in America, his library, household furniture, pictures, sword of office and numerous manuscripts and works of art were appraised and sold at auction. His personal apparel, an extensive collection of manuscripts, mostly in bound volumes, an autograph-album of distinguished contemporary authors, and numerous choice keepsakes, were not appraised or sold. What became of them is rather a matter of conjecture than of proof. They were unquestionably taken away by unauthorized persons, and were effectually scattered and lost. The autograph-album referred to has, I am assured, been offered for sale in New York, at a price sufficient to have paid all Mr. Payne's debts. One of his keepsakes, of which I have seen no mention, was brought to me with a mysterious air just before my departure from Tunis. It was a compact box made to resemble a well-bound volume, entitled: *Code of Texas*. On opening it, were found two well finished, and finely polished Colt's revolvers, together with some implements needful to keep them in order, and an inscription on a brass or copper plate, showing this to have been presented to Mr. Payne by the inventor, as a token of affection and respect. Having no taste for implements of war, or for this kind of keepsake, I declined to accede to the terms of the appreciative possessor.

“At the request of the venerable poet, scholar, and journalist, Wm. C. Bryant, and under instructions of the department of state, I instituted, while at Tunis, careful

enquiries with the view of restoring these things, if possible, to Mrs. Rev. Lea Luquer (*née* Eloise F. Payne), the niece and nearest living relative of Mr. Payne. But my efforts proved of little avail. A few manuscripts, some of them diaries, and numerous packages of letters were found mixed up with mouldy newspapers and decaying rubbish in a dozen or more bags and boxes that were stored in a damp cellar at the Goletta. The most valuable volumes of manuscript, and choice mementoes of friends, including photographs and miniature portraits, a quaint old seal ring with a Hebrew inscription (a family treasure that used to belong to his grandfather), a cane given him by Washington Irving, and other keepsakes of more or less value, known to have been in the consulate at the time of his death, were sought in vain.

“The catholic bishop of Tunis, who was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Payne, recognized in him superior refinement, cultivation, and nobility of sentiment. The Greek priest who officiated at his funeral, spoke of him in terms of unqualified praise. Of the four sisters of charity, who, two at a time, ministered by turns to his wants during his protracted illness, I saw only sister Rosalie. She complimented Mr. Payne’s patience and gentleness, adding that he exhibited throughout his sickness the instincts and refinement of a gentleman. His Mussulman servant Mohammed, who stood by his bedside when he breathed his last, and who was in my service nearly five years, never wearied in speaking his praise. He esteemed it a privilege to go into the room where Mr. Payne died, show how the bed and chairs were arranged, and describe scenes and conversations that had occurred. Mr. Ambrose Allegro, the veteran Italian secretary who began the service in the American consulate near the close of the last century, under Gen. William Eaton, expressed the opinion that Mr. Payne was engaged up to the time of his sickness in the preparation of a work on the regency of Tunis, containing sketches of

Barbary corsairs and slavery. In confirmation of this view, Mohammed said he kept constantly on his table two large volumes of manuscript, in which he was writing much of his time.

“The grave of Mr. Payne, in St. George’s cemetery, is an object of interest to most American tourists, and is also sought out by some Englishmen. One intelligent and gentlemanly British tourist learned there for the first time that John Howard Payne was the author of *Sweet Home*. He gave it as his opinion that this song was more sung at British firesides than “God save the Queen,” and, having seen it stated in print that Barry Cornwall was the author of it, he was slow to credit the American. This incident led me to seek authentic information in regard to this matter. Accordingly, I addressed my enquiries to the late John Miller, who was at that time United States despatch agent in London. The following is the reply I received:

Letter of John Miller.

‘To Amos Perry, Esq., U. S. Consul at Tunis :

‘SIR: I first published *Sweet Home* as an interlude in a play entitled *Clari*, the title-page of which is as follows :

‘*Clari*, an opera in three acts, as first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Thursday, May 8, 1823, by John Howard Payne, Esq. The overture and music (with the exception of the national airs) by Henry R. Bishop, Esq. London, John Miller, 69 Fleet street, 1826. (Price two shillings and six pence.)

‘I gave Mr. Payne, who was introduced to me by Washington Irving, £50 for the copyright, and he was to revise the proof.

(Signed),

JOHN MILLER.

‘London, Office U. S. Despatch Agency,
Sept. 19, 1865.’

“During my residence at Tunis, the removal of Mr. Payne’s remains to his native land came up for consideration among his friends in America, and I was consulted by letter in regard to the best means of accomplishing this object. The removal was not regarded with favor in that city, fear being expressed lest, if it were effected, Americans might take less interest in keeping St. George’s cemetery in order. Evidently, no hostility exists against Mr. Payne’s ashes. It was conceded that their presence was a pledge of interest on the part of Americans, exerting an influence in securing for the cemetery an annual contribution from our government.

“The only direct charges I ever heard uttered against Mr. Payne at Tunis, were, that he was stern, ruling the bey, as it were, with a rod of iron, and that he was extravagant at the expense of the bey and of his creditors.

“I regard the first of these criticisms, made to subserve rival interest as a virtual compliment.

———— ‘Caesar wept;’

‘Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.’

“Mr. Payne was at a post of duty in the service of his government. It was his part to sustain the honor and dignity of his country. Others might cringe and succumb before an imperious prince, seeking personal comfort and pleasure at the expense of the government. That was not in accordance with his nature or line of action.

“I am here reminded of Capulet and Montague (without their Romeo and Juliet), and am cautioned against stirring up smouldering embers. But from my stand point, no embers—only pale ashes—are visible. I would fain believe, for charity’s sake, the fire gone out, and the days of strife gone by. No smoke now obscures the vision of the great American public. We can all, throwing a mantle of charity over weaknesses and foibles, look calmly and dispassionately on the rivals, sleeping the sleep of death.

They can no longer harm and supplant each other. Each lives, though dead, in the light of his own deeds. Leaving the benevolent physician and the successful courtier, some of whose descendants are among our dearest friends, with naught but kindly expressions and sentiments of respect, we turn to the dramatist, the man of letters, the poet of our homes, the energetic consul and the efficient champion of our country's dignity and honor. No defense or apology is required at our hands. A people who hold Bainbridge, Decatur and their compeers in grateful remembrance for humiliating at the cannon's mouth the defiant despots of Tripoli and Algiers, cannot fail to appreciate the man who, by dint of diplomatic skill and energy, gained a controlling influence, if not a signal victory, over the proud and insolent ruler of Tunis. In the light of his literary and official services, no right-minded American citizen can stoop to indulge in harsh and ungenerous criticism. Sternness, when it subserves a worthy cause, is rightfully accounted a virtue, and thus the charge we are considering does actual credit to the man it was intended to disparage.

“In like manner the other charge or criticism is divested of its power of evil the moment it is examined in the light of truth. To begin with, Mr. Payne never had in his hands any of the bey's money to squander or use in that way. He simply furnished the plans which the bey adopted for the rebuilding of the American consulate. The plans were indeed on a generous scale, requiring a large outlay; but it was the bey, not the consul, who incurred the expense and assumed the responsibility of the enterprise.

“Mr. Payne's sickness and death, brought on, no doubt, by labor and anxiety, were in my opinion (which is based on varied testimony taken at Tunis), the main cause of his insolvency. Misfortune — not prodigality — produced the derangement in his affairs. True, his was not the type of character that belongs to successful financiers and bankers. The philosophy of exorbitant interest was not his favorite

study. He failed to invest in real estate and bonds. He left for his heirs no bank-stock or well endorsed notes. He failed sometimes to avert from his humble abode the trials of pinching want.

“He did not, however, fail to produce during his life such fruits of genius, industry and perseverance as will make fragrant his memory, and prove a better legacy than bank-notes and real estate. He did not fail, while in the severest straits, to record his name on the rolls of fame, in connection with his song of Home.

“I am, then, of the opinion that the proposed memorial is appropriate and deserved. Your action in Brooklyn will, I am confident, awaken a responsive chord at thousands of firesides that have been enlivened and blessed by the author’s life and labors.

“Truly yours,

“AMOS PERRY.

“Providence, R. I., May 26, 1873.”

Mr. Amos Perry justly alludes with regret to the loss of Mr. Payne’s literary effects and mementos of great value. Even from the comparatively scanty number of letters, memoranda, and journals now extant, and over which we have carefully looked, we feel certain that the greatest merits of his life have been lost. In one letter to a dear relative, he particularly mentions, that he “had been devoting much of his time in preparing a history of the Barbary States, and that the work would contain a large amount of highly interesting matter.” In addition to this, Mr. Payne had in his possession several manuscript plays, which had never been performed or published, and judging from the fact that the larger number of his dramatic productions had been successful, we have a right to conjecture that they were of like merit.

The writer, while spending two or three days with Mr. Edwin Forrest, at his residence in Philadelphia, alluded to

Payne's tragedy of *Romulus*, inquiring why he never performed it. Mr. Forrest answered that he never could understand why Payne did not make the alterations he requested; that it was a fine play, and would have been in his opinion as great a success as *Brutus*. What has become of this tragedy, with the rest of his manuscripts, will more than likely remain forever a mystery.

Mr. Payne was never a married man: a heavy shadow was cast over his eventful life, by the unhappy termination of a romance of his early manhood when he became devotedly attached to a lady of Boston, whose rare beauty and mental accomplishments made her the idol of the social circle in which she moved. The affection of the gifted lover was warmly reciprocated, and a marriage would have completed the happiness of both, but for parental interference. Payne's over-sensitive nature never fully recovered from this blow, and to the last days of his life, he would speak of it in tones of sadness that excited the sympathy of the few friends whom he honored with his confidence. One of the largest characteristics of Mr. Payne's nature, was its gentleness; — a disposition that bespoke more of the mother's than the father's nature within him. His love for children throughout his life amounted to a passion. Some of his letters to little Eloise, written but a few years previously to his death, are perfect models of child-letters, and show him to have understood their simple natures as comprehensively as he did the manly and womanly characters which grace his many dramatic efforts. This freshness of disposition lasted him up to the last hour of his life, and although, throughout his life, he seemed to have met with considerable harsh treatment from those for whom he worked the hardest, still he was ever confident and trusting, ever deceived and defrauded. Hence, with all his industry and talents, his life was not as great a material success as it would have been with narrower and

lower aims, and it seems somewhat singular, at least, that the man who could say so much of "Home" in so small a space, *eight lines only*, should all his life be a wanderer, and at last sleep the long last sleep in a strange land away from "Home, Sweet Home."

We close this sketch of his life by laying on his tomb a wreath from Shakespeare's hand, saying with a fond and a sad farewell, he was

——— "The kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

CHAPTER VI.

"All's well that ends well."

THE PAYNE MEMORIAL AND THE FAUST CLUB.

THE Faust Club of Brooklyn, L. I., was organized in the early part of 1872. The object of the club was to provide a place for the social gatherings of gentlemen belonging to the several professions — authors, artists, actors, journalists and musicians. The constitution provides that one-half of the whole number of members shall be of the above professions, while it leaves in the residue of its membership ample room for non-professional men who may desire to become members of the club. One of the most delightful features of the association are "The Saturday-night Entertainments" which consist of exhibitions of works of art, music, recita-

tions, and the reading of original papers by the members. It was on one of these occasions, the 20th of October, 1872, that Mr. Gabriel Harrison read an original paper on the life and writings of John Howard Payne, for the purpose of enlisting the sympathy and coöperation of the club, in the erection of a suitable memorial to Mr. Payne. At the conclusion of Mr. Harrison's paper a committee of twenty-five, with Mr. Gabriel Harrison as chairman, was appointed to carry out the object.

Mr. Henry Baerer was proposed by Mr. Harrison as the artist to make the design for the memorial.

The material furnished and used by the artist to produce the likeness was a very fine, large-sized daguerreotype, taken of Mr. Payne in 1849, a short time previous to his leaving this country to fill, for the second time, the position as consul at Tunis, and less than three years prior to his death. In a few months the large model from which the bronze bust was finally cast, was exhibited before the members of the Faust Club. To make perfectly sure of the fidelity of the likeness, the only two surviving relatives of Mr. Payne, his brother Thatcher Payne's widow, and daughter, with whom for the last twenty years of his life he spent all of his leisure moments, and resided with them in Brooklyn, were called in to pass their judgment on the likeness. Their verdict was favorable in the extreme, and after passing under the opinion of several other old associates of Mr. Payne, who pronounced the likeness faultless, it was finally placed in the hands of the artist to be cast in bronze. Among those who attested to the fidelity of the likeness is Mr. James Rees, of Philadelphia, who was contemporaneous with Mr. Payne, and had been perfectly familiar with him. Mr. Rees's opinion on this point is contained in the following letter.

“ Philadelphia, July 10, '73.

“ *To Gabriel Harrison, Esq.*

“ DEAR SIR: I have just received the beautiful little bust of my old and much lamented friend, John Howard Payne, as a copy of the large bronze bust proposed to be placed on Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. I can only say, a more striking likeness of the author of *Home, Sweet Home!* I have never seen, not excepting several other likenesses of him, I have in my possession. The artist seems to have caught that mild expression with a ‘shade more of sorrow than anger’ around it, an expression which I have so often seen upon his face when speaking of the past.

“ The artist, we repeat, deserves much credit for the piece of work, a view of which satisfies me that it more than realizes in faithfulness of features all that his most ardent admirers ever anticipated. In the years that are to come, when we have passed away, the words of *Home, Sweet Home!* will have an additional charm to those, while gazing upon this striking likeness of their gifted author.

“ Yours truly,

“ JAMES REES.”

The casting of the bronze was made at the National Fine Art Foundry of Mr. Powers, New York, and was in every respect a great success.

The work, when completed, cost four thousand dollars.

The club, to assist them in obtaining means to pay for the memorial, gave two performances, afternoon and evening, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. To accomplish this, a circular was sent by the club to the members of the dramatic and musical professions, soliciting their volunteer aid, to which an immediate and generous response was made, resulting in the following programme:

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1873.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MANAGER.....MR. GABRIEL HARRISON
STAGE DIRECTOR.....MR. JAS. SCHONBERG
MUSICAL DIRECTORS Messrs. M. PAPST, JOHN M. LORETZ, JR., & H. TISSINGTON
PROMPTER.....Mr. ALFRED BECKS

THE JOHN HOWARD PAYNE MEMORIAL.

TWO PERFORMANCES UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
"FAUST CLUB,"

AFTERNOON & NIGHT, RENDERED BY A LARGE NUMBER OF VOLUNTEER ARTISTS.
The dramatic portion is presented mainly through the cordial co-operation of LESTER WALLACK, Esq., of Wallack's; EDWIN BOOTH, Esq., of Booth's; A. M. PALMER, Esq., of the Union Square Theatre; Messrs. JARRETT and PALMER, of Niblo's, who have freely granted permission for members of their companies to appear.

The AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE will commence at 2 P. M. with John Howard Payne's drama,

CLARI!
THE MAID OF MILAN.

Rolamo.....Mr. John Gilbert
The Duke Vivaldi.....Mr. E. M. Holland
Jocoso.....Mr. Robert Pateman
Nimpedo.....Mr. C. E. Edwin
Nicol.....Mr. W. H. Jones
Geronio.....Mr. Geo. W. Browne
Pelgrino.....Mr. J. W. Leonard
Nobleman.....Mr. H. M. Brennan
Page.....Mr. Frank Lamb
Clari, (with the song of "Home, Sweet Home," in the same situation in which it was originally used).....Miss Phillis Glover
Vespina.....Miss Fanny Hayward
Leoda.....Miss Imogene Fowler
Fidalma.....Mme. Ponist
Ninetta.....Miss Kate Holland
Pelgrino's Wife.....Miss Blaisdell

To be followed by a

GRAND MUSICAL OLIO.

OVERTURE—"Maitana".....Musical Conductor, Mr. H. Tissington
Orchestra
SONG—"The Last Rose of Summer".....Mr. Mark Smith
BALLAD—"The Last Rose of Summer".....Madame Anna Bishop
Accompanist, Mr. Wagner.
SONG—"La Donna E Mobile".....Verdi
Mr. H. R. Humphries.

After which the celebrated TELEGRAPH SCENE from

THE LONG STRIKE.

Mr. Moneypenny.....Mr. J. H. Stoddart
Jane Learoyd.....Miss Julia Gaylord
Telegraph Clerk.....Mr. E. M. Holland
Betsy.....Miss Kate Holland

To conclude with a

RECITATION—"The Bells"—(by Edgar A. Poe).....Mr. Steele Mackaye

OVERTURE.....ORCHESTRA

THE EVENING PERFORMANCE will commence at 8 P.M. with John Howard Payne's, comedy,

CHARLES III!

Charles II.....Mr. J. W. Carroll
Rochester.....Mr. James Dunn
Captain Copp.....Mr. Thomas Morris
Edward.....Mr. Maurice Pike
Lady Clara, with Sontag's "Echo Song".....Miss Ellen Morant
Mary Copp, with Song, "The Bird on the Tree".....Miss Jennie Lee

To be followed by a

GRAND MUSICAL OLIO.

- OVERTURE—"Pearl of Bagdad".....Musical Conductor, Mr. J. M. Loretz, Jr
Verdi
- BOLERO—"Sicilian Vespers,".....Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt, accompanied by Mr. Geo. W. Colby.
Beethoven
- ADELAIDE.....Song by H. E. Humphries, accompanied by Geo. W. Colby.
Mohr
- HOFFNUNG—(Hope).....Brooklyn Saengerbund—Mr. Groeschel, Conductor.
Blahop
- BALLAD—"Home Sweet Home," words by J. H. Payne.....Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt, accompanied by Mr. Colby.
Beschnitt
- "MEIN SCHIFFLEIN," (my little bark).....Brooklyn Saengerbund.

The performance will conclude with John Howard Payne' Comedietta,

LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Konsalus, a soldier.....Mr. Hy. C. Rynar
Barlitz, a peasant.....Mr. Edward Lamb
Christine.....Miss Fanny Hayward
Crandt.....Mr. H. Brennan

The receipts of the two performances amounted to about two thousand dollars; this result not reaching the amount required, another plan was immediately put into operation in the form of an art-drawing among the members of the club. The artists in and out of the club donated some of their best works. Their liberality was remarkable. Among the gentlemen who contributed, were Mr. James Hart, Rufus Wright, Gabriel Harrison, Ferdinand T. Boyle, John Williamson, J. A. Parker, W. M. Brown, J. B. Whitaker, Mr. Lanthier, Mr. Wiggins, George Hall, Mr. Henry Baerer, Mr. Groos, J. A. Faulkener, Mrs. Nagle, and others. Among the members of the Faust Club who took a liberal and very active interest in the art-drawing, and the erection of the memorial were D. M. Treadwell, J. Y. Culyer, and F. T. Hoyle. Not to have made especial mention of their names here would have been an act of injustice and ingratitude. The drawing was a success; whereon a committee of five was appointed to confer with the Commissioners of the Prospect Park, for the purpose of selecting a site for the monument. This done, the committee determined on the day for the unveiling, and the following programme was observed.

UNVEILING
OF THE
COLOSSAL BRONZE BUST
OF

John Howard Payne,

AT PROSPECT PARK,

Saturday, September 27th, 1873.

PROGRAMME:

- OVERTURE—"Semiramis," - - - - - ROSSINI.
TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT BAND.
1. CHORUS—"America," - - - - -
BY THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BROOKLYN.
2. PRESENTATION of the Bust of John Howard Payne to the Com-
missioners of Prospect Park by the President of Faust Club,
Thomas Kinsella.
3. THE UNVEILING BY THE SCULPTOR,
Mr. Henry Baerer.
4. HOME, SWEET HOME! sang by one thousand public-school child-
ren, in which the assemblage are requested to join the chorus.
5. ACCEPTANCE of the Bust by Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan, President
of Commission.
6. ODE—(Written for the occasion), by Jno. G. Saxe, LL. D.
READ BY THE POET.
7. GALOP—"Clear the Track," - - - - - STRAUSS.
TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT BAND.
8. ORATION, - - - - - By William C. DeWitt.
9. CHORUS—"Flag of the Free," - - - - - MILLARD.
BY THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
10. GRAND MARCH—"Coronation," - - - - - MEYERBEER.
TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT BAND.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

GABRIEL HARRISON, CHAIRMAN.

THOS. KINSELLA,
FRANCIS S. SMITH,
S. D. MORRIS,
HENRY MINTON, M. D.,
E. LAMB,
J. J. MCCLOSKEY,
ANDREW MCLEAN,
W. H. WOODWARD,
H. T. CHAPMAN, JR.,

W. H. CLARK,
E. P. ACKERMAN,
W. N. GRIFFITH,
J. Y. CULYER,
F. T. L. BOYLE,
A. G. TORREY,
JAS. TERRY,
J. W. CARROLL,
A. W. PETERS,

G. G. BARNARD,
J. M. LORETZ, JR.,
D. M. TREADWELL,
D. B. THOMPSON,
W. C. HUDSON,
C. H. PARSONS,
M. PAPST,
T. B. SIDEBOTHAM, JR.

Union Print.

THE PRESENTATION BY THOMAS KINSELLA.

“ Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Park Commission :

“ On behalf of the Faust Club of the city of Brooklyn, I have the honor to present to you to-day, in trust for the citizens of Brooklyn and for their descendants, a colossal bust of John Howard Payne. The present is from a club made up for the most part of journalists, artists, dramatists, musicians, and actors. This present is made because the Faust Club desired to contribute something to the attractions of this popular domain; to add something to the means of cultivating and gratifying public taste; to perpetuate the fame of one who may be said to have labored and succeeded in a majority of the callings I have enumerated; to show that in their opinion, it is not all of life to make a living; to incite, it may be, citizens of greater affluence to follow their example, so that in time the counterfeit presentments of the representative men of all nations may be found in Prospect Park, and side by side with them the statues and busts of the men whose names light up our country's history, and whose deeds give weight and character and dignity to the word American. From the bead-roll of the great names of native-born men we selected John Howard Payne—because he was connected with so many professions represented in the Faust Club; because he was among the first of Americans who established a reputation in Europe as an actor and an author; because in his life he was not fortunate; because his memory seems to have been neglected; because he is connected by residence and by ancestry with Long Island; because his remains have been allowed to mingle with the dust of a foreign land; because—and I confess it, sir—there was, running through his life, a streak of Bohemianism, which is not without its attraction to men who follow those pro-

fessions which contribute less to the necessities than to the grace, the culture, and the refinements of life. It is for my friend and brother to speak of John Howard Payne to-day as a journalist, an actor, a dramatist, a representative of his country abroad, and as a man. To the masses he will never need any other introduction than this — he is the author of *Home, Sweet Home*.

“The bust which is about to be presented is the work of Mr. Henry Baerer, a retiring, unobtrusive, and most meritorious sculptor. It is regarded as a work of art of exceptional excellence, and the members of the Faust Club believe they have performed a service for art in the wide introduction they have secured to-day for Mr. Baerer. Would that the dust of Payne could be deposited to-day in his native soil, and in some such delightful spot as this, and that, placing this monument to his fame above it, we might say, in the language of one of our living poets :

‘ Oh, Mother Earth ! upon thy lap,
 Thy weary ones receiving,
 And o’er them silent as a dream
 Thy grassy mantle weaving,
 Fold softly in thy long embrace
 That heart so worn and broken,
 And cool its pulse of fire beneath
 Thy shadows old and oaken.’

“Let me say, in closing, that it affords me peculiar pleasure to make this presentation directly through you, Mr. President. We stand here in a domain set apart for the use, enjoyment, pleasure, and education of the people of Brooklyn. It has cost them many millions of dollars. What of it? Who will dare to estimate its value in dollars to-day? What citizen of Brooklyn would consent to part with it to-day for money? That Prospect Park exists as it is within the lifetime of the present generation, is due to you beyond all men — to your foresight, to your resolution,

to your courageous faith in the future of the beautiful city we call home."

At the conclusion of Mr. Kinsella's remarks, Mr. Henry Baerer, the sculptor quickly cut the cord that held the covering over the bust, and as the star spangled veil fell to the earth, loud and prolonged applauses greeted the artist's work. Simultaneous with this the voices of over one thousand children filled the air with the song of *Home, Sweet Home!* while the great multitude of twenty-five thousand people joined in the chorus. The effect was electrical, and, before the song was completed, many eyes in the vast crowd were overflowing with tears.

This done, amid a solemn silence, the Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan, President of the Prospect Park Commission, arose and addressed the people and the members of the Faust Club as follows :

" Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Faust Club of Brooklyn :

" The Park Commission, representing this city and speaking for all the people, gratefully accept the monumental gift which your generosity has furnished, and which by the ceremonies of this hour, is transferred to its possession and future keeping. The splendid bust just unveiled, so complete as a work of art and so true to life, will hereafter be one of the attractions of Prospect Park, while paying a becoming tribute to one so well deserving, but hitherto so little known to, fame.

" John Howard Payne, though a man of brilliant inspirations and lofty genius, did not in life, except within a limited circle, command the attention he deserved. Unlike his contemporaries and companions, Irving, Morris, Willis, Cooper, and others, whose names have so long been familiar to the popular ear, he was for the most part unknown, perhaps, I might say, even neglected by his countrymen. Thousands and tens of thousands have been charmed with

one of the finest and simplest products of his pen, *Home! Sweet Home!* with scarcely any knowledge of the man who gave it birth. His literary career began in a foreign land while he was yet in comparative youth. It ended at last on an inhospitable shore. Such sometimes is the seeming ill-fortune of genius. Of the characteristics of his mind, the moral qualities which endeared him to his friends, the range and merit of his literary productions, others will speak to you on this occasion. The duty imposed on me is mainly accomplished in receiving at your hands this bust, so fitly located, surrounded by and associated with the scenes of pastoral life, and by its very situation suggesting the quiet repose to which, though vainly sought by him, he gave expression in the tenderest strains of song. You have, gentlemen of the Faust Club, evinced a delicate and appreciating discrimination in selecting John Howard Payne as the man who deserves this commemorative honor. His name will hereafter be more familiar to the people.

“The occasion naturally reminds us of the limited extent of such efforts in this country to do honor to men of mark, while the increasing demand for park grounds, as places of popular recreation and enjoyment suggests the fitting receptacle of these visible memorials of departed greatness. The classic nations of olden times gained much for themselves, and have contributed much to the pleasure of the world, by such public recognition of their illustrious dead. Art was encouraged and developed thereby, and the tastes of the people elevated. Even to this day many of these works still remain as unrivaled models of perfection and beauty. Modern Europe has long since caught the inspiration supplied by the example of the ancients. Her cities abound with the productions of art, many of them designed to keep in memory and make familiar to the people the names of her scholars, poets, soldiers, and statesmen. We have had them; the future will give us more, and can we do better than to learn a lesson from others older than our-

selves? The visitor who enters the grand plaza of this park will be greeted by the statue of the lamented Lincoln, vocal with a thousand associations and suggestions. In making the circuit of the park, his eye will fall upon the bust of the illustrious Washington Irving, the historian and scholar. If he shall repair to this retired and quiet scene of rural life, the bust of John Howard Payne will arrest his notice and become his teacher. I trust that the work of enriching this pleasure-ground with such monuments has simply begun. As the years roll away, their number should and will be increased, till at length the best characteristics of Prospect Park will consist in memorials placed here in honor of those whose career has been fraught with blessings to their country and the world."

Immediately on the conclusion of Mr. Stranahan's remarks, John G. Saxe, LL.D., took his place in front of the platform, and read the ode which he had written for the occasion.

ODE.

I.

To him who sang of "Home, sweet home,"
 In strains so sweet the simple lay
 Has thrilled a million hearts, we come,
 A nation's graceful debt to pay.
 Yet, not for him the bust we raise;
 Ah, no! can lifeless lips prolong
 Fame's trumpet-voice? The poet's praise
 Lives in the music of his song!

II.

The noble dead we fondly seek
 To honor with applauding breath;
 Unheeded fall the words we speak,
 Upon "the dull, cold ear of death."
 Yet, not in vain the spoken word;
 Nor vain the monument we raise;
 With quicker throbs our hearts are stirred,
 To catch the nobleness we praise!

III.

Columbia's sons — we share his fame ;
 'Tis for ourselves the bust we rear,
 That they who mark the graven name,
 May know that name to us is dear ;
 Dear as the home the exile sees,—
 The fairest spot beneath the sky,—
 Where, first — upon a mother's knees —
 He slept, and where he yearns to die.

IV.

But not alone the lyric fire
 Was his ; the Drama's muse can tell
 His genius could a Kean inspire ;
 A Kemble owned his magic spell ;
 A Kean, to " Brutus " self so true,
 (As true to Art and Nature's laws)
 He seemed the man the poet drew,
 And shared with him the town's applause !

V.

Kind hearts and brave, with truth severe
 He drew, unconscious, from his own ;
 O nature rare ! But pilgrims here
 Will oft'nest say, in pensive tone,
 With reverent face and lifted hand,
 " 'Twas he — by Fortune forced to roam —
 Who, homeless, in a foreign land,
 So sweetly sang the joys of home ! "

After the applause upon the reading of the ode, had subsided, Mr. Kinsella then introduced the orator of the day, William C. De Witt, who, in a fine, clear voice, which was heard to the furthest extremity of the great crowd, spoke as follows:

ORATION.

" We meet among grand and familiar scenes. Only a short distance from the southern ~~side~~ of this park, the waves of the Atlantic, breaking on our coast, present one

of the ocean-boundaries of the great republic which is our nation's home. Nearer still, beneath the declining sun, gleam the more peaceful waters of the bay, which is the imperial gateway and harbor of our Empire state; and down the northern and the eastern vista rise the compact walls and steeples many of our own Brooklyn — the city of homes, and home of cities yet to be; while all about us, in this vast assemblage beneath the autumnal foliage, are the faces which around our hearth-stones kindle with joy when we are prosperous and happy, and darken with anguish when we are stricken with sadness or affliction.

“Among scenes thus beautiful and familiar, brothers of the Faust Club, we come to consecrate one of the cardinal virtues, and to erect a monument to the memory of the author of *Home, Sweet Home*. It is not merely the individual that we wish to commemorate, but it is, besides, the love of home with which his name is inseparably interwoven for all time. Like Virgil in his *Æneid*, we take a double subject. We celebrate the sentiment and the man, home and the author, the fireside and the stage — his life.

“John Howard Payne, whose living presence long since resolved to dust, in some measure reappears in the imperishable bronze of this bust, was born in the city of New York, on the 9th of June, 1792, and died at Tunis on the 9th of April, 1852. His life was remarkable for personal beauty and intellectual precocity in its youth, for great usefulness and excellence in acting and authorship in its maturity, and for versatility in literature and faithfulness in public office during its closing years.

“Some of his sweetest verses were written when he was only fourteen years old, and at that age he had attracted public attention by his contributions to the newspaper-press. He was well educated, mainly by his parents and partly by a studentship at Union College, broken off after two years. He went upon the stage when only seventeen years old, and in characters peculiarly suited to his years, won the

title of the *American Roscius*, and was regarded, apparently with justice, as the best actor of his age in Europe or America. He was physically so handsome that he provoked criticism as being 'too beautiful for a man,' and it is evident that he possessed those talents and graces without which beauty is a cheat. When he went to England, in 1813, he was twenty-one years old, and from that period he challenges attention to his life.

"*The conditions under which he wrote.*— Properly to appreciate John Howard Payne, the place and circumstances in and under which he fitted himself for his life's work, must be taken into consideration. Our country was then in its extreme infancy. An energetic, hard-working people breaking ground on a new continent, the pursuit of letters had comparatively few votaries on this side of the Atlantic. The literature of the world was accessible to us only through expensive and difficult courses. We had produced great statesmen, good lawyers, and tolerable generals, but letters and the arts had been neglected. Indeed, an English journal of professed friendship to America, in descanting upon the appearance of Mr. Payne at Drury Lane, deemed it just to speak of us in this wise:

" 'A youth from a remote country—a country nearly two centuries behind us in the improvement of every art—must come before a London audience under every possible disadvantage. There must necessarily be a difference of manner, of deportment, of enunciation and even of accent, all tending to make rather an unfavorable impression. We may form some idea of the impression an actor from Ephesus would have made two thousand years ago on one of the theatres of Athens, where the Greek language had arrived at such a degree of polish that the common fruit-women could criticise all the niceties of its pronunciation.'

"It was in the morning twilight of American art and literature that Payne prepared himself for the pen and the

stage. He is first to be regarded as a pioneer in the uncultivated fields of intellectual labor in America, with no other training than that which his primitive home could afford. When it is remembered that it was with this discipline, and no more, with an education acquired in the midst of such obstacles, and no greater help, that he transferred himself to London, and there, in the presence of the wealth and genius of the old world, gave our country an honored name and fame in the history of the dramatic art in England — the first American who thus honored his country abroad — what praise of him can be fulsome here, what gratitude can be too magnanimous?

“In examining his life’s work, his dual capacity is constantly before you, and you cannot divide it without marring his fame. It will not do to consider him either as an actor or as an author alone. It was his governing ambition to merge the two pursuits together in such measure as to produce the greatest possible usefulness.

“When he entered upon the English stage, it was blazing with the glories of Kemble and of Kean, and lighted occasionally by the still greater brilliancy of Talma, who at Paris, divided the hearts of the French people with the first Napoleon. It is not likely that he was, in all respects the equal of these masters, yet he competed with them in all their greatest characters, and bore along with him, through all his star engagements in England and Ireland, the applause of the people and the laudations of the press.

“As a dramatist, he may likewise have been surpassed in originality and genius by some of his contemporaries, yet, in usefulness to dramatic literature, he is not easily matched. Payne wrote in all about forty plays. It is true most of these were reproductions from the French, and during his stay at Paris, under contract with English managers. London may be said to have been largely dependent upon his pen for its dramatic novelties and entertainments. Yet his reproductions from the French stage

were in no sense literal translations, for Payne's taste and experience enabled him to alter a plot whenever it displeased him, and so many were his inroads upon the speeches that the originals would scarcely be recognized in the copy. Utility marked all he did. His adaptations were practical and popular, and although surrounded by competition in this pursuit, he eclipsed all his rivals.

“The greatest of the dramatic works which he called his own was his tragedy, entitled *Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin*. While he had the assistance of seven plays previously devised upon the main incident of *Brutus*, yet the feebleness of their help may be judged from the fact that five of these plays were absolute failures, and two occupied the stage for only a few unprofitable nights. Payne's *Brutus* is one of the most popular and enduring tragedies in the English language. The intensity of its arrangement, its strong, brusque, startling characterization, and the fiery eloquence of its speeches justly entitle its author to favor and fame. His comedy of *Charles II*, is more wholly original than *Brutus*, and is popular and meritorious, while his adaptation of *Thérèse* to the English stage was regarded at the time of its production as a master-stroke of art.

“Of the purely poetical works of Payne there is a large number of beautiful, small poems, all remarkable for their richness of sentiment, and the opera of *Clari* in which the immortal ballad had its birth. He wrote also a biographical work entitled *Our Neglected Poets*, and was a contributor of essays to many of the political controversies in this country after his return from abroad.

“Such were the literary and dramatic labors of John Howard Payne. They are not, however, to be separated from each other. They did not occur at different or distinct stages in his career. All through his life the two pursuits of acting and authorship ran together, and his highest claim to renown is in his excellence, not in one, but

in both, and in his unparalleled usefulness to this double calling. The debt due him from posterity is one purely of gratitude. He does not extort admiration by the dazzling splendors of extraordinary genius, but he has earned an honest fame by the utility of his talents, and the abundant fruits of his patient and laborious life.

“But, my friends, just and kind and becoming as it would have been for you to have selected John Howard Payne for this monumental compliment because of these great services to dramatic and poetic literature and art, it was, after all, the immortal ballad that peculiarly endeared him to your hearts.

“*Home, Sweet Home!* What memories these simple words recall? What ties of kindredship flash through their Promethean heat? How burdened with sacred thoughts of rest and peace they are! And here in Brooklyn — our home, and peculiarly fitted to be called the city of homes — it was touchingly appropriate that this song should have a shrine.

“This little poem, like its author, is largely indebted to providential aids for its celebrity. It was not the coinage of many years of meditation, like Gray’s ‘Elegy,’ nor was it written, like our national anthem, amid the scenes it sought to consecrate. Payne never knew what it was to have a home after he was thirteen years old. About this period of his life, his mother, whose love and virtue probably planted within him those sentiments which burst from his soul years after she was gone, and his father, who stood behind the scenes in tears when his boy first trusted himself to the temptations of the stage, went to their long home beyond the grave.

“From this moment Payne was a wanderer, and despite the tenderness of his heart, and the fascinations of the fair sex, with which he must have been constantly assailed, he maintained his celibacy and hopelessness until he consum-

mated it by death upon the remote and hoary shores of the Mediterranean. Strange that a wanderer should have sung this song of home. Nevertheless, it was while in London, engaged in writing *Clari*, which he subsequently converted from a drama into an opera, and when his mind was doubtless dwelling upon his delightful boyhood at East Hampton, that he wrote *Home, Sweet Home*.

“The song is short and simple. It is remarkable neither for elegance of diction nor harmony of numbers. But it has crowded into a few lines every thought and sentiment and scene of its blessed subject: ‘the lowly thatched cottage,’ ‘the singing birds,’ the ‘hallowing charm from above,’ and ‘the peace of mind better than all.’ It is full of the fruit and essence of its theme. Yet must this poem have slept the sleep of the forgotten and the lost, had it got no better succor than printer’s ink and the inquiring eye of the scholar. Indeed, it had been in Payne’s possession, among his rubbish, for a long time before it was brought out at all. It wanted the tune which was to hum it wherever the English language was or should be spoken. Music was needed, and music came. As when some parent bird, on lofty pinions, circling above his eyrie, seeing its young prepared to fly, yet fearful of the elements, descends and bearing the fledgeling forth to mid-heaven, puts him on his experimental voyage through the air, so music came to this rich germ of poetic thought, and upbearing it upon the cloud of melody, in which it has ever since lived and moved and had its being, sent it chanting and singing forever and forever through the world.

“I said awhile ago, that after his thirteenth year Payne never knew what home was. Yet this I know not. For where is our home? Is it that first one in which we were born? Is it the household that rang with the laughter of later boyhood? Is it the scene of our first nuptials? or the last? or is it the more solemn tenement in which old age

lies down to die? These fade and merge with the march of time, and the organic thing keeps shifting into the infinite. Where is our home? Shall we seek for it in the realms of fancy? Is it upon the Elysian fields where Homer pictured heart's ease and glory, or is it in the fabled Atlantis beyond the Herculean pillars of the sky? Is it in that new world in quest of which the venerable Ulysses sighed to sail 'beyond the sunset, and the baths of all the western stars until he died.' Or is it among the many mansions and upon the eternal hills? This is the wondrous mystery. All I know is that where the soul dwells, that is our country, and where the heart is, there is our home.

"And now to the sentiment of the song, and the memory of the man, let this monument be dedicated, and to the honor of its founders, may it endure forever."

Mr. Henry Baerer, the sculptor, was then introduced to the assemblage. After which *Home, Sweet Home!* was again sang by the children and the multitude, at the termination of which, all departed for their homes.

Gloom and disappointment may have hung over the life of the man whom twenty-five thousand people had met this day to commemorate in bronze and granite, but, if this world was ever blessed with a perfect day, it was the day the bronze bust of John Howard Payne was unveiled. The whole summer had been a beautiful one; the frequent falls of rainbowed storms had refreshed the growth of trees, and fields, and flowers; and nature all around was in a perfection seldom seen. The broad piazzas of bright green fields were relieved here and there by the long-reaching, darker green in shadows from the massive groups of tall trees. Flowers of every kind were out in their bright colors, and the birds busy among the Park trees made the mild air of a September afternoon bewitchingly sweet with their melody, while Aqua Fontana dashed upwards from their subterranean beds in grand crystal columns, cresting over and sparkling in the sunbeams like

showers of diamonds, until, fading into a mist of transcendent splendor, they disappeared in their marble basins below, and, as you stood upon the gentle sloping mound, on which the memorial lifted its graceful proportions, with the eye sweeping over the great space that led to the main entrance of the park, watching the scattering throngs of people departing for their homes, it awakened the reflective mind to the importance of the occasion. In this event, the Faust Club accomplished a thing that will ever reflect to their glory and memory, and have set an example to other organizations that will in the future be imitated, and thereby many an art-work will not only adorn our public parks, but will restore to memory the deeds and accomplishments of others, who perhaps had too long rested in the gloom of forgetfulness.

The bust is a masterly production, "the modeling is really fine. It gives the intellect of the poet in the most pronounced manner; the lines express thoughts touched with care. In this dual expression the sculptor has achieved his greatest triumph; the nose, too, is beautifully modeled; and the mouth expresses the firmness of the inflexible resolution of the man. All these facial characteristics are brought together by the sculptor into a harmonious whole." The pose of the head is downward, and the reflective, inward look of the deep-set eyes seems to express a sad sentiment of inner life, and as you look on the colossal head, the mind of the beholder at once suggests, so must he have looked when he wrote the song of *Home, Sweet Home*.

LISPINGS OF THE MUSE:

A

SELECTION

FROM

JUVENILE POEMS,

CHIEFLY WRITTEN AT AND BEFORE THE AGE OF SIXTEEN,

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"HE LISP'D IN NUMBERS, FOR THE NUMBERS CAME."

COMPILED BY

GABRIEL HARRISON.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

1873.

P R E F A C E .

This little selection has been prepared as a shelter from the trouble of transcription, an office which the author has been solicited much oftener than he could spare the time to accomplish it, by the kind desire of friends to receive copies of the juvenile efforts of which it is composed. With regard to the work itself, the author is so conscious of the feebleness of its claims that he desires not to trust it beyond the indulgence and partiality of personal friends. It gives him no pleasure but from the associations it recalls. His ambition for verse-making never soared beyond the wish to amuse his friends ; and repeated experiments have convinced him that his talents for the business will never exceed the domestic quality of his ambition. In some instances, the last production which has been the subject of his admiration, before sitting down to write, will have insensibly diffused the influence of its impression around what he has written.

This is always so much the case with young writers, that it would have been named here only from an apprehension that the age at which these trifles were framed, might not be always remembered ; and cases of imitation might suggest themselves to others, which, had they been committed knowingly, would have been specified by himself ; but as, after this long interval, the course of his reading and reflection at the moment is so entirely forgotten that he

cannot retrace the paths from which he might have plucked flowers to deck his own wild wreath, he must refer the discovery to readers, with whom he could not have risked these infants of a mind never much given to poetry, unless fortified by the consciousness of having put them in the way of being judged with that good-humoured prejudice which people seldom bring to a new book, the determination that nothing shall prevent them from being pleased.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

London, February, 1815.

THE
LISPINGS OF THE MUSE.

VALEDICTORY.

[This poem was written at Boston, in 1805, when the author first quitted his home, and the Academy in which he had been educated, for New York. The author's father, Mr. William Payne, was the founder and director of the Seminary alluded to, which was known by the title of "Berry-Street Academy."]

O TIME! forgive the infant muse
Who dares to sing thy speedy flight,
And waft a sigh in silent views
To realms of permanent delight!
In vain I glance a wistful thought,
O'er joys too precious to be bought,
Where no sad change
Can e'er estrange
From scenes which erst engaged my feeling heart.

With fond rememb'rance I retrace
The years, the months, the weeks, the days,
Which "creeping in this petty space,"
I've spent in childhood's blithesome maze:
Now fled, like Ganges' sacred stream,
Or, like a visionary dream;
Now here — now gone —
Still passing on,
Or, like myself — *appears* but to *depart*!

Friends of my life, and dearest held,—
My filial vows to you I pay,
By love and duty both impell'd
While, from your guidance call'd, I stray,

With lively gratitude inspired ; —
 May all the bliss to be desired
 On you descend
 Till time shall end,
 And crown the wish convey'd in my *adieu* !

Still, fond rememb'rance, ling'ring, dwells
 O'er my lov'd ALMA'S nurt'ring shade,
 And painful recollection swells :
 The clust'ring branches there display'd,
 While nursed in Science' lib'ral store,
 And fed with literary lore —
 Oh, may they still
 Thy vot'ries fill,
 And they, like *me*, shall own their debt to *you*.

[At the age of thirteen.]

EPILOGUE TO THE WANDERER,

AN AMERICAN PLAY, ACTED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

Written at the age of fourteen, spoken by Mrs. Jones, who performed the part of Julia,
 the Wanderer.

So, then methinks we'll leave, without repining,
 This sobbing, monkish, methodistic whining :
 One serious part (at least, if they will tease one),
 Is *quantum sufficit* for half the season.
 Oh dear ! I scarce can force a smile to ask
 How you approve our author's infant task ?
 If to his *Wanderer* a home you'll give
 And bid the hope of trembling genius live ? —
 " Pshaw ! " cries old *ten-per-cent*, " don't talk to me
 Of trembling genius, hope, and —
 (Hesitating, then with a mimicking flourish,)
 ti-tum-tee !

" All stuff and nonsense ! If the *cash* be rare —
 What, genius, is thy boasted lot ? — despair !
 Though his bold flight reached worlds at every bound,
 Its end — what is it ? *two-pence* in the *pound* !
 The silly wight is left at last to curse
 His learned noddle, with an empty purse !
 Give me your plodding man of common sense,
 Whose wiser study is to soar at *pence* ;
 Who thinks no style like *invoice* half so terse is,
 And *contra credit* worth a ton of verses !
 If wits will write, why let them write, and starve ;
 For me, thank Heav'n ! I have my *goose* to carve,
 And cellar furnish'd to my heart's desire : —
 Prithee what more can man or beast require ? "

This said, he takes his quid, looks wise, and stirs the fire.
 From judges such as these we gladly turn
 To eyes that sparkle, and to hearts that burn,
 That conscious, kindle at *Columbia's* name,
 Proud of their country's letters, as her fame !
 That rear th' exotic, if the flowers be fair,
 But guard the native plant with ten-fold care ;
 Nourish its tendrils like the dew of dawn,
 And bid it bloom to cheer its parent lawn !
 Warmed by such favor, Genius learns to rise,
 Like our own Eagle, a career to run,
 Free as the air, and brilliant as the sun !
 A devious *Wanderer* fondly turns to you,
 To ask indulgence, not to claim a due ;
 And oh, believe her ! she would rather roam
 O'er any wilds, however far from home,
 Than fail to court, in modest merit's cause,
 The sanction of your smile — the fame of your applause !

FRAGMENT OF POETRY.

FOUND AT THE FALLS OF MOUNT IDA, TROY, IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Several passages were obliterated, by having been frequently trodden on; and those which remained, were traced out with much difficulty.

Shunning the noisy haunts of men,
 He loved to wander here. His friends were few:
 He cared not for the crowd. He heard, unhurt,
 The scornful jest of cruel ignorance.
 The poison'd arrows, which misfortune aim'd,
 Pierc'd not his heart, in such bold armor clad,
 That every point was blunted at the blow,
 And dropp'd unheeded down!

* * * * *

Oh! he would gaze,
 With rapture gaze upon this fairy scene,
 And he would moralize the opening leaf
 And in each little, curious fibre find
 The noblest tribute to its *Maker's* praise.

* * * * *

He joy'd to mark
 The silver stream swift gliding twixt the banks,
 Which seem'd to smile in extacy to see
 Their lovely foliage in the polish'd wave!
 In silent rapture would he sit and view
 These distant waters, torn up by the crags,
 Rippling and sparkling as they sprang in air:
 Then traced with hasty steps the forest path,
 Where stream impetuous plunges the abyss;
 Then rolls along exulting to be free,
 With roar at which earth trembles. Here he paus'd:
 For inspiration lived in every wave,
 And the aw'd soul was mute.

* * * * *

Within the cataract where th' embodied stream
 Leaps the high cliff, with dash of fury foaming,
 Sleeps the wild spirit of the storm. A cave,
 Formed by the jutting of that cliff, her cell;

The water-sheets, its wall, through which the sun
 Darts tempered hues of strange and various light;
 And as the tumult stills,—the waves subside,—
 And distant echoes die upon the ear,—
 With printless tread, along its flowery banks,
 The Muses love to wander, hand in hand—
 There, as it gently winds among the vales,
 To trace, through fairy lands, its silver course.

Note.—The scenery of the foregoing is described from nature. It is peculiarly picturesque. The jutting out of the top of the precipice throws the wave forward with a magnificent sweep, leaving an immense chasm between the sheet of water and the side of the cliff, to which the Poet cannot help assigning some inhabitant from among the numberless spirits who are always in waiting for appointments of that nature. The author therefore put the storm-spirit into it, and hopes she will be pleased with her residence, which certainly possesses great attractions from the rainbow effect of the sunbeams, as they come subdued into moonlight mildness by their passage through the stream.

ODE

FOR THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Written as a College Exercise.

WHEN erst our Sires their sails unfurl'd,
 To brave the trackless sea,
 They boldly sought an unknown world,
 Determin'd to be free!
 They saw their homes recede afar,
 The pale blue hills diverge,
 And, Liberty their guiding star,
 They plough'd the swelling surge!

No splendid hope their wand'rings cheer'd;
 No lust of wealth beguiled;—
 They left the towers that Plenty rear'd,
 To seek the desert wild;

The climes where proud luxuriance shone,
 Exchang'd for forests drear ;
 The splendour of a Tyrant's throne,
 For honest Freedom here !

Though hungry wolves the nightly prowl
 Around their log-hut took ;
 Though savages with hideous howl
 Their wild-wood shelter shook ;
 Though tomahawks around them glared,—
 To Fear could such hearts yield ?
 No ! God, for whom they danger dared,
 In danger was their shield !

When giant Power, with blood-stain'd crest,
 Here grasp'd his gory lance,
 And dared the warriors of the West
 Embattled to advance,—
 Our young COLUMBIA sprang, alone
 (In God her only trust),
 And humbled, with a sling and stone,
 This monster to the dust !

Thus nobly rose our greater Rome,
 Bright daughter of the skies —
 Of Liberty the hallow'd home,
 Whose turrets proudly rise,—
 Whose sails now whiten every sea,
 On every wave unfurl'd ;
 Form'd to be happy, great, and free,
 The Eden of the world !

Shall we, the sons of valiant Sires,
 Such glories tamely stain ?
 Shall these rich vales, these splendid spires,
 E'er brook a Monarch's reign ?
 No ! If the Despot's iron hand
 Must here a sceptre wave,
 Raz'd be those glories from the land,
 And be the land our grave !

TO A LADY,

WHOSE INFANT DAUGHTER DELPHINE WAS REMARKABLE FOR THE
BEAUTY, FIRE, AND INTELLIGENCE OF HER EYES.

The Rose, which boasts so rich a dye,
And wantonly with Zephyr plays,
Woos the delighted traveler's eye,
Yet blushes at the traveler's gaze.

That Rose, in but a little while,
Shall bloom and blush no longer there,
Shall pass away, like beauty's smile,—
Be pale and cheerless, like Despair.

But when another Spring shall rise,
Another Rose shall there be found ;
Another Rose of richer dyes
Shall shed a sweeter fragrance round.

Thou art that earlier Rose. O! long
Be friendship with thy virtues blest !
The theme of many a Poet's song ;
The idol of affection's breast !

And, if thy little one confirm
The promise of her sparkling eyes,
In DELPHINE we behold the germ
Of the next Rose, of richer dyes.

O! may this child surpass in worth
The bright example thou hast given,
Charm the enraptured sons of Earth,
Then flourish in the fields of Heaven !

MARY.

" Ah me ! how sweet is Love itself possess,
 When but Love's shadows are so rich in joy ! "

SHAKESPEARE.

If Reason could the heart control,
 If Memory from itself could fly,
 I'd quench the fire that burns my soul,
 Nor drink the poison from her eye !

How often have I vainly sought
 To guard against Love's madd'ning sway,—
 But flashing deep into my heart,
 One glance has swept resolves away !

Since Reason, then, can ne'er assuage
 Presumptuous reveries like mine,
 Rage on, my soul ! still madly rage,
 And be a fancied Mary thine !

Long may the fairy vision spread
 Its soothing spell around my mind,
 That joy, itself forever fled,
 May leave the phantom still behind !

And when, at length, this life shall fade,
 And earthly scenes recede in gloom,
 My Mary's fondly cherished shade
 Shall light my passage to the tomb !

A very accomplished lady, by the name of AIR, residing at Providence, in the state of Rhode Island, was on the eve of departure from Boston, where she had been some months on a visit. A gentleman, celebrated for the frequency and felicity of his puns, was solicited by a friend of this lady to express his admiration in a farewell poem, which was, of course, expected to have been a poem of puns; but the parties were surprised to receive, in place of the expected *jeu d'esprit*, a grave series of compliments, conveyed in delightful poetry, but not one pun in the whole collection. This incident called forth the following

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. AIR, ON HER DEPARTURE FOR PROVIDENCE;
WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY SOMEBODY ELSE.

Yes! I am lost! By those bright eyes
Entrapp'd before I was aware!
Ev'n Hope deserts me! for my sighs
Are given to *unconscious* AIR.

Like the *mild* AIR which sweetly swells
The notes of an Æolian lyre,
Whose magic every woe dispels,
And fills us with seraphic fire,—

This soothing, *lovely* AIR can make
The passions bend to her control,
And, with ethereal mildness, wake
The softest music of the soul!

Thy smile (like the *pure* AIR which blows
Where spirits of the blest unite),
Exhilarating AIR! bestows
A dear delirium of delight!

I live — I move — by means of AIR;
Yet gentle AIR resolves to fly!
Oh stay! protect me from despair;
By AIR *deserted*, I must DIE!

¹ *Exhilarating air* is Sir Humphrey Davy's term for what is called in the technical phrase of chemistry — *gaseous oxyd of nitrogen*. When inhaled, it produces the wildest ecstasy. A late writer on the subject poetically imagines that the atmosphere of *Heaven* is composed of that kind of air.

DERMODY.

“Whether by accident or design, I know not, but never were the remains of a Bard deposited in a spot more calculated to inspire a contemplative mind with congenial and interesting feelings.” *Monthly Mirror*, London, 1802.

If, pensive stranger! in thy breast
The flowers of Fancy ever bloom,
Come hither, stranger! come and rest
Upon this rose-encircled tomb!

This tomb, to which at eve retires
Neglected Genius:— here, alone,
He weeps, despises and admires
The wretch whose wrongs describe his own!

The aged Minstrel, pausing here,
Of many a plaintive lay beguil'd,
Laments, with many a tribute tear,
The Poet “wonderful and wild.”

Could but that Poet swell the song,
And *now* with phrensied touch inspire
The harp whose notes he'd *once* prolong
Till his whole soul would be on fire,—

Ah! could he touch — The thrilling strain
Would wake a kindred ecstasy,
And thou wouldst sigh to hear again
The lyre of luckless DERMODY!

And o'er his lov'd remains, which sleep
Cold in this dark sepulchral bed,
Then wouldst thou sit, like me, and weep
The wild-ey'd Bard of Erin dead!

And thou wouldst bathe the flowers that wave,
Till ev'ry flow'r that bloom'd before
Should, bending, kiss the sacred grave,
And bow, and weep, and bloom no more!

The following was dedicated to an English Lady, who had been twice married. The happiness of the earlier part of her life was blasted by the ill-treatment of a very profligate husband; but her felicity was restored by the second marriage, which was remarkably prosperous. These circumstances will explain some allusions in the Poem.

MAY AND HER PROTEGÉ.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. A. V. H. ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
HER BIRTH IN MAY.

BY THE POET-LAUREATE TO HER ROSY-CHEEKED MAJESTY THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
QUEEN FLORA.

MY DEAR MADAM,

The inspiration of your Birth-day sets even *me* into a humor for rhyming. What a magical day, to inspire *me*, of all the stupid people in the world! I hope you will not, true woman-like, be vexed at my making May *your* Queen, instead of making you the Queen of May, as is usual on such occasions. I could not consign you to a better protector than this blooming nymph; and I think it is fully proved in the enumeration of her past bounties, with which I have the honor to accompany my congratulations on the return of this anniversary.

Sweet MAY! thy magic charms inspire

Poets, as well as birds, to sing;

Each hopes to utter from his lyre

The best turn'd compliment to Spring.

The flowers which start beneath thy tread,

The Graces which around thee throng,

Have madden'd every Poet's head,

Since the first Poet lisp'd in song.

But, lovely May! although thy smile

Turns deserts into rosy bow'rs;

Beams forth such raptures as beguile

The wretched of their gloomiest hours;

Yet higher joys thy happy dawn,

Enchanting month! to me unful'd,

When, on AMELIA'S natal morn,

Thou, smiling, gav'st her to the world!

Yes! at that hour didst thou impart

Thy softness to her eye and face,

With thine own warmth inspire her heart,

And o'er her form diffuse thy grace!

When tyranny, neglect, and woe

Low'r'd awful o'er thy lovely trust;

NOVEMBER would have bid her go,

And skulk into a grave accurst:—

LISPINGS OF THE MUSE.

But taught by *thee*, Heav'n's darling MAY,
 When the black tempest hid the skies,
 She bow'd to its o'erwhelming sway,
 Then saw a *cloudless sun* arise!

Yes, lovely May! to thee she owes
 That conscious purity of soul,
 Which, though it cannot *shield* from woes,
 Spurns their *unlimited* control!

Drear was the past detested hour!
 Her present bliss by contrast charms —
 That past, forgotten, through thy pow'r,
 In a *deserving* husband's arms!

Still o'er her destiny preside,
 And grant that ev'ry future day,
 Which, gentle month, shall o'er her glide,
 Be soothing and serene as MAY!

 THE TOMB OF GENIUS.

Where the chilling north wind howls,
 Where the weeds so widely wave,
 Mourn'd by the weeping willow,
 Wash'd by the beating billow,
 Lies the youthful Poet's grave.

Beneath yon little eminence,
 Mark'd by the grass-green turf,
 The winding sheet his form encloses,
 On the cold rock his head reposes —
 Near him foams the troubled surf!

“Roars around” his tomb “the ocean,”
 Pensive sleeps the moon-beam there!
 Naiads love to wreath his urn —
 Dryads thither hie to mourn —
 Fairy music melts in air!

O'er his tomb the village virgins
 Love to drop the tribute-tear ;
 Stealing from the groves around,
 Soft they tread the hallow'd ground,
 And scatter wild flow'rs o'er his bier.

By the cold earth mantled —
 All alone —
 Pale and lifeless lies his form :
 Batters on his grave the storm :
 Silent now his tuneful numbers :
 Here the son of Genius slumbers :
 Stranger ! mark his burial stone !

THE following *jeu d'esprit* was written in the honour of a celebrated lady in Virginia by the name of MAYO, whose virtues, beauty, and accomplishments deserve a higher eulogium from an abler pen. The effort was more immediately prompted by a remark that the name of MAYO was no way susceptible of a pun. The Poem was intended to be complete as an independent allegory, and, at the same time, appropriate in every reference to its subject.

PUZZLE.

Fatigu'd and restless, on my bed
 I languish'd for the dawn of morrow,
 Till slumber sooth'd my aching head,
 And lull'd, in fairy dreams, my sorrow.

I seem'd in that serene retreat,¹
 Which smiles in spite of stormy weather ;
 Where flowers and virtues, clustering, meet,
 And cheeks and roses blush together :

When soon twelve slyph-like forms, I dream'd,
 Successive on my vision darted,
 And still the latest comer seem'd
 Fairer than she who just departed.

¹ *The Hermitage*,—a delightful country residence of the lady, afterwards the wife of Gen. Scott.

Yet *one* there was, whose azure eye
 A melting, holy, lustre lighted,
 Which censur'd, while it wak'd, the sigh,
 And chid the feelings it excited.

“Mortal!” a mystic speaker said,
 “In these the sister months discover : —
 “Select from these the brightest maid,—
 “Prove to the brightest maid a lover.”

I heard, and felt no longer free !
 The dream dissolves, the sisters sever,
 While raptur'd, I exclaim, “With thee,
 “Dear May! O, let me dwell for ever !”

EPILOGUE.

An original play called *Pulaski* was acted at college, and Master Howard Payne, at that time only fourteen years of age, and who sustained the only *female* character in the play, was appointed to write and pronounce the epilogue. He spoke it in the dress of *Lodoiska*, who entered hastily as the curtain fell.

“I haste kind guests, as you perhaps will say
 A wretched pleader for a wretched play.
 Oh, had you seen, repentant for his errors,
 Our trembling author's frown-subduing terrors,
 Even if you disapprov'd you would not show it,
 But spare the work in pity of the poet !

But soft a while — let me a moment pause —
 Speak for myself — and then assert his cause,
 Tell me, *ye beaux*, are your affections free?
 You need not answer, for I plainly see
 That you're all dying, *luckless beaux*, for me !

Ladies! do you no indignation feel
 That *Lodoiska* should your lovers steal?

Be calm, dear ladies! set your hearts at rest
 You shall retain your beaux, and make them blest !

For, lest a late discovery prove inhuman,
 In time I'll tell them that their *fair's* — no woman.
 "No woman!" say you? — gentle folks, don't stare!
 The transformation is no more than fair!
 So many women now *our breeches* wear
 That *we must sport their dresses*, or go bare!

Says that young lady in the gun boat bonnet
Or seems to say — "WE, sir, — WE wear the breeches, sir!
 Fie on it!"

Sweet Miss, I ask your pardon, but if you
 The fact deny, I'll try to prove it true.

Are you not *soldiers*? Fight ye not with — eyes?
 And many a stout heart carry by surprise?
 Who can withstand, "th' artillery of charms."
 The harvest heroes yield — to woman's arms!

Are ye not *merchants*? and to lose vexation
 Do you not marry upon speculation,
 And with the highest bidder play a trade
 On which embargoes can be laid!

But, woman-like, my tongue once under weigh
 From the main point, has gone so far astray
 That, self-absorb'd, I've quite forgot — "Our play."

"Our play!" the critics sneeringly exclaim —
 "*Our farce*" were surely a much fitter name.

Remember, *critics*, what you've seen this night
 Is but an unfledg'd poet's infant flight;
 'Tis yours to tempt him with bright plumes to rise,
 Spring from the plain, and glitter in the skies;
 Like our own Eagle, a career to run,
 Free as the air, and brilliant as the sun.

Ye lovely fair! beneath whose guardian eyes
 The humblest bud of genius never dies,
 And with *your* cheering smiles this honest claim —
 "The *smiles of beauty* are the wreaths of fame."

FLATTERY.

Lines addressed to a lady who told the author, she feared that the attention of the world would spoil him, and unfit him for any thing serious. Written in 1806.

Oh, Lady! hadst thou ever seen
 The tear unbidden fill my eye,
 Or mark'd me in the sportive scene,
 To half suppress the rising sigh,—

Thou would'st not think, that pleasure's glare
 Had blinded, and subdu'd my heart,
 Or planted deep was, rankling there
 The poison of her glittering dart!—

True, fortune on my boyhood smil'd,
 And much of flatt'ry I have known,
 Yet sorrow claims me as her child,
 And early mark'd me for her own.

Tho' *joy* has burst its prison chains,
 And rapture started from its sleep,
 They left me with severer pains,
 They taught me, better how to weep!—

Few are the hours which beam like those
 That I have sweetly spent with you,
 Which, brilliant 'mid a cloud of woes,
 In memory still their charms renew!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY FRIEND.

Death with reluctant steps, half lingering, hies,
 And, arm'd with terror, pitying, shakes his spear!
 He strikes, and as the lovely victim dies,
 Relenting, mourns her with a silent tear!

THE COQUETTE.

Oh, tell me, sweet girl, ere we part,
 'If your recent reproofs were sincere,
 If that anger arose from the heart,
 Which glowed in those glances severe.

Did you mean, love, when lately we met
 In earnest to frown thus and fly me?
 Or, acting for once the *coquette*
 Did you counterfeit rage, but to try me?

Come! kiss and make up, ere we part,
 And dearest, I'll strive to amend!
 For, depriv'd of my home in your heart,
 Where again shall I find such a friend?

ODE TO CLARA.

The following was written when Master Payne was twelve years of age, on reading some publications in a New York paper, signed "Clara."

How oft have I essay'd in vain
 To swell the wond'rous wizard song,
 Yet still the rude and rustic strain
 Groans on the lyre's unwilling tongue,
 And hoarsely breathes, as if to chide
 My erring and presumptuous pride!

Oh, Clara! since the muse denies
 My wild, nututor'd strain to rise
 With some bewitching melodies,
 Deign thou, her darling, to inspire
 My humble harp with hallow'd fire;
 Teach it the magic of thy lyre,
 That I may boldly forth and claim
 Like thee, the choicest gift of fame,—
 A deathless, great, and glorious name!

P O E M S

OF

L A T E R D A Y S .

POEMS OF LATER DAYS.

CANZONET.

Thou,— oh, thou hast lov'd me,— dearest !
When none other car'd for me,
When my fortune seem'd severest,
Kindest was the smile from thee !

Yes,— Ah, Yes ! The lorn and lonely
Hollow hearts of worldlings shun :
Theirs are flowers of day, which only
Open when they see the sun !

But while theirs were all reposing
In the absence of the light,
Like the cereus, thine, unclosing,
Gave its sweetness to the night.

THE LOSS OF THOSE WE LOVE.

The pang, of all severest,
Is the deep, withering one, that's borne
In being torn
From those we love the dearest.

Some griefs bear consolation !
There's none for this — no, none ! It breaks
The heart, and makes
The world a desolation !

A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

WRITTEN FOR DR. DRAKE FOR A BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

Oh speed the light hours !
 With fancy's gay flowers
 Life's dear socialities gracefully wreath !
 Let the shadows of care
 Meet like mists in the air,
 While the warmth of thy sweetest kisses we breathe.

Oh ! fill not the bowl !
 'Tis the *wine of the soul*
 That must gladden the spirits that mingle to-night :
 Let it sparkle and dance
 Like the dazzling expanse
 Of the wave when the sunbeam has clothed it in light.

Oh ! spread not the board
 From luxury's hoard :
 'Tis the pure *feast of feeling*, we gather to share —
 Ambrosia of Heaven
 Free, bounteously given —
 The East cannot furnish a banquet so fair.

Oh ! cold is the heart
 That would scorn to impart
 Its brightness and glow to the hours as they glide :
 Then hasten to weave
 Sweet garlands ; they 'll leave
 A beam, as we float, on Time's cold, ebbless tide.

STAR GAZING :

AN EXCHANGE OF " IDLE THOUGHTS."

Like thee, I love the stars. In distant climes
 I've stood alone and watch'd them ; and have thought
 I saw the spirits of departed friends
 Smile in their loveliness ; and then would dream
 That some, not yet departed but far off,
 Gaz'd with me on them ; and that I could feel
 Their glance of kindness in the gentle light
 Which cast its sweet spell round me. Then there seem'd
 A music in the sphere, to charm away
 The serpent sorrows gnawing at my heart,
 Till, one by one, they dropp'd their demon hold,
 And left me, all alone with contemplation,
 Like thee, to love the stars.

Like thee, I love the stars — And thou hast made
 Their radiance dearer yet. The poetry
 Of thy imaginings, like sunbeams flung
 Upon the waterfall, has wrapp'd those stars
 In colors new and beautiful ; and now
 O'er me bring visions of deeper power :
 They call the mighty from their monuments ;
 They fill the sky with old historic wonders ;
 And, all commingling with the thoughts of her
 Whose wand has wak'd this witchery, my soul
 Swells with the blended glories, and I thrill
 Like thee, to love the stars.

Like thee, I love the stars, and yet my fortunes
 Have often seem'd to tell me, " Do not love them,
 But give them hate for hate ! " They never bless me ;
 They hurl'd me forth on thwarted hopes, false friends,
 And left me to those triumphs from the little
 Which make the spirit wither up in scorn,—
 But I can have no quarrel with them now,
 Since one has risen o'er me in the west
 Whose gentle beauty speaks for all the rest.

Shine on, sweet star ! — still let me feel thy light.
 For, though I know that light is not for me,
 I would not have thy pity cloud the spell,
 Whate'er its peril, which has taught me here,
 In thee, to love the stars.

THE WATER-WITCH AND THE PILGRIM.

[There is a tradition of Correggio which some Italian Poet has wrought into a play, that contains the following singular fancy for its plot. Penniless, he had hurried from his home to the mansion of a rich man with a picture which had been ordered, urging him for immediate compensation. The rich man pompously paid the amount all in *coppers*, but Correggio, exulting in the good fortune of getting all his pay, accepted the indignity without particular notice, and hastened away with the relief so anxiously sought for. When near his destination, overpowered with fatigue and thirst from the weight of his treasure, and the terrible heat of the day, he came to a beautiful pond of water with a natural fountain springing from the side of a brook. The cool, clear, bright waters invited him to partake of the refreshing treasure. He eagerly drank from it, and while he drank, mysterious music came over his ear as from a fairy spirit in the water. For a moment he was fluttered and thought it a warning or a prophesy, but with a light heart he passed on to his home, and the song of the fountain was soon forgotten in his rapture at the bright face and the warm welcome his charming little wife gave on his return. Yet scarcely had he caught her sweet smile when the poison of the icy draught darted through him, and in an instant he remembered the mystic song of the waters, and as he flung the sack of money before his adored wife, he expired. The following is the substance of the song of which the Italian poet has given the idea.]

A water-nymph lurks in the cliff's hollow side,
 And a pilgrim lies faint by the wild, whirling tide ;
 Where 'midst rainbow and cloud, the lone waterfall springs
 And its curtain of foam o'er the haunted cave flings.

Hark ! the lay
 Of the Fay !

“Come hither, come hither, poor pilgrim to me ;
 From sorrow and sighing thy bosom I'll free ;
 And thou shalt a fairy's blest paramour be !”

Plunge, world weary pilgrim ! plunge deep in the wave !
 Once mine, thou wilt smile as it storms o'er our cave ;
 For never false friend or sad heart-ache may come
 Through the rush of white waters that curtain our home.

And away
 Shall the spray

Wash mortality's clay from the care-canker'd soul ;
 Long dreams of delight o'er thy senses shall roll,
 And new life wilt thou quaff from the fairie's charm'd bowl.

He struggles to rise as he hears the fond strain,
 But sinks on the flood's giddy margin again ;
 From her wave-curtained cavern the water-nymph trips,
 And fatal the goblet she holds to his lips.

Quick the thrill
 Of death's chill

Has run through his marrow and curdled his blood ;
 His faint shriek is echoed by cavern and wood,
 And wildly he plunges beneath the dark flood.

His winding sheet was a whirlpool's white spray,
 And a bubble bore his last life-breath away ;
 Deep, deep lies the pilgrim beneath the cold stream,
 And dimly his bones through the clear water gleam.

But at night
 The false sprite

In pale moonshine oft glides from her damp-dropping hall,
 The ghost of the wave-buried pilgrim to call ;
 And they dance, and they shriek o'er the wild water-fall !

THE THRONE AND THE COTTAGE.

I.

There once was a king on his throne of gold seated ;
 His courtiers in smiles were all standing around ;
 They heard him with news of fresh victories greeted ;
 The skies with the joy of his people resound ;
 And all thought this king was most thoroughly blest,
 Till sadly he sigh'd forth his secret unrest :

“ How much more delight to my bosom 'twould bring,
 To feel myself happy, than know myself king !”

II.

“ Ah what ? while such power and such treasure possessing,”
 (A courtier, astonish'd, stept forward and cried,)
 “ Could fortune bestow in exchange for the blessing ?”
 And thus to the courtier the king straight replied :
 “ Health, a cottage, few friends and a heart all my own
 Were Heav'n, in exchange for the cares of a throne !”

“Then, sire, if no longer to empire you cling,
Seek these, and be happy, and let *me* be king!”

III.

The king gave the courtier his throne and descended;
He long'd for delights of retirement to prove,
And now for the first time around him there blended
The smiles of contentment, and friendship, and love;
But the courtier soon came to the king in his cot:
“Oh no!” said the king “I'll no more change my lot!
Think not, that, once freed from the diadem's sting,
I'll give up my cottage and stoop to be king!”

VALENTINE.

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS.

There is a heart, (I dare not say
Where that heart dwells,) whose fondest dream
(Though wild and hopeless,) many a day
Has been the angel which you seem:
And though the world has taught that heart,—
(Oh, may such lessons ne'er to thee
The world,—stern monitor!—impart!)
Taught it to seem is not to be;

Yet who would not such doubt discard,
That see thy loveliness and youth
Enshrine the visions of the bard,
And turn his poetry to truth?
Would that I knew thee! and yet still
So strongly do I feel its dangers
The very wish to know thee, will
Perhaps forever keep us strangers!
When once we met, of all who live
I thought that there was none but thee
Who could a charm to bondage give,
Or take the charm from liberty—
And therefore 'tis on such a theme
My truant feelings dread to dare,
And rather choose of hope to dream
Than rashly to ensure despair;

For I'm not vain enough to think
 It were not madness to aspire
 To charms like thine,— and so I shrink
 From that which I the most desire —
 The most desire, though love which seeks
 By selfishness its truth to prove,
 Is undeserving thee — and speaks
 The voice of passion, not of love !
 Then never shalt thou know whose hand
 'Tis now declares the secret feeling
 Which at once dreads disclosure, and
 Still finds relief in the revealing !
 And while at times, I hope once more
 That we may meet as once we met,—
 Grow more acquainted than before,
 With chances more propitious, yet
 If ne'er by me to be possess'd,
 Elsewhere thy love turns,— let it go —
 Enough for me to know thee blest,
 And feel thee worthy to be so.

HOME, SWEET HOME !

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN. THE ACCEPTED VERSION AS ARRANGED FOR
 THE MUSIC IS INTRODUCED IN THE FORE PART OF THIS BOOK.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 (Like the love of a mother,
 Surpassing all other)
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere,
 There's a spell in the shade
 Where our infancy play'd,
 Even stronger than Time, and more deep than despair !
 An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain !
 Oh, give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again !

The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,—
 Those who nam'd me with pride,—
 Those who play'd by my side,—
 Give me them ! with the innocence dearer than all !
 The joys of the palaces through which I roam
 Only swell my heart's anguish — There's no place like Home !

The following additional verses to the song of Home, Sweet Home ! Mr. Payne affixed to the sheet music and presented them to Mrs. Bates, in London, a relative of his, and the wife of a rich banker.

To us, in despite of the absence of years,
 How sweet the remembrance of *home* still appears ;
 From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
 The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh,
 “ Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
 There's no place like home !
 There's no place like home ! ”

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow ;
 But *mine* has been checkered with many a woe !
 Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
 And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
 “ Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
 There's no place like home !
 There's no place like home !

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

A SONG.

I.

I've rov'd, mid the wonders of many a clime,
 Fair cities, sweet vallies, and mountains sublime,
 But ne'er saw a clime half so lovely on earth
 As the land of my first love, the land of my birth !
 Land of my first love ! Oh, land of my birth !
 Thou, thou art the loveliest land upon earth.

II.

Far away have I hung on the love of the wise,
 And bask'd in the sunshine of soul-thrilling eyes,
 But the land of true wisdom, and beauty, and worth,
 Is the land of my first love, the land of my birth !
 Land of my first love ! Oh, land of my birth,
 Thou, thou art the loveliest land upon earth ;
 Land of my first love ! sweet land of my birth !

III.

Still dear and more dear, the more distant thou art,
 My foot-steps have left thee, but never my heart !
 That magnet still turns from all over the earth
 To the land of my first love, the land of my birth !
 The land of my first love, the land of my birth,
 Thou, thou art the loveliest land upon earth ;
 Land of my first love ! blest land of my birth !

 INCLEDON'S DÉBUT IN AMERICA.

The following was written to be sung by Incledon himself. Shield made admirable music for it : whether it was sung or not, I could never learn.—J. H. P.

Hail Columbia ! patriot nation !
 Star of hope to the opprest !
 In Battle, darting desolation !
 But in peace, sole ark of rest !

Parted far from friends that lov'd him,
 Torn from children he adores,—
 Driv'n from those who first approv'd him
 To the shelter of thy shores—

Shores which shar'd his youth's affection !—
 Hither forc'd in age to roam —
 Here, the stranger seeks protection !
 The " Wandering Melodist"¹ a home !

¹ " Wandering Melodist" was the title given by Incledon to an entertainment with which he traveled, and in which he was the sole performer.

Free as the wave your coast thus dashes,
 To glory your young eagle springs!
 But tho' her eye with terror flashes,
 Comfort dwells beneath her wings!

THE WANDERER.

The mother of a young lamb died,
 And left it helpless on the wild.
 A shepherd found it, 'twas his pride—
 He lov'd it almost like a child —
 It never left him — 'till one day
 He look'd and 'twas no longer there!
 "My precious lamb is gone astray!
 In vain I seek her every where!
 She's gone! my lov'd one's gone!" he cried,
 "My hope is gone, my joy, my pride!"
 And only Echo's voice replied,
 She's gone! she's gone!

But soon the thoughtless truant yearn'd
 For him she left so desolate,
 And when the shepherd home return'd,
 He found her at his cottage gate!
 The shepherd did not then disdain
 The lamb he had so loved before,
 But took it to his heart again,
 Forgave it, and it stray'd no more!
 "She's here!" the exulting shepherd cried,
 "She never more will quit my side!"
 And both, with Echo now replied,
 "She's here, she's here!"

LEARNING, LOVE, AND VICTORY.

I.

When the Parson woo'd me, then
 I could never say "Amen!"
 When the Doctor — what a pill!
 His addresses made me ill!

When the Lawyer,— what a pest!
 I was — “ non inventus est ! ”
 But oh ! now the soldier comes,
 With “ presented arms ” to me,
 He may — “ Hurrah ” — “ Victory ! ”

II.

What girl in the Parson’s whine
 E’er discover’d aught divine ?
 When did the Physician’s art
 Cure the ague of the heart ?
 Or the Lawyer’s *habeas* move
 Suitors to the court of Love ?
 But when martial steeds are bounding,
 And the war-like clarion sounding,
 Who would not “ Ground arms ” like me ?
 To the “ Hurrah,” “ Victory ! ”

THE LOSS OF THOSE WE LOVE.

The pang, of all severest,
 Is the deep, withering one, that’s borne
 In being torn
 From those we love the dearest.

Some griefs bear consolation !
 There’s none for this,— no, none ! It breaks
 The heart, and makes
 The world a desolation !

A GIRL’S MESSAGE TO HER LOVER.

I.

Tell him, though fortune dooms that we must part,
 I cannot make his image leave my heart ;
 Tell him that they may keep me from him,— yet
 He’s with me still, as though we hourly met.

II.

Wealth and Glories, tell him, all are dim
 To the sweet sunshine of one thought of him.—
 And feelings, deeper than the tongue can tell,
 Have grown even deeper since I sigh'd Farewell!

 FIRST LOVE.

How refin'd the feeling
 O'er the bosom stealing,
 A new sense revealing,
 In the heart's first love!

Its soft spell extending,
 Smiles to all things lending,
 The whole world seems blending
 With the heart's first love!

If to new themes turning,
 Soon, such lightness spurning
 Stronger grows our yearning
 For the heart's first love.

 THE MEETINGS OF LOVERS.

Oh, how sweet, how sweet,
 The rapture felt at last,
 Wearisome exile past,
 When lovers meet, when lovers meet!

Then love's sorrow fleet!
 Hours so hard to bear between
 Are as though they ne'er had been,
 When lovers meet, when lovers meet!

BEAUTY'S GLANCE!

WRITTEN FOR AN INTERLUDE.

Woe to the heart! when Beauty's eye
 O'er its unawaken'd pulse first rushes,
 Kindling wild visions,—like the sky
 New lighted up by morning's blushes.

For storm-clouds may convulse the air,
 As the uncertain day advances;
 And Beauty's eye may flash despair
 On the adorer of its glances.

Ne'er did a sigh this bosom swell
 Till thy enchantments smil'd around it;
 And, oh! it trembles now to tell
 Its throb to her whose spell has bound it.

But do not, dearest! do not blame
 This falt'ring utt'rance of a feeling,
 My tongue has not the strength to name
 Nor my heart courage for concealing.

Cast one,—one rapturing glance, to end
 The doubt I tremble to discover;
 I must — I must be — more than *friend* —
 And may I not be — more than lover?

THE FORSAKEN.

A SONG.

Scenes of my childhood, the roseate hours,
 Passed in your shelter, are faded!
 (They are the spirits which gladden'd your bowers,
 Gone with the pleasures they shaded!
 Farewell!

Dove of the ark ! to thee Providence gave
 Rest, once thy pilgrimage ended !
 Fate, which flings me on the world troubled wave,
 Dooms me to toss there unfriended !
 Ah me !

Eyes of affection ! Life's pathway no more
 Beams, with your radiance lighted !
 Hope, Love, and Friendship, which shone there before,
 Leave me to wander benighted !
 All's dark !

SUNRISE.

Hail to thee, orb of morning !
 O'er the darkness breaking,
 Earth with thy smile adorning,
 Man to his God awaking ;
 Hail ! Hail ! may our devotion be
 Warm as the light we hail in thee !

THE CONSOLATION.

Comfort, mourner ! why despair ?
 Storm, like sunshine's from on high —
 Tempest only clears the sky —
 Man is Heaven's peculiar care —
 Heaven brings joy from misery !

Comfort, mourner ! why despair ?
 Woe a part is of a plan
 Ending in the bliss of man —
 Whereof but a little share
 Our imperfect sight may see !

Comfort, mourner! why despair?
 All that is disclos'd we find
 Proveth an All-bounteous mind —
 Impious is it then to dare
 Deem what's undisclos'd unkind!

Arouse thee! comfort! Learn to bear!
 No *ill* is cureless *but* despair!

UNHALLOWED AND VIRTUOUS LOVE.

Unhallow'd love's a withering flame
 Which kills the heart and blasts the name,
 By its wild flashes risen;
 While virtuous love, like sunlight showers,
 But wakes the heart's most lovely flowers
 And opens them to heaven.

THE WORLD.

I.

Oh! no! I have no wish to try
 Those heartless mockeries of joy
 Whose charm is like the serpent's eye,
 Which only dazzles to destroy!
 Ne'er let me be among the mad —
 Nay, worse,— the guilty million hurl'd —
 I never yet have known the bad —
 I never yet have known the world!

II.

Can the world aught, for what is this
 Seclusion I should lose, bestow?
 Our little home is full of bliss,
 But the great world is full of woe!

My humble heart, like yonder vines
 Around our lowly cottage curl'd,
 With all I here have known, entwines,—
 And here, oh, here shall be my world.

BEAUTY SLEEPING.

Sweet is her sleep!
 As moonlight that sleeps on the river
 Where evening's soft sighs scarcely quiver.
 Sweet is her sleep!

The charm of that beautiful face
 O'er the image of death beams a grace!
 Sweet is her sleep!

The angel of slumber she seems,
 Reclined in her heaven of dreams!
 Sweet is her sleep.

THE FRIENDLESS ORPHAN GIRL.

WORDS TO AN OLD IRISH MELODY.

From slumbers that cheer not, with dawn's blush upspringing
 Woe-worn, I wander o'er mountain and plain,
 And hear parent birds to their little ones singing
 Songs of affection in that touching strain,
 From others
 Than mothers
 We seek for in vain!
 There's many a tie
 The world may supply,
 But oh! there's no other
 The loss of a mother —
 Oh none!
 Not one!

But scenes of endearment which round me are thronging,
 Bitterly teach me how much I'm alone!
 A parent's fond care to all beings belonging —
 Tenderness ever in infancy shown

To others

By mothers

I never have known!

There's many a tie

The world might supply,

But oh! there's no other

The loss of a mother—

Oh none!

Not one!

THE HARP.

Oh Lady! take the harp,
 And let the silent string,
 Exulting at thy touch,
 Around its magic fling!
 Enshrin'd there, as in thee
 Enchantments, slumb'ring deep,
 Await a master hand
 To break their bonds of sleep!

Thanks, lady! how the harp,
 By thee awaken'd, beams
 The light upon despair
 Of soft Elysian dreams:
 Could I but thus awake
 The slumbering thrill in you,
 The dreams your harp inspires
 Your smile would render true.

PASSION AND PRAYER.

The holy prisoner doom'd to bear
 Demoniac persecution's chain,
 Hop'd humbly a protection where
 Sincerity ne'er hopes in vain!

POEMS OF LATER DAYS.

Lo! on the darkness of his cell
 The glory of an angel flash'd!
 The jailors slept! the fetters fell!
 The bolted portals open dash'd.

Prisoner of passion! if sincere
 Your trust in Heaven's protection be,
 An angel will to you appear,
 And when least look'd for, set you free!

THE HOPES OF YOUTH.

To youth, exulting, soon delighted,
 The coming hours,
 Seen by Hope's April sunshine, lighted,
 Blooming with flow'rs
 Ne'er to be blighted!

Proudly the barque
 Sails, when blue skies and blue seas flatter:
 The storm comes. Hark —
 A shriek! her sides the wild waves shatter!
 She's gone! — all's dark.

Such are youth' fairy dreams of gladness; —
 And thus they end
 In tempests of unlook'd for sadness, —
 Tortures, — that send
 The soul to madness! —

SLANDER DIES IN LIGHT.

I.

From the coward who stabs in the dark
 What valor can give us protection?
 But once let me know
 Where to fix on my foe,
 And see how he'll shrink from detection!

II.

The pride of the forest, whose strength
 Bends not to the hurricane's fury,
 May fall by the sting
 Of the venomous thing
 Which the least of its small leaves would bring.

III.

But, drag forth the reptile, he'll writhe,
 He'll die where the day-beam is brightening,
 As the mischievous lie
 Of the imposture shall die
 In the blaze of Truth's glorious lightning!

TO MISS O'NEIL, THE ACTRESS.

[Written after sleeping in the room she had occupied the night before. Waterford, Ireland, July, 1814.]

Oh deep was the gloom which my spirits deprest,
 Till each object around breath'd the joy of the past;
 And the charm of that room lull'd my sorrows to rest,
 As pure as the bosom which beat in it last!

Then my proud love exulted. It felt that the hour
 Which succeeds common pleasure, is shrouded in woe,
 But gloried in owing the sway of a power
 Whose remembrance alone can such comfort bestow!

'Twas a feeling extatic, I blest its control;
 And your image, still beaming on memory's gaze,
 Sheds a twilight of joy on my desolate soul,
 More soft, though less dear, than the noon of its blaze!

A SONG IN THE OPERA OF CLARI.

In the promise of pleasure, the silly believer,
 Home forsaking, to brave
 The betraying world's wave,
 Is soon taught by woe the truth friendship had spoken,
 And virtue a wreck,— pleasure's promises broken,—
 Lost at last, the world's scorn by the wily deceiver,
 Finds out but too late, that where ever we roam,—
 There's no pleasure abroad, like the pleasure of Home !

But droop not, poor cast-away ! be not dejected !
 From the tempest-wave spring !
 To your wreck'd virtue cling !
 And be certain the angel of mercy takes care
 Of the virtue, though erring, that will not despair !
 Yes ! though from the world's heartless bosom rejected,
 From your home upon earth tho' cast houseless to roam,
 Throw your glance up to Heaven, and be sure of a Home !

THE EXILE.

[A song written at the request of, and set to music composed by, the celebrated Mr. Heinrich.]

Far from the land which gave him birth,
 The lonely exile wandering weary,
 Feels that the loveliest land on earth,
 When look'd upon thro' tears, looks dreary.
 For, oh ! when Fortune grew unkind,
 And in the spell of sorrow bound him,
 There came a shadow o'er his mind,
 To darken every object round him.

But, as often the sunbeam breaks brilliant and warm
 On the day whose beginning was coldness and storm,
 Even thus unexpectedly, fortunes more bright
 Now light back the exile to home and delight !

And though since his escape, he'll oft gaze from the shore
 On the billows he saw with such terror before,
 Yet to think of a peril that's happily past,
 Only heightens the rapture which follows at last.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

There's nothing, there's nothing so lovely that lives
 As thou art dear !
 There's nothing, there's nothing that pleasure gives,
 And thou art near !

When thou art away the world's brightest charms
 Look — oh how drear !
 But a magic spell its form disarms
 When thou art near !

When thou art away, even summer's beams
 All cold appear !
 But the coldest winter a summer seems
 Beside thee dear !

V A L E N T I N E .

ADDRESSED TO MISS FOOT, THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

Though other eyes have warn'd me,
 Though other lips have charm'd me,
 Yet transient was their pow'r,
 Forgotten in an hour !

Those brows of thine which darkle
 O'er eyes which sweetly sparkle
 With beams from mind of brightness,
 And heart of jocund lightness ; —

POEMS OF LATER DAYS.

Have wing'd, like Cupid's bow,
 With secret shaft a blow
 Which binds one, thine forever
 In chains which cannot sever,
 Ere this, a captive never.

Perhaps in untold anguish
 That captive long will languish : —
 Perhaps, a hidden stranger,
 He'll guard thy youth from danger : —
 Perhaps an unseen spirit,
 He'll climb thy couch at night,
 And rock himself to rest
 Upon thy heaving breast,
 Or drink the sighs which creep
 Unconscious through thy sleep.

And then, like memory's gleams,
 Glide softly through thy dreams,
 And catch without control
 The breathings of a soul
 So unstain'd in whiteness,
 Malice hates its brightness !

Nymph, by whom all are charmed
 Long may'st thou live unharm'd !
 — Be world and Fortune kind !
 Be argus Envy blind, —
 And every wish enjoy'd,
 Save that which would discover
 Thy Valentine and Lover !

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Argument.

Early in life, Bianca of Naples returned the love of the reckless and enthusiastic Hyppolito; but his father thought a wealthier wife might be found, and sent the youth abroad; at sea he was wrecked, but saved by pirates and detained a captive. Being supposed dead by his family and Bianca, she is at length prevailed on to listen to a new suitor. She weds a Spaniard by the name of Alvar, equally a devotee to her and to the fine arts, and who met her when he visited Italy on a tour of taste. Hyppolito, escaping, returns and hears that his betrothed is lost to him. In madness he pursues her to her dwelling in Barcelona; and being skilled in the pencil, obtains access to her husband by spreading his fame abroad as an Italian painter of eminence, hurrying through the city. Alvar has seen his sketches and earnestly desires from him a portrait of Bianca. On a carnival night when she is masked for the festivities, Hyppolito consents, as a special favor to Don Alvar, to spare an hour for a sitting. His object may be guessed. It is a delirious desire to disclose himself and carry her away with him in the confusion of the masquerade. The scene here given describes the introduction of the imagined painter.

SCENE.

An apartment in Don Alvar's palace at Barcelona. Busts — statues — an easel — swing glass — painting apparatus.

Don Alvar enters, leading Bianca, both sumptuously habited in masquerade dresses, Bianca as a Sultana. Hyppolito follows as a painter, completely disguised. He takes his colors and pencils from an attendant. While he arranges them and reconnoitres the room, Alvar and Bianca converse apart at the front.

BIANCA. (*to Alvar aside.*) Who is this painter? Were't not well, my lord,

That he should come to-morrow, not to-night?
His look is strange. You must not leave me here —
I know not why — I feel a sudden dread —
His countenance is wild — What is his name?

ALVAR. And why so fanciful, my gentle love?
The Signor's name is Manso — known to all
As a most famous artist. He has come
To Barcelona but this morn; and flies
To-morrow — Heav'n knows where! — (*to Hyppolito.*)

Sir, is this place

The one that suits your art? — Sit here, Bianca,
(*Aside to her.*) How your hand trembles! I'll stay with you, love!

HYP. (*Preparing to paint.*) A little from the light — a little more!

(*Aside.*) His glance is keen — Those lights will show my face —
 (*He tries to sketch and stops.*) Pray you, my lord, a little farther
 back —

The lights fall on your robe — or, take your place —
 (—Your pardon, lord) — behind me till the sketch
 Is made — (*he tries and flings down the pencil in vexation.*)
 Corpo di Giovo, wrong! — This crowd of lights —
 (*Pointing with a fretted gesture to the lamps on the table.*)

ALV. (*To Cariola.*) Go — carry off those lamps — their vary-
 ing blaze

Will mar the pencil. Benedetto!
 Order the train to hold themselves prepared
 To wait upon your lady to the fete.

[*Benedetto and other servants go out, carrying the lamps and leaving
 but one light beside the easel. Hyppolito paints.*]

HYP. Please you, fair lady, cast your eyes above —

Ha! so — as if you gazed upon some star!

(*Looking at her.*) Now press your hand — deeply — upon your
 heart

As if you vowed that heart's fidelity
 And sealed it by your hopes of love in Heaven.

ALV. A most romantic painter! But his art
 Or finds men mad, or makes them so. — That touch
 (*Looking at the picture.*) Is life — I see the master-hand! How
 fine

The power to fix the hue of beauty's cheek,
 The sparkling of the diamond eye, — the look
 That speaks without a tongue, yet speaks the soul
 Quicker than tongue e'er uttered — Glorious art!
 That, with the power of miracle, defies
 The truth of time, the blight of worldly woe,
 All earthly trouble! On its tablet smiles
 Beauty unsullied; cheeks unwash'd by tears;
 Lips that will ne'er grow pale with anxious sighs;
 Youth, love, and loveliness, alike immortal!
 (*He looks at the picture.*) Magnificent! Divine!
 The artist does you justice, my Bianca.

BIAN. My lord turn'd flatterer! Nay, I fear I'll shame
 The Signor Manso's pencil.

HYP. 'Tis but honor'd
 Too highly in its subject. — Now look down —
 — Heavens, what a rich possession! — (*to her*) But one smile —

(*As in soliloquy.*) The arching of that brow — that dazzling eye —
That lip to which the budding of the rose
Were colorless and chill — Thou paragon! —

BIAN. (*Aside, agitated at half overhearing him*)

What words are those? Some pressure on my soul
Tells me there's evil nigh! (*Aside to Alvar.*) Alvar! My lord!
Stay by me. — Will the Signor soon be done? —

ALV. Disturb him not, my love. He touches now
The finest lines of his most lovely work.
(*Looking over the sketch.*) Bravo, Signor! A Titian were outdone
With that delicious coloring. That glow
Is worthy the Venetian.

HYP. I was his pupil —
An idle one — but worshipped at his feet
For some wild years, enamor'd of the fame,
The glory that he threw around his land!
But, when he died, I hated Venice — fled —
And wander'd, on a painter's pilgrimage,
To every shrine of loveliness.

BIAN. (*Aside.*) He gazes on me strangely. If on earth
There's magic in a glance — delusion wild,
Or dangerous spell, 'tis in that fiery eye!
Would that his work were done! —

(*To Alvar.*) How goes the hour, my lord? Your noble friend
Will think his banquet scorn'd by our delay.

HYP. (*Gazing on her.*) One look — but one look, gentle lady,
one

And all is finished. — Pray you, draw aside
That tress which hangs upon your brow like braids
Of silk on ivory. (*Aside.*) *There's a living smile!*
A glance that strikes the soul like sudden flame!

ALV. (*Gazing on the picture.*) It grows in light and beauty, as
the sky
Before the rosy chariot the morn! —
— Signor, your task is finish'd for to-night,
And richly finish'd.

My lady well reminds me 'twill be late
Before we reach our kinsman's. — (*To Bianca.*) Come, my love!

BIAN. (*Aside.*) Thanks, all ye saints that guard the heart
from ill!

HYP. One moment more. This must be done to-night,
Or may-be never. By to-morrow's dawn

I leave the walls of Barcelona.

BIAN. Nay, Alvar, come — 'tis finish'd — lose no time —
(*Urging him.*) We must not fail in courtesy.

ALV. (*Looking at the picture*) 'Tis beautiful! — (*Then turning to Bianca.*) Yet still, how feebly art
Contends with nature, when that nature's thine!
He that can thaw the ice with pictured flame,
Or banish darkness by a painted sun,
Or fill the summer sky with painted gold,
Or shower the spring's sweet lap with painted buds,
He may portray the living witchery
Of woman in her beauty — but none else!

HYP. Fair lady, look again —

ALV. Yes — rest awhile —

I will but go a moment, to command
That all be ready for our cavalcade.

(*To Hyppolito.*) Signor! the moment you sought is given —
I shall return — (*To Bianca*) — as swift as thoughts of love!

[*Exit Alvar.*

HYP. (*Looking after Alvar — aside.*) He's gone! — Now,
love and vengeance!

(*Starts up, throws off his disguise, and exclaims,*) Bianca!

BIAN. (*Terrified and springing back.*) Hyppolito! —

* * * * *

OUR
NEGLECTED POETS:

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

OUR NEGLECTED POETS.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

PART I.

WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON.

IN the State of Massachusetts there are four towns rejoicing in the quaint names of Needham, and Wareham, and Wrentham, and Mendum. Modern refinement may perhaps have seen proper to reform this expressive nomenclature, as there is no knowing what it will stop at; it is to be hoped not, however. The town of Wrentham, the one with which we have now to do, is in Norfolk county, nearly midway between Boston and Providence; and has long been famous for its manufactures, especially of cotton goods and straw bonnets. About the year, 1775, a sea captain by the name of Ebenezer Albee, though in low circumstances, had withdrawn from active life, and settled down at Wrentham. He was a man of great kindness of heart, but blunt in his manners, and boisterous in his temper. He had no children. He was fond of reading, but, unfortunately, with the revolutionary sentiments of the day in politics, he had also imbibed those which, in the general agitation of ideas of the time, were too prevalent in religion.

A vagabond pair, concerning whose origin nothing can be learned, were in the habit of prowling Massachusetts and Connecticut on foot, sometimes together, sometimes apart, but in either case both of them often reeling under the influence of the Bacchus of New England, cider. They had all the tastes and habits of wandering beggars. They had a child with them, a squalid, unhealthy, but quick-witted, boy. No one knew whether they had ever been married; but they called themselves Johnson, and said the child was theirs, and that his name was William Martin Johnson. The father never took much notice of the boy. The mother always seemed to have a strong attachment for him.

These rovers frequently came to the house of Captain Albee. The good-hearted captain had ceased to hope for children of his own. Little Johnson's answers and observations delighted him. He proposed to adopt the boy. The father was pleased with the chance of getting rid of a burden. The mother was reluctant to give up her child. Finally, however, with tears, she consented. For awhile she occasionally visited him; but ere long was seen no more. Thus did the subject of this narrative enter within the pale of civilized and decent life.

Albee, by all accounts, among other habits of "a rude and boisterous captain of the sea," was somewhat given to the great vice of our country, intemperance. This may account for outbreaks of unreasonable passion, succeeded by fits of equally unmeasured indulgence, which rendered the situation of his adopted favorite very uneasy, and equally unpropitious to a sound formation of character. Still, the boy was strongly attached to his protector. Albee imparted to him all the instruction he had to communicate, and Johnson repaid his pains with an unusual precocity. He early learned to write his signature at full length, William Martin Johnson Albee. But the affectionate captain had a sort of primitive, puritanical, as well as maritime, respect for the efficacy of the rope's end and the rod, in education; and whenever he had nothing else to do, would belabor his favorite so heartily, that the boy would run away, and remain from home until there should be time for the paroxysm of discipline to give place to one of endearment, and then, like a beaten pet pup, he would creep back again to be caressed. It was not long before the lad began to get ahead of his domestic teacher in accomplishment, and to add to his stock of solid and reputable knowledge, from the spelling-book and the five first rules of ciphering, certain acquirements of an extremely doubtful virtue, which greatly alarmed the serious good people of Wrentham; for it was discovered that he could draw, and even that he could rhyme; and nobody could divine how these unhallowed arts could have been obtained by a child, in his position, unless through some vestiges of the witchcraft, which might have been still left, by imperfect exorcism, to disturb the but recently achieved repose of New England from the spirits of mischief. To this suspicion, it is likely, we may attribute divers misadventures which materially influenced the future career of young Johnson. When his protector had taught out all he himself knew, he considered the boy entitled to the advantage of such instruction as was to be derived from certain peripatetic pedagogues who used periodically to visit the villages of New England, for the purpose of

qualifyng young folks for college. Johnson was now about twelve years of age. His progress in Latin was rapid, and he got a smattering of Greek. But his teachers were often of the Dominie Sampson breed, and the boy had a quick sense of the ridiculous, and an unfortunate talent for expressing it equally with the pen and pencil. His tasks were dispatched with a rapidity perfectly inexplicable to the duller scholars and to the obtuse master; and the leisure which remained to him was usually devoted to the gratification of his taste for the roguery of caricature. Though he was so far from ever being found wanting in the fulfilment of his duties, that the rest of the boys could never get at all near him, his instructors thought it peculiarly unfair that his merits should deprive him of the benefits of flagellation; and as he was too perverse to give himself a legitimate claim to the birch, they would show their high consideration by favoring him with it as a sort of gratuitous perquisite. After any of these frequent scenes, the master would be greeted, either on scraps of paper scattered about the school-room, or in a colossal effigy charcoaled upon the wall, with a view of his own dignified person, set off by such grotesque additions as the artist's invention could supply, and flourishing the awful wand of inspiration over some screaming recipient of virtue and wisdom, most remorselessly administered. This style of retribution was not very likely to better his condition, and he was regarded as utterly irreclaimable. He would continue to escape and to return; but was, nevertheless, every day increasing his stock of knowledge; and at sixteen had added a very considerable progress in algebra, to his acquirements in the languages.

As nearly as we can conjecture, it must have been about the year 1787, that young Johnson found employment with a store-keeper in Boston. His hand-writing was very beautiful, and he was a ready accountant. I am in possession of a sheet (amongst a great variety of interesting papers and relics of poor Johnson, which fell into my hand by a series of strange accidents), covered with fragments in his autograph of that period; and among them the following broken lines, which I can well imagine were scribbled at the shop-counter, in the intervals of the uncongenial task of posting the account book. They may have an interest to the reader, as affording an unconscious glimpse of his mind, and an illustration of the strange, rambling, unbalanced child of genius that he was at the time. They are all evidently the desultory, extemporaneous effusions of the varying mood of the hour.

So the proud bubble strikes the eye,
 With hues that with the diamond vie;
 But search beyond its surface fair,
 There's nothing found but empty air.

* * *

Pleas'd thus, to worth the muse her tribute pays,
 To worth, that well deserves a nobler praise—

* * *

As northern lights dance o'er the evening sky,
 And strike with transient charms the admiring eye,
 So o'er her face the hast'ning blushes flew—

* * *

Oh, follow then where nonsense leads the way,
 Like idle flies that in the sunbeams play—

* * *

On some good bit I'd always wish to dine,
 And after dinner drink a glass of wine;
 That, too, I'd have of the most generous sort,
 Madeira, Sherry, or the best of Port—

—— With perhaps a good heart, but the worst face in nature.

* * *

Where towering columns proudly rise,
 And gilded spires invade the skies,
 My humble wishes ne'er shall learn to rove,
 Nor sigh for more than competence and love.

* * *

—— People who have no ideas out of the common road, are generally the greatest talkers, because all their thoughts are low enough for common conversation; whereas, those of more elevated understandings have ideas which they cannot easily communicate, except to persons of equal capacity with themselves.

* * *

The glowing sun, with life-infusing beam,
 Impregns the vegetable world; the flowers,
 Not coy, nor shrinking from the warm embrace,
 But sweetly wanton, blushing soft desires,
 To meet his kisses, turn their nectary lips,
 Incessant sipping, with increasing heat,
 Till mutual vigor and intenser love
 Their nuptials crown. The silver rustling rills,
 With knotted rushes fringed * * * *
 * * * * * * * and to the sun
 Far glittering o'er the meadow's fragrant breast,
 Hangs graceful, quivering to the breeze —

* * *

The following stanza is given as an imitation, apparently, from the French :

While thou art true, my fair, where'er I roam,
 My heart shall sigh alone for thee;
 But if another's conquest you become,
 Thy capture, Delia, sets me free.

Of the following two epigrams, the first is from the Greek, upon a statue of Niobe :

To stone the Gods have chang'd her, but in vain —
The Sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

Joe hates a hypocrite. It shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

With habits so desultory as those of young Johnson from the beginning, and with his taste for literature, it was scarcely to have been expected that he would remain, any very long time, the contented drudge of a Boston shop; and he did not. He was every now and then heard of, teaching at some little school, now here, now there, in Connecticut, at intervals returning to his first friends, the Albees, at Wrentham, sometimes in rags, sometimes in comfort and almost elegance; but in either case, always with a welcome. On one occasion he is recollected to have appeared there in the garb of a sailor-boy, bearing, both in his dress and person, marks of ill usage at sea. The following scrap, scribbled on a fragment of paper, in his early handwriting, seems to refer to his disastrous adventure :

God's miracles I'll praise on shore,
And there his blessings reap;
But from this moment seek no more
His wonders on the deep!

From the next intelligence we can gather concerning him, he is, in the year 1790, at the head of a little school at Bridgehampton, on Long Island. He must then have been about nineteen. At this time, he had, no one could conjecture by what means, become a very excellent player on the violin, and had attained to remarkable skill in architectural planning and drawing. His musical acquirements were, of course, a great recommendation to the society of the rural belles; and his scraps of verse exhibit more susceptibility than constancy, for he had already begun to adore each and every pretty Nancy, and Phœbe, and Keturah, of each and every village, as a Venus for whom Jupiter would have forsaken all his other infidelities. He remained at Bridgehampton during the winter; when, having gathered together a little money, he seems to have first formed a resolution to undertake the study of medicine. At this time he found his way to the village of East Hampton, also on Long Island, where he placed himself under the instruction of a very worthy and intelligent physician, by the name of Sage. So much of his time was taken up here between making verses and making love, that his amiable tutor was entirely at a loss to account for the progress he

actually gained in his professional studies. By the close of the summer, his small stock of money being exhausted, Dr. Sage procured a school for him at Smithtown, on another part of the Island, where he passed the following winter, returning with his savings in the spring, to resume his medical course at East Hampton, which place seemed to have fastened itself more strongly around his heart than any other, before or after, to the end of his life.

This attachment I can readily account for. I have myself visited East Hampton; and, as it may assist my readers to enter into the feelings of the young poet who now took up his abode there, I will endeavor to give them such a knowledge of its characteristics, as that passing glance enabled me to obtain. It was settled, history says, at a very early period, from the opposite shores of Connecticut. It is situated on a gently undulating plain, some score of miles from the extreme eastern point of Long Island, and about seven from Sag Harbor. Within twenty minutes' walk is the Atlantic ocean, the waves of which may be always heard throughout the valley, "swinging slow with sullen roar," and the influence of which upon the trees is pointed out to the visitor, in the withered and discolored foliage of the two, among those lining the street, that stand exposed to the direct sweep of the sea-breeze. East Hampton is a beautiful oasis, so surrounded by sands and barrenness, that the inhabitants are confined to farms barely sufficient to enable them, with patient industry and rigid economy, to draw thence the means of sustaining their families. The village is built on the two sides of a very wide, grass-grown street; the most of its houses low, with one end to the street, and the roof of that old-fashioned and unintellectual form, which may be compared to a face without a forehead, shooting abruptly backward from the eyebrows, to the high phrenological bump of veneration, on the apex of the skull. The rooms are not lofty, and their walls are wainscoted, and their ceilings crossed with massive beams; and as you stand up on some superannuated millstone, 'fallen from its high estate' into a door-step, you occasionally open upon a three-cornered closet under the stairway, containing the venerable saddle and bridle, often not yet divorced from the social and affectionate pillion of the olden time, for the lady; the respectable seat of which aforesaid saddle has sustained divers generations to tea-parties, at the neighboring towns, or to Sag Harbor, to look after the news, or to Montauk, to look after the cattle. One small abode was pointed out to me on a rising ground, as having been, within the memory of some of the townspeople, on its first erection, the wonder of its day; for the panels of the wainscoting were

not only painted, but painted sky blue, and the panes of glass in the windows, were actually so vast that the new-born child of the owner was once, to astonish the natives, put through a broken one; the magnificent magnitude of which, considering it was at least half the size of those now in common use, must have been looked upon with no little amazement. In the open way, and leaning against the side of a house, you will ever and anon encounter most creditable evidence of the universal honesty of the inhabitants, in long logs of fire-wood, standing on end to be taken down, and cut, and split as wanted; and the foot of the pile always strewn about with a semi-circle of chips, proving how steadily the healthful exercise of the axe is kept up in the family. But it must not be inferred that there are no modern, and even comparatively splendid, mansions in East Hampton, for there are some of later date, which render the quiet antiquity of the rest even yet more striking. Nor must I omit to name the public edifices. Of these, a one-story wooden building, possibly at least eighteen feet square, is, perhaps, the oldest; and it has, from time immemorial, been alternately made use of as a school house and town hall. The presiding divinity of this temple of learning, in ancient times, was a celebrated dame who used to threaten her male and female little ones with the terrors of "sarpints and scorpings" in an awful cellar underneath, if they did not mind their letters and their sewing. There is another more towering edifice, called Clinton Hall; this is an academy, and surmounted by a cupola and bell; and has held a high rank among establishments for education. I need scarcely add, there is a meeting-house, too, put up more than a century since, and still retaining the very steeple, bell, and clock, unchanged, which graced it on its first erection, in the good old times of the Province and King George the Second. A few years ago, after numerous town assemblies, and perplexing and prolonged debates, it was solemnly concluded that the interior of the old meeting-house should, for the first time, pass under the brush; and when adorned with new colors within, it seemed, like little Rip Van Winkle, with his antediluvian outside and his new perceptions, as if actually exclaiming, "Is this really me?" It is asserted, that upon this occasion an ancient maiden, whose sympathies with the meeting-house were those of a coeval, and who could not bear to look upon her mother-church as a painted Jezebel, cried out in an agony of pious chagrin, "Aye, aye! jest like East Hampton folks; all for show!" At each end of the village stands a wind-mill; and near one, a pond, and near both, an unfenced grave-yard; in the larger of which the first minister is buried, being laid in such a position, by his own

desire, it is said, as to enable him on his uprising to face his beloved flock ! So endeared is this spot by the remembrance of the generations of the good whose remains repose in it, that it is scarcely less coveted for a last home by the humble here, than is Westminster Abbey by the great in England. I have heard of but one exception, and that in the case of an eccentric old man of the vicinity, who caused his remains to be deposited in his own orchard, that the rascally boys whom he had found so troublesome about the fruit-trees all his life-time, might be kept at a due distance by the dread of his ghost after he was gone.

The traditions of the place are few, but mysterious. I first sought them in the town records ; but vast, indeed, was my perplexity on only encountering notices of various inexplicable hieroglyphics granted to Zephaniahs, and Ichabods, and Jeremiahs, through many generations, for the respective " ear-mark " of each. Eventually, however, it was relieved. I found out that these mystical " ear-marks " were merely registers of the stamps upon the ears of their cattle, under which the towns-people entered them, for a proportion of pasturage at Montauk, to which each freeholder had a right. In my further researches for less matter-of-fact antiquarianisms, I was more fortunate ; and from unwritten history I learned that there is a spot, in the road through the pine woods to Sag Harbor, which is called the " Whooping Boy's Hollow," because in the olden time, it was the scene of a child-murder ; ever since which, after nightfall, screams are said to be heard there, to the infinite discomfiture of stage-drivers and belated urchins. There is a small excavation, also, on the same wayside, said to be the very spot touched by the head of the last Indian sachem, as his corpse was set down by its bearers to the burial ; and in which neither pebble, nor dust, nor raindrop, nor fallen leaf, ever remains, although the most untiring watchfulness has not been able to detect any human hand approaching it. There is a Lebanon cedar-tree, also, on the wide, sandy heath, midway to Montauk, uprising amid tall, and thorny, and tangled bushes, and whose close-knit branches can sustain the ominous number of thirteen persons, as on a platform ; and which is immortalized by some wild tale of Indian massacre and miraculous escape. But the recollections concerning the succession of clergymen, and especially those touching Dr. Buell, who was famous there during, and immediately after, the revolutionary war — and whose flowing gown and full-bottomed white wig still flourish in his portrait, and are still gazed upon with undiminished reverence — form the most prolific and acceptable theme of conversation among the aged ;

whose stories of him prove how richly he was entitled to the gratitude and the respect in which the honest-hearted villager ever holds the good man's memory.

This worthy pastor, and the little old meeting-house, of which he was the unforgotten ornament, and the worship there, as it is maintained even to the present day, can never find such a chronicler as they merit, unless they should meet with some new Oliver Goldsmith, like our own Washington Irving. The verse-poet of sweet Auburn, or the prose-poet of the *Sketch Book*, could have brought the Sunday of this village vividly before the mind's eye; and none but they. Either could have shown the congregation assembling from far and near; either could have pictured the ancient wagons, filled with families, jolting onward in their high-backed chairs, of the fashion of the days of the Lord Protector Cromwell. The old horses stop, without a hint from the rein, at the very spot — and each pair plant themselves under the very tree — to which they have been for so many years respectively accustomed. The cross-board is drawn out of the back of the wagon, and a chair dropped to the ground, upon which the grandmothers, and mothers, and aunts, are first carefully helped down; and then the younger wives and daughters spring over the seat jauntily, with a light touch on the husband's, or the favored suitor's, hand or shoulder, and post themselves in readiness to catch the little ones of the latest generation, as they jump into their arms, and are thence lightly launched by them upon the ground. The train move slowly to their places, and the old dogs of the establishment follow and stretch themselves in silent and reverential slumber during the whole service. Every hearer — from the laborer and the common sailor-boy, who is on his return to pass the interval between two whaling voyages in his humble cottage home, up to the solemn and consequential justice of the peace — appears neatly clad, and all join in the exercises with attention and devoutness. There is one parishioner, a respectable towns-man, who could be seen driving a stage-wagon of a morning, and on the evening of the same day showing the hospitalities of the village to some of his stage-passengers, at his own comfortable cottage — and whom I have noticed shining brilliantly on these occasions, in black pantaloons, of what is called “everlasting.” I was told that this worthy person, when commissioned by his wife, to make a purchase of the stuff for this garment at New York, being puzzled to remember its appellation, told the shop-keeper — “well, I think it is *tarnity* cloth, or some name o' the sort;” and upon this description got the material with which he dignified himself on Suu-

days, and at funerals, and at merry-makings. In the psalmody of the meeting-house, every voice seems to join ; and though the singing may sometimes seem like the motions of the down-easter, who said his dancing was "not for pretty, but for tough," nevertheless it is sincere ; and sincerity, however unadorned, is always impressive. I have observed the ancient deacon of the congregation — whose venerable locks, now grown thin and white, have been swept by a hundred winters — during the entire exercises, stand in the pulpit, just below the preacher, with the best of his twin listening organs so upturned as to enable his dulled hearing not to lose a single syllable of the long prayer, nor of the longer sermon ; and have also been amused with the struggle upon the lip, and in the eye, of some roguish little damsel, as the long, windmill arms of the excited divine, with an unconscious sweep, would force the deacon, of a sudden, to duck down his aged head, in order to evade the risk of an unintentional box-on-the-ear. The very dogs of the village know the precise length of the service, by instinct, and at the regular moment for the benediction, rise up and depart, never committing the irreverence of shaking themselves, until they get outside of the great door.

Though on the way to and from the meeting-house, on Sundays, the wide street of East-Hampton looks thronged and sparkling with cheerful faces and bright dresses, the habits of the people are too industrious to break its silence and solitude much during the week. Excepting on Sundays, you will scarcely meet any groups of promenaders throughout the day-time, unless it be large flocks of geese. The same multitudes of the tribe of saviours of the Roman capital, which are remembered as strutting over the grass a century ago, are still conspicuous there ; and a visitor, after an absence of at least thirty years, fancied he could recognize among the numbers that were engrossing the area, as if theirs by prescription, some of the acquaintances from whose disdainful beaks he had often sheered away in great terror and tribulation, when a child.

That quaint good feeling — that exemplary ambition to do their best, in their own quiet and domestic way — which marks the manners of the East-Hamptoners at the meeting-house, also appears in their mode of showing hospitality to each other and to strangers ; to the most welcome of whom their highest compliment is, that they are as happy to see him as if he were General George Washington. At the little parties extended by ladies, there is a minute observance of their own notions of fashion, both in dress and etiquette ; and perhaps there is no place in the world where the tea-table epicure could be gratified with equal variety in the forms of tea-table luxury.

Every cake, and tartlet, and tart, and pie is made at home — and for the most part by the fair hands of the lady hostess herself; whose ambition to outrival her neighbors in cookery, is only comparable with her anxiety to make her attentions acceptable to her guests. It is delightful to mark the triumphant gladness which glistens in the good lady's eyes, as she sees her dainties devoured; and it is curious to observe how character, and even the effects of local, and sometimes political, partisanship, may be read in the silent, but eloquent, eagerness with which some of the kind-hearted neighbors will show their friendship, by eating away most unconquerably, though they are full; and others, their jealousy and ill will, by most invidiously and slanderously only nibbling, though they are empty. The various dishes, and the various degrees of skill shown in preparing them, are of course a subject of animated gossip the next day, especially if there be a quilting party anywhere; and established in her domestic glory, indeed, is the newly-settled-down young wife, after her first tea-party, if she escape unscathed the ordeal of the prophecying, petticoat critics upon it. She may then hope for the standard epitaph, whenever she shall take her place in the graveyard by the pond, that she was "a virtuous woman, and a crown to her husband."

There is another form in which honest pride displays itself among the female villagers — that of excelling each other in the manufacture of their own bed-quilts, and curtains, and fringes, and carpets, and rugs. At a house furnished by the handiwork of beautiful young girls — a homestead where, from the very sheet upward, every material was home-made — I could not resist the desire to seek a sight of the fair artists and their famed productions; and, although half afraid of a repulse upon such an errand, I found the grace and the good nature of my reception quite on a par with the surpassing beauty of the work I was asked to look at. There was a manifest pride in this evidence of a reputation for industry; and how much more in character with the republican spirit of our institutions is such a pride, than that of an heiress in her diamonds, and equipage, and millions! And with all the devotedness of these village females to domestic duties, and the love of order and of neatness, no lack appears among them of mental acquirement. A young girl, capable of adorning the best society, has been seen there scrubbing her floor with one hand, and pushing forward one of Miss Edgeworth's volumes, which she was reading, to keep it in a dry spot, with the other: and I have perused, from the pen of another native female, yet resident there, scraps of sentimental, and of satiri-

cal, and of patriotic poetry, which sweet L. E. L., in her happiest inspirations, might have been proud of producing.

The entertainments of the men at East-Hampton are, of course, of a severer character. The greatest among them is that of drawing the seine on the Atlantic. A horn is sounded at day-break, whenever the sea gives promise of abundance, and all the men, of all orders and conditions, hurry to the beach in their boat toggery; from head to foot all "suffer a sea-change," so thorough that the well-dressed yeoman of the preceding night is not to be recognized. The boats put off, and ere long all hands are pulling at the net-ropes, waist-deep in the water, and the sands are swarming with heaps of fish of every description, the greater part of which are used for the purpose of being left to decay upon the fields for manure. The hideous and poisonous sting-ray is usually among the captives; and I have seen from fifteen to twenty sharks strewn upon the shore from a single haul. Even the whale will occasionally appear in the distance, completing the majesty of the ocean prospect. These scenes are ever sources of no ordinary excitement on this part of the coast; and such is the inspiration of the sound of the horn-call to the sea, that all the male creation of the village rush forth on the instant. A Connecticut notion-monger who announced the arrival of his peddling cart there one morning by the sound of his own horn, was astonished to find every house suddenly depopulated of all the holders of the purse-strings. The signal had been mistaken for a call to the seine-drawing. It may be, that a taste for the adventures of the ocean is awakened in the younger villagers by these sights of grandeur, and the stir of these minor dangers; for their first thoughts are generally turned to a ship-board life, and they early wander far, most frequently upon whaling voyages. "There lives a man," said a young East-Hamptoner to me, as we rode by a cottage a few miles from the village, "who has made a competency by whaling, and retired from *public life!*" I have listened upon the sands, as the surf was dashing and sparkling at our feet, to harrowing narratives of bright hopes, broken by this irrepressible thirst to tempt fortune on the deep. I have heard a warm-hearted and intelligent sister disclose, in faltering accents, the sad story of her young brother, who would not be dissuaded from the peril, even by a lovely relation, who, when yet a mere child, remonstrated with him in a letter, of which the ready memory of the sister retained the following sweet burst of artless eloquence: "Recollect, a mariner's life is one of hardship, toil and danger. Think of the many anxious hearts you will leave among your friends. Even I, in some cold,

stormy night, when the wind whistles so mournfully about the house, and seems to bid defiance to the other elements — even I shall then think of my poor little cousin, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, rocked by Boreas in his hammock, and, perhaps, thinking or dreaming of his dear native village and the cheerful fireside he has left, to learn his lesson of life, and mayhap to find his grave in its bosom, with nought but the billow to sing his death-song” And the apprehension was prophetic. The poor lad, when his ship was sweeping before a gale, through the Indian ocean, ran aloft to furl a sail, as the mast broke, and he was heard to exclaim, “God save me!” when the ship, uncontrollably, dashed onward, and he was seen no more! Volumes might be filled with the romances of real life, which sometimes beguile the evenings on this wild ocean-border; and often have I desired the graphic power to detain on paper a scene of the sort, in which I was once a sharer. The gentle monitor of her lost cousin sat with his sisters and some others on the beach. Anecdotes of the sea had made the time glide away unperceived, and the conversation was wound up by an unaffected song from the innocent girl, in which devotion so beautifully mingled with touchingly appropriate allusion, that no taste, no science, no execution of the finest melodists in the world, could have rivalled the pathetic influence of the untaught music. To imagine its spell, it must be associated with the impressive recollections; with the soft breeze rippling over the calm ocean; with the waves mildly breaking, then falling back in diamond sparkles, as they met the moonbeam; and with the vast wilderness of outstretched waters beyond, gradually more and more confused by distance, till at length undistinguishably blended with the black mist over the horizon, which seemed the only veil between the beholder and eternity.

It may be readily inferred that, in such a village as I have described, the aged must naturally feel extremely sensitive about any omen of innovation. The old families are devoutly attached to their old homes, and though I have known but fifteen dollars a year to be asked for the only house to be hired at one time in the place, the same cost and trouble which would secure a lot in East Hampton, might obtain one of ten times the marketable value elsewhere, so much beyond lucre do the inhabitants prize their modest independence. With such feelings, we cannot wonder at the distaste for all intruders. Hence it happened that when a steamboat from New York to Sag Harbor made the seclusion readily accessible to city rovers in quest of sea air and rurality, the irruption of the bar-

barians of aristocracy and fashion gave the old settlers evident concern; and when an accident abruptly stopped the new-fangled facility of approach, it was a source of exultation among some, that East Hampton need no longer tremble for her purity, because the madness was over; the good old ways were returning; the old stage-coach had gone out, as formerly, with a passenger and a portmanteau; and there were no more arrivals of the unknown from vicious large cities, to stir up extravagant ideas in the well disposed, and unsettle the husbandman from his dependence on his plough, by dreams of speculation. It is true, there might have been grounds for uneasiness. Some alarming cases of genius had actually broken out among them. Many a head is even to this day shaken at the sad delusion under which an old inhabitant, who invented a combined flour-mill and threshing machine and another, who fashioned an orrery, imitating by mechanism the movements of our planetary system, in their exact proportions, have both not only wasted time, but actually expended money! For such prejudices, however, the generation in which they prevail, is scarcely to be held accountable; these good people have communicated but little with the wider world, so little, that an aged one among them, after having been inveigled in a mischievous young friend's wagon, for the first time, to the neighbouring town of Southhold, is said to have exclaimed in amazement, "Who could have thought that Amerikey had been so big!" This wonderer may have been of the same tribe with the maiden of three-score and ten, who, after a hurricane which succeeded a grand scholars' exhibition of dialogues in the Clinton Hall Academy, cried out, with sanctimonious consternation, "This is that plaguy 'cademy work, I know! A judgment is fell upon the town!" But I apprehend that it would be impracticable, for even much more potent jealousies permanently to shut out the dreaded changes. The sweet solitude of East Hampton is inevitably destined to interruption from the city and many an eye, wearied with the glare of foreign and domestic grandeur, will, ere long, lull itself to repose in the quiet beauty of this village. It will revel in its day-break ocean-sports. It will delight in its summer sunset, which, as the gazer from the rising ground, at the western extremity, looks down the long and ample street, flings giant shadows upon the grass, and gilds the tree-tops and the nearer wind-mill, and the chimneys, and the academy cupola, and the little meeting-house spire opposite, and the distant tavern-sign, swinging between two posts in the centre of the road, and the far off wind-mill; while the geese strut with slow and measured statelyness to their repose, and the cottagers upon the benches, projecting from before each side of many of the cottage-doors, talk news or

scandal, or pertinaciously bicker away about politics and religion, though they are said never to have voted but on one side, and never to have listened to a sermon out of their own sect.

Such, then, was East-Hampton, where the hapless, "neglected poet" of this narrative became naturalized, by one of the accidents of his random kind of life, as a member of this quiet, simple and primitive little community. Such, at least, it was a few years ago; and with the exception of the slight changes I have specifically recorded above, I may safely guarantee that such it was at the date referred to. Another number will be necessary to complete the narrative, of which it is the object to rescue from entire oblivion a name well entitled to the tribute, by the double right of genius and of misfortune.

PART II.

I hope the reader will be the more ready to receive this minute picture of East-Hampton with indulgence, when he shall consider the influence the place was calculated to exercise upon the mind of our poet, and that it was here it began to disclose itself most vigorously. When the small stock of money which Johnson had brought with him from his last school-speculation, was again exhausted, he made a bargain, which, after the view I have given of the modes of thinking in East-Hampton, it will be seen, must have raised him considerably in the public estimation; he contracted to pay his board there with a cabinet-maker, by working for him two days in the week, leaving the remainder of his time at his own disposal for study. When it was seen with what readiness and finish the young poet-schoolmaster could turn out chairs and tables, and all sorts of furniture, it was admitted that the village had never been graced by so miraculous a genius. Every door was opened to him, and he was the pride and the favorite of all, and especially, it would seem, of the young ladies. To his professional studies, however, he gave but little time; and how he could have derived the slightest benefit, even from his miscellaneous reading, seems unaccountable, for though he appeared to make extraordinary proficiency in every branch of general knowledge, he was never known to give more than half an hour to any one book, before he would fling it aside and take to another. Some of the time which was not engrossed by his mechanical labors, was passed in acquiring a little French and Italian; but the greater part of it in visiting from house to house, in playing upon his violin, and sometimes in playing upon the hearts

of the young girls of the village, which he attacked both in prose and poetry, and, it would seem, not unfrequently with success.

The siege of a heart in the olden time, I believe, was apt to begin with a rebus, and when affairs grew serious, it would come to an acrostic; for, especially in the latter case, the lady's name must be so unalterably interwoven with the declaration, that there could be no mistake, the lover was nailed, and so was the compliment; even were the lady insensible, the verses could not be transferred to any new object. Of these rebuses and acrostics, I find not a few bearing the date of the period now in question, all of which are peculiarly easy and graceful; yet I shall quote but one specimen, and that not of a set of love-couplets, but an address to a worthy clergyman, the Reverend Herman Dagget:

Happy the soul, which, on religion's wings,
 Exalts her glorious flight to worlds above,
 Rapt from the sinful ties of earthly things,
 Melts into transports of celestial love,
 And ev'n on earth makes Heav'n her blest abode,
 Nor knows a wish that centres not in God!
 Dauntless this soul, this soaring soul, shall sing,
 As, eagle-like, it gazes on the sky,
 "Great king of terrors, where's thy vaunted sting?
 Grave! boasting grave! where is thy victory!
 Exert your pow'rs! ye can but brush away
 The dust that soils my robes,—th'indecent clay,
 That keeps me from the realms of bliss and endless day!"

In one of his love-poems at this time we find the following happy application of the incident at the marriage feast of Cana. The reader must bear in mind, in appreciating the merits of my quotations, the youth, the imperfect and desultory education, and circumstances of the author, as also the material fact of the different tone and style characterizing the poetry of the present day from that of half a century ago. Without here discussing the respective merits of the two, I merely allude to the fact, to designate the school with which the verses of poor Johnson, to which a public notice is now for the first time extended, must be compared.

Stern fate, severely cruel, fills
 Life's bitter and disgusting cup,
 With drops of joy, to seas of ills,
 And we must drink the potion up.

But love corrects the nauseous draught,
 And makes it nectar all divine,
 As he whose blood our souls has bought,
 Transformed the water into wine!

The following beautiful couplet, which I find among his papers of the present date, written as an epitaph on a lady, I cannot refrain from quoting :

Here sleep in dust, and wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

Among his various amatory stanzas, are the following upon the falling of some flakes of snow into the bosom of one of the village belles, whom he was escorting through a storm :

To kiss my Celia's fairer breast,
The snow forsakes its native skies,
But proving an unwelcome guest,
It grieves, dissolves in tears, and dies.

Its touch, like mine, but serves to wake
Through all her frame a death-like chill,—
Its tears, like those I shed, to make
That icy bosom colder still.

I blame her not ; from Celia's eyes
A common fate beholders proved —
Each swain, each fair one, weeps and dies,—
With envy these, and those with love !

But whatever Celia may have been, the poet's assiduities seem not to have been eventually wasted, for ere long we find him addressing " Celia Jealous : "

What earthquake heaves those hills of bliss ?
That breast, th'Elysium of my soul ?
Into that more than Paradise
What fiend accurst has stole ?

Now, from th' accustom'd kiss away
That opening rose-bud quivering shrinks ;—
And now these precious fountains play ;
The liquid pearl now sorrow drinks !

Like sapphires seen in melting snow,
Those eyes through tears new radiance dart,
Each brow is Cupid's bended bow,
Each glance his arrow to my heart, &c., &c.

With half a dozen more stanzas which I refrain from quoting, as they exhibit the impudence of justifying his numerous infidelities, as the best evidences of the constant affection which always brings him back to the true home of his heart.

His love-effusions, addressed to different shrines, at about this time, are very numerous, and many of them very happy. By way

of variety, however, he is occasionally found addressing the colder Goddess of Friendship, whom in several of the former he treats very unceremoniously :

Friendship, sweet power ! whose fires divine
Our souls exalt, unite, and bless,
I kneel before thy sacred shrine,
And with this verse thine altar dress.

'Tis not in thee, the crimson shame
O'er cheeks of innocence to bring ;
But sweet thy joys, and pure thy flame
As the flow'r-scented breath of spring.

Through boundless nature's various plan
Thy spreading charm diffus'd we see,
From insect-atoms up to man,
And heaven were joyless but for thee.

Thou fair ! whose fiat shapes my doom,
What's love without this softening pow'r ?
A fire, that kindles to consume !
A savage, conquering to devour !

First, love should fix the welcome chain,
Then calmer friendship claim its turn,—
For rapture, long intense, is pain,
But souls should glow that cease to burn.

Presently, however, he gets exclusively tender again, and despairingly addresses a new goddess, deploring that his poverty should make his love so hopeless :

See ! where to its maternal stem
Yon filial flow'ret fondly clings —
The poet's sweet, unconscious theme—
And heedless of the lay he sings :

More fragrant far than parent bush,
Than flowery Hybla's scented gale ;
And sweeter far that flow'ret's blush
Than May's first morning's dew-gemm'd veil.

And shall some blest triumphant swain,
How blest,—how more than doubly blest,—
Win this wild empress of the plain,
And wear it on his raptur'd breast ?

Were I— but, ah ! no cultur'd plains
Nor gardens for such sweets I boast !
My locks are drench'd with driving rains,
Nor hous'd my head from winter's frost.

'Tis mine, uncottag'd and unclad,
 Chill storms, with purpled breast, to brave,
 And struggle onward, faint and sad,
 To sink into my home, the grave!

But still thus humbly and remote,
 I sure may view a flower so fair,
 And bless the too distinguish'd lot
 That bids me breathe the ambient air.

The two following descriptive pieces will serve to give a just idea of the development of his mind at that period.

W I N T E R .

Now grim amidst his gathering glooms,
 Lo! angry Winter rushes forth:
 Destruction with the despot comes,
 And all the tempests of the north.

What time he thunders o'er the heath,
 Each scene that charm'd, in terror flies,
 Creation feels his gelid breath,
 Affrighted nature shrieks and dies.

Perplex'd and sad, these scenes among,
 The pondering soul, with fainting steps,
 Quite sick of being, plods along,
 And o'er the mighty ruin weeps;

Or lifts the longing eye, and sighs
 For milder climes and lovelier meads,
 A vernal hour, that never flies,
 And flowers, that rear immortal heads;

Where ne'er, unchain'd, the maniac blast
 Scours the bleak heavens, with hideous scream;
 Where skies of sapphire, ne'er o'er-cast,
 Incessant pour the golden beam.

S P R I N G .

'Tis May! no more the huntsman finds
 The lingering snow behind the hill;
 Her swelling bosom pregnant earth unbinds,
 And love and joy creation fill.

Over the glassy streamlet's brink,
 Young verdures peep, themselves to view;
 At noon the tipsied insects sit and drink
 From flowery cups the honeyed dew.

Deep crimsoned in the dyes of spring,
 On every side broad orchards rise,
 Soft waving to the breeze's balmy wing,
 Like dancing lights in northern skies.

In ditties wild, devoid of thought,
 The robin through the day descants ;
 The pensive whip-poor-will, behind the cot
 Her dirge, at evening, sadly chants.

Queen of the months, soft blushing May !
 Forever bright, forever dear,
 Oh, let our prayers prolong thy little stay,
 And exile winter from the year !

Life, love, and joy, to thee belong,—
 Thee fly the storm and lurid cloud,
 Thou givest the heavens their blue, the groves their song,
 Thou com'st, and nature laughs aloud.

Let prouder swains forsake the cell,
 In arms or arts, to rise and shine,—
 I blame them not — alas ! I wish them well —
 But May and Solitude be mine !

Dr. Sage, who was a person of amiability, intellect, skill and integrity, in a letter now before me describes the present crisis of Johnson's career. He says that at the close of the two years passed in so desultory a manner under him, at East Hampton, Johnson was "well versed in the most common theories of physic, was a most ready mathematician and natural philosopher, was master of the principles of music." He "possessed," adds the doctor, "a most accurate and grammatical knowledge of his own language, understood French, had some knowledge of Italian, and could translate with the greatest ease any Latin author, almost without having recourse to a dictionary. He appeared to have considerable taste and knowledge in architecture; could use with skill almost all kinds of tools, and even excelled in many of the mechanic arts; in short, whatever he undertook in mechanism, he executed with the neatness of a first-rate workman." Dr. Sage afterwards remarks: "It has often surprised me, that, at twenty years of age, and with such idle, unsteady habits, Johnson should possess such variety and degree of knowledge. Where and how he could acquire it all, unless by intuition, I could never imagine. He was a runaway boy, and had been most of his life traveling from one part of the country to another, without friends, and the most of the time poor, dependent, and wretched. When pinched with adversity, his feelings and temperament were such, that he was wretched indeed; and if his better stars, at any

time, should light up a little comfortable gleam of prosperity about him, he was such a careless, wretched economist, that he wasted it without an effort towards its continuation or enlargement. 'Tis true, he was capable of enjoying, in a high degree, the blessing as it passed, and without vexing himself with the probabilities, or even certainties, of to-morrow's reverse. He was enthusiastic in his friendships; and, I believe, sincere. He was generous; he felt for the wretched and unfortunate; in his resentment he was quick, and, from a certain impetuosity of temper, often inconsiderate and rash; but soon forgot these. He changed with rapidity from object to object; for his feelings were so acute and so easily excited, that he was generally governed by the impressions of the moment."

With such a disposition, there was little probability that Johnson, even with all the attractions he found in East Hampton, would have remained there permanently. Indeed, perhaps those very attractions may have hastened his departure. His compositions, beside the evidence of dissatisfaction at his present limited sphere of mental action, and inglorious obscurity, indicate, as he proceeds, a striking change in his personal words; and it would almost seem that he had not fluttered so long around the light of love, without at last burning his wings. His temper was now evidently grown morbid. As he ceased to write mere love-verses, he became more and more sensitive and satirical:

The following epigram, written at this time, and which I find among the poet's manuscripts, will serve as an instance of this bitter spirit, like "moody madness laughing wild" at the idea of any possibility of happiness:

"Life is a jest,"—but God himself must own
 A sadder jest on earth was never known:
 The sides of heav'n must split to see such fun,
 In terrors ended, as in tears begun.
 Lo! there,—a wretch, extended on the rack;
 See his veins spout, and hear his sinews crack;
 And if a keener jest is your desire,
 Go, take his place,—and laugh till you expire!

The views of our poet at this stage of his course, seem to have been directed for some time towards a change of place; and he at length prepares to quit East Hampton, and try his fate in a larger sphere than he has yet attempted. He determines to plunge boldly into the city of New York. Even supposing him to have been hurt in his affections, he must have contemplated, with intense anxiety, his approaching departure from a spot endeared to him by so many kindnesses, and where he had a home in every cottage. The thought

of exchanging so kind a village for the dreariest of all solitudes, the solitude of a crowd of strangers, must, to a mind constituted like that of Johnson, have been withering indeed.

The popular verse-makers of New York city were, at that period, Richard B. Davis, whose works have been preserved by one of the Irvings; St. John Honeywood, whose writings appeared under the patronage of the late Judge Hoffman; Richard Alsop, advantageously remembered, not only for original productions in great profusion, but for able translations from the Italian; Mrs. Faugieres, whose *Tragedy of Belisarius*, and whose lines upon various occasions, especially one collection of them, illustrative of the Hudson river, are spoken of with much praise; and the memory of whose mother, Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleeker, was still cherished equally for her genius and her trials. A mind like that of Johnson must have met the works and story of Mrs. Bleeker, which appeared somewhere about the date of his arrival at New York, with no common interest. Her wilderness-flight on foot, from the inroad of Burgoyne's army, bearing her young daughters with her, one of them an infant; her garret-shelter, and the loss of her babe from the exposure; her despair afterwards, at the mysterious disappearance of her husband when carried off from his farm by the British; the almost fatal effects of her rapturous surprise at his unexpected restoration; and her final crush in death from sensibility already fearfully shaken, when, returning to her native city, she found it desolated by the war, and bereaved of all her early friends, could not but excite Johnson strongly. Nevertheless, he could not avoid noticing how little the praises upon every tongue had contributed to the prosperity of the subject of them; and how utterly the genius of the mother, aided by the influence of connections, and the spell of romantic associations, a genius which her surviving daughter had inherited and improved, failed, notwithstanding it was honored with surpassing homage, lamentably failed in benefiting the worldly fortunes of Mrs. Faugieres. The inference was obvious; and Johnson cast sternly away the hopes which he had brought with him to the metropolis, of working out distinction and prosperity by means of his poetical genius; and, reduced to all the extremities of unfriended youth and genius in the solitude of a city, we see him struggling for a mere support of life, in any nameless occupation, such as, a news-printer's and bookseller's drudge, an under teacher, in short, as any thing which would enable him to pay his way in his studies to become a physician. The person with whom he studied was Dr. Amasa Dingley, to whose friendly kindness he appears to have cherished a warm sense of gratitude, and whom he characterizes, in a poetical

epistle addressed to him, as possessed of the "heart of Howard, and the head of Brown."

Nor was Dr. Dingley the only person of talent and worth with whom he became a favorite. He seems to have been upon terms of great cordiality, not only with all the distinguished persons of the time, in his own destined profession, but with the most esteemed among the authors and the artists. There are, no doubt, many still living in New York, who, should these pages ever meet their view, may bring to mind the subject of this sketch, and be ready to acknowledge the truth of this testimony in his favor. His most intimate associate was young Joseph Osborn, who being a profound classical scholar, a critic of refined taste, and equally accomplished and amiable, was, undoubtedly, a very valuable friend, as well as delightful companion, to Johnson.

During the intimacy at New York between these young students, Johnson's attention seems to have been directed principally to studies of the Greek and Roman models in their original languages; and his productions to have been confined to translations. Of these, there are, among his papers, several of great vigor and beauty; besides versions of passages in the sacred scriptures, and of parts of Ossian.

But, agreeable, and intellectually profitable, as such intimacies must have proved to Johnson, the persons with whom he found himself most at home, were all of them nearly as ill off in the world as he was; and the occupation of newspaper paragraphing, and school usherships, even in our improved times generally pre-occupied, and never more than an exceeding lean and precarious resource, were, in his, equally overstocked from the inexhaustible East, and still less productive than at present to the incumbent; and as for the propensity to rhyme, it seemed to be considered at best but an amiable weakness, only tending to empty pockets; poetry was the most unmarketable of all literary drugs. Though every one acknowledged the promise Johnson gave of splendid powers; though every one confessed how disgraceful it would be to allow such powers to "rest unused," and though the patriotic congratulated the country on the splendid hopes afforded by such early excellence, it does not appear that he was substantially fostered by those who could have turned his qualifications into useful channels, and made them a blessing to his age, and an honor to his character. It unfortunately happened, too, that the period in question was one in which the effects of the French Revolutionary effervescence were in full action among us, and when the multitudes were on the alert to make the success of

novelties in government a plea for extending them to religion. The activity of error in seeking and promoting proselytes is proverbial : it has been accounted for by the feverish and self-doubting anxiety to fortify itself by the sanction of the enlightened ; and it is not to be wondered at, that a mind like Johnson's should have been assiduously courted by those who desired all the aids of enthusiasm and of eloquence, to help onward a bad cause. Ridicule is the favorite weapon exercised by such spirits upon the young and ambitious, and there are few minds capable of resisting its influence. It happened, moreover, unfortunately, that, at a time when Johnson was exposed to the dangerous atmosphere described by the poet, when "*The world will call you fool,*" was ringing in his ears, it was the evil destiny of his destitution to cast him in the way of a New York publisher, who had already given currency to many of the infidel works most in vogue abroad, and who sought fresh fuel for the spreading flame. There was a French work, by Boulanger, entitled *Christianisme Devoilé*. The publisher we allude to found Johnson, not only full of talent and entirely out of funds, but well versed in French, and desperate for want of employ. The rest may be easily imagined. He was lured into a translation from Boulanger, enforced by an original preface ; and this is, unfortunately, the only work of his ever printed with his name, unless it be a scrap or two of verse, in obsolete magazines, since his decease. The volume excited much attention. Johnson, was at first, dazzled by its popularity. But his greatest gratification seems to have arisen from his certainty that its appearance would give so much delight to his first protector, Captain Albee. He sent a finely ornamented copy of it to his early domicile, at Wrentham. The old captain was enraptured at the remembrance ; and at such magnificent evidence, according to his mode of thinking, that the ancient flourishings of the rope's end over his pet protégé had at last "done the state some service."

In a country where native fame of every sort is so transitory as in ours, there is scarcely reason to wonder at the necessity for reminding the reader of the present day, that, some forty years ago, a few distinguished persons of Connecticut were regarded as a galaxy of the most brilliant stars of our literature and fine arts. There were young aspirants who obtained praise for great promise ; but Dwight, the Trumbulls, Humphreys, Hopkins, and some others, now entirely forgotten, were looked upon as established in imperishable glory. But the greatest of these temporary immortalities was that of Joel Barlow. He, who from a poor eastern lad, had been a soldier, an attorney, a Congregational minister, again a lawyer, and who, having afterwards risen through the occupations of a shop-

keeper, vending in Connecticut his own edition of psalms and hymns, of a land speculator, of an apostle of religious infidelity, of a political reformer in Europe, up to that of an ambassador, representing his native country abroad in diplomacy; was now also its representative in literature. The epic poem upon Columbus, at the epoch in question, had been already published, not only in Paris, with a dedication accepted by the king, but in London, — a greater honor than any American poem had received; and its author was looked up to as possessing that universal renown and influence which gave his approval the potency of an oracle. To Joel Barlow, thus surrounded with glory and with power, the translation of which we have spoken was submitted by its publisher, who was his friend. Johnson's general talents, of course, came under the notice of the momentary Homer, and they were considered as too remarkable not to be encouraged for the darling purposes of the hour. In a letter written by Mr. Barlow, from Hamburg on the 23d of May, 1795, he says:

“I am glad to see a translation, and so good a one, of Boulanger's *Christianisme Devoilé*. It is remarkably correct and elegant. I have not had time to compare the whole of the translation with the original, but so far as I have compared it, I never saw a better one. I wish Mr. Johnson would go on and give us the next volume, the history of *that famous mountebank called St. Paul*. I should think these two works would give such a currency to the author in America, that the translator might be encouraged to go on and complete his whole works, especially *L'Antiquité Devoilé* and his *Oriental Despotism*. I do not know that these works have been translated; if they have, they are probably not done so well as this translator would do them.”

Considering the immense weight of Mr. Barlow's opinion at that time, and the prevalence of more levity upon subjects of vital import, than has since been found to be compatible with either common sense, or the real “age of reason,” it is almost to be wondered at that Johnson did not become a sacrifice to this encouragement; but he did not. The fact, that “his poverty, but not his will, consented” to this prostitution of his talent, is evident from a letter written to a bosom friend, even while under the full influence of his devotedness to the task: “Far be it from me,” observes he, “to suggest anything against true religious experiences! They are the most desirable, at all events; and may they increase till the millenium shall shed its heavenly influence over a regenerated earth! Would to God they might beam through my soul, with the heat of the love, and the light of the knowledge, of Jesus of Nazareth!” The right aspirations, of which these words disclose a glimmering, gained strength. Johnson made

no more publications of the sort recommended by Mr. Barlow. On the contrary, he lamented bitterly the error he had already committed. "I do not believe," observes he, in a letter to a friend not long afterwards, "that *Boulanger's* sentiments concerning the Christian religion are just. I believe the most prominent features of the monster in question are *sophistry and rancour.*" The Roman Catholic notion, mentioned by Addison, that an author's soul remains in purgatory so long as his writings continue to do evil, conveys a striking image of what a sensitive spirit like that of Johnson must have endured, from the consciousness which these paragraphs prove to have been dawning upon him, of the poison he had flung upon the winds, and could not now recall and smother. It is impossible for the splendid sentiment of Cowley, on the works of the poet being the last to perish in the final wreck of matter,

"Now all the wide extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And *Virgil's* sacred works, shall die,"

to be too often impressed upon the minds of those who can make an enchanter's wand of the pen, and yet not remember, while they are so doing, the enormous responsibility involved in the power which is the last conquerable by death in his last triumph,—the power of genius. To any one who feels, with Milton, that books are "as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men," how awful may be the conviction that even penitence for having uttered a wrong book, cannot kill its destructiveness; but the giant to which a depraved fancy has given birth, will still go on, like Frankenstein's fiend, mocking the impotent horror of its maker, when, on beholding his own creation in life and action, his awakened reason shows it to be malignant and a monster! Even thus stinging was the remorse of Johnson at his error, as is evident from another passage of the letter already quoted: "*Persuasion and Poverty induced me to translate this work of Boulanger. I have risen the steep of education at the expense of many a struggle, and, in mid-air, I avoided a fall, by seizing upon the first shrub that invited my hand. It was a thorn, and do not imagine that I escaped without a wound. My name was prefixed to the work, contrary to my wish, and without my knowledge.*"

Three prominent events, not far apart, occurred after this in the history of Johnson; an attachment grew up between him and a young lady of superior character and endowments; he was near becoming the victim of a malignant fever; and a proposal was sent

to him for commencing practice in partnership with an eminent physician in Georgetown, South Carolina. Of the attentions he received during the illness to which we now allude, in one of his letters he speaks thus: "The New York epidemic conducted me to the brink of the grave, and I am to thank Dingley, Osborn, and some other friends that I did not tumble in. So soon as I could support a removal, I went to Long Island, where I stayed until a few days ago. Charles Goodrich came to see me while I was sick, and spoke to me so kindly, that I was too deeply affected to make him any answer, but what might be interpreted from my tears. Osborn watched with me several nights, and exhibited the most impressive proofs that his friendship for me was not to be shaken by any considerations of personal danger. The young gentlemen, also, of my medical acquaintance showed me every kindness that generosity and friendship could dictate. Doctor Dingley effected my removal, and Doctor McLean resigned to me his own furnished apartment. How wrong are those who preach the universal and total depravity of human nature! Who in my situation could, without indignation, hear it asserted that mankind are naturally in a state of perpetual hostility, and that human nature always inclines to vice and malignity? Unite with me, my friend, in undeceiving those who calumniate our race!" Upon his convalescence, it was supposed that an entire change of place would do him service; and he was now more anxious than ever for an establishment, that he might entitle himself to the hand of one who had watched with equal solicitude and success over the diseases of his body and of his mind. The negotiation between him and Doctor Robert Brownfield, of Georgetown, South Carolina, for his removal to the latter place, was marked by a frank and manly style on both parts, which makes me regret being precluded by space from quoting the letters. The mutual friend who had made the character of each known to the other, was Dr. Wickham. It resulted in Johnson's accepting Dr. Brownfield's invitation, which he did without any stipulation as to the terms of their professional connection; and accordingly we find in one of his manuscript books the following entry:

"Left New York, Sunday, 7th February, 1796, in the ship Fame, my friend Captain G. Havens, master. My fellow-passengers were Mr. Russel, of New York, Mr. Powers, a printer, and his journeyman. We arrived at Savannah, on Saturday, the 20th of the same month, at which place I was politely received by my old acquaintance, Mr. P. Havens, who had recently established himself there as a merchant. He insisted on my lodging with him at Mr. Dillon's,

where I stayed until the next day, when I took passage with a Captain Dickinson, in a packet for Charleston, where we arrived the next morning. This day I dined with Mr. John G. Mayer, to whom I had a letter from the house of Gardiner, Thompson & Co. of New York. Lodged at the Globe Tavern while in Charleston, which place I left on Friday, and arrived at Georgetown the next morning, where I met a most cordial and endearing reception from Doctor Brownfield. On Sunday evening he generously proposed to take me into partnership on terms of equality. I hesitated not to accept his generous offer, and the bargain was immediately closed for one year."

Among his papers, we find some verses inscribed on a blank page of a volume of Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, which appears to have been presented to the object of his affections, on the eve of his departure to fulfill this engagement; which I quote as expressive of the rational and subdued views of life and the future, which had now succeeded to the wild visions of his earlier youth.

Clad with the moss of gathering years,
 The stone of fame shall moulder down,
 Long dried from soft affection's tears;
 Its place unheeded and unknown.
 Ah! who would strive for fame that flies
 Like forms of mist before the gale?
 Renown but breathes before it dies,—
 A meteor's path! an idiot's tale!
 Beneath retirement's sheltering wing,
 From mad conflicting crowds remote,
 Beside some grove-encircled spring,
 Let wisdom build your humble cot:
 There clasp your fair one to your breast,
 Your eyes impearl'd with transport's tear,
 By turns caressing and carest,—
 Your infant prattler sporting near.
 Content your humble board shall dress,
 And poverty shall guard your door,—
 Of wealth and fame, if you have less
 Than monarchs, you of bliss have more.

Dr. Brownfield, in a letter written after Johnson's death, observes: "As a physician he very soon gained the confidence of his fellow-citizens in an extensive practice. His genius and erudition commanded the admiration of the learned, and his social virtues secured him the love and esteem of all those with whom he was most intimately acquainted. To know the strength and universality of his genius, required a long acquaintance. The longer I knew him, the more reason I found to admire his talents. To a strong and elevated

imagination were added a sound judgment and correct taste. To an elegant and refined taste for the fine arts, he was one of the few who united a profound knowledge of the more abstruse sciences of philosophy and the mathematics. As well in execution as design, his abilities were unrivalled. Indeed, there are few objects of human knowledge, of which he appeared to be ignorant. Intellectual brightness is sometimes obscured by degrading vices; but Johnson's character had no stain of this sort. His expanded soul embraced the interests of all mankind. Often I have seen, the tear of sympathy for the suffering bedew his cheek. Indeed, in every part of his conduct he displayed that tenderness, that generous benevolence, which, in my mind, exalts the character more than all the brilliancy of science, or energy of genius."

That there is no exaggeration in this picture of the impression made by Johnson at his new residence, may be very easily believed. In our southern regions, so accomplished a person could not remain uncourted. He was in every society, and wherever he appeared, he was the brightest star. A long poem, written by him at the time, gives a humorous picture of a convivial musical party at which he was present. It is somewhat in the spirit of Goldsmith's *Retaliation*. It portrays the character of each guest, in a witty couplet, closed with a line from the particular song which each had sung, and which line is very humorously wrought into the story of the jeu-d'esprit. He was, of course, applied to on all occasions when poetry was desired; and among others a Fourth-of-July address, written at this period, possesses high poetical merit, at the same time that it breathes a noble spirit of patriotism and love of liberty.

A streamlet in the neighborhood of Georgetown, which the poet's manuscript calls the *river* Sampit, but which is laid down in the maps as a creek, presently afterwards excited his muse; and his lines in its praise circulated at the time with an applause, which cannot be denied to them even in our most fastidious day. The lines are these:

Fair Goddess of the pensive wave,
 That calmly tend'st thy little urn,
 Than Tempe's lovelier vales to lave,
 And quench the potent beams that burn
 Thy tender offspring's verdant forms,—
 Nor dost forsake thy rising care,
 When Jove descends in awful storms,
 And bolted thunders singe the air!
 What though, along thy lonely banks,
 Not oft the tuneful sisters rove,
 Nor, tripping light in twilight ranks,
 The fairies fill the neighboring grove;

Though thou on no Etruscan shore
 Hast seen a thousand villas smile,
 Nor e'er, like rapid Hebrus, bore
 An Orpheus to the Lesbian isle ;
 Nor dost thou, number'd with the gods,
 Like Nile, from Heaven derive thy source,
 Nor visit Pluto's dark abodes,
 Like Arethusa's latent course ;
 Yet hast thou charms my muse to fire,
 And though her voice not long shall live,
 Her trembling hand shall wake the lyre,
 And give what fame her strains can give !
 While the old bounds the Thunderer gave,
 Thy boisterous brothers oft despise,
 And, rising fierce, with impious wave,
 O'erwhelm the earth, and threat the skies,—
 To hoary Neptune's coral throne,
 Thou duteous lead'st thy limpid race,
 While pleas'd to meet his meekest son,
 The monarch melts in thy embrace.
 Diana oft withdraws her gaze
 From dull Endymion's slumbering charms,
 And flies to keep, with brighter blaze,
 A tenderer vigil in thy arms.
 Like fairy knights, in silver clad,
 To sportive war advancing gay,
 A shiver'd beam each radiant blade,
 Thy waves, in bright confusion, play.
 Along thy banks, where canes compose
 The humid bower, and tiny grove,
 Thy naiads through the day repose,
 And consecrate the night to love,—
 If, chance, no monster from the deep,
 In scaly terrors grim, invade,
 And, stretch'd immense in dragon sleep,
 Fright the fair tremblers from the shade.
 To catch the breeze and court the muse,
 At jocund dawn, or evening grey,
 Oft shall my sandals brush the dews
 That richly gem the devious way :
 But thee, staid eve, most sweet I prove,
 When, gently led by insect light,
 Thought wanders wild with hapless love,
 And sadness sighs along the night.
 Yes, sweet thy cells and rayless groves,
 Where lonely woes delight to haunt,
 And wounded hearts, like dying doves,
 With pangs too big for utterance pant !
 Yon gloomy pines, that stand aloof,
 With thick and darkly waving locks,

Amidst whose shades, with silent hoof,
 The trembling deer, wild gazing, stalks ;
 The thickening cloud, the screeching storm,
 The flashing lightning's lurid glare,
 The gliding phantom's half-seen form,
 Though sad, not all unlovely are.
 The nerve by pity interwove,
 Pale grief low bending o'er the bier,
 The poignant sympathies of love,
 And suffering friendship's confluent tear ;
 All these their mingled pleasures know,—
 A little gold amidst the alloy,
 And from the poisonous mass of woe,
 Extract a melancholy joy.
 In fate's worst cup of bitterest spite,
 Some drops of comfort still are found ;
 In pain itself there is delight,
 If love and pity bathe the wound ;
 Thus some pale flowers in deserts bloom ;
 Where never pierc'd the solar beams ;
 Thus some lone star, through midnight's gloom,
 With tremulous radiance, dimly gleams.—
 Curst be the passions' stoic sleep,
 The marble heart, the nerve of steel !
 Give me to suffer and to weep,
 But let, ah ! ever let me feel !—
 But see ! what goddess yonder moves !
 Is it the silver-shafted queen,
 Or Venus, with attendant loves
 And graces, gliding o'er the green ?
 Sweet stream ! assist my fearful muse,
 O, make her mine,—and thou shalt be
 To future years a new Vacluse,
 Thy Petrarch I, my Laura she.
 So still may each less sacred rill,
 From thee its turbid tribute turn,
 And Heaven its purest dews distil,
 To feed thy ever-flowing urn !
 Soft blushing, to thy vales and bowers
 May spring her earliest visits bend,
 Deck first thy brow with new-born flowers,
 And in her bosom, warm thee and defend !
 Neglectful of Pierian streams,
 The muse shall drink thy richer wave,
 And fir'd to fancy's sweetest dreams,
 Upon thine urn, an annual verse engrave.

The seeds of the illness which has already been mentioned, and which Johnson complained to one of his friends, " had produced an

irritability both in body and mind, which was unknown to him before," were yet lurking in his frame; and in the autumn of the same year, at Georgetown, he was again much reduced by a bilious remittent, from which he did not perfectly recover during the winter. Early in June, 1797, he was again seized by a fever. As it appeared slight at first, he resisted the urgent advice of his friend, Dr. Brownfield, to try the effects of a northern climate; and preferred retreating to a sea-island. Here, however, his spirits forsook him — he pined for the society of those who were precious to him, and especially for the one comforting smile which had cheered him during his first disorder. Under these feelings, he dictated from his sick-bed, the following version from Ovid's *Tristia*, which seems to have been intended for the object of his affection, and is probably the last of his productions:

Since trembling illness has unnerv'd my own,
 I must address thee in a hand unknown.
 'Midst savage strangers in a foreign land,
 On life's extremest verge aghast I stand;
 'Midst cruel climes and people more unkind,
 What objects, think you, occupy my mind?
 Here, gloomy clouds the cheerless landscape load,
 And air and earth proclaim the unus'd abode.
 Stretch'd, sick and unregarded, here I lie,
 And wildly cast around an hopeless eye:
 No friendly face, with cheering smile, appears;
 No eye-balls stream with sympathetic tears;
 No voice of music bids my pangs retire,
 Rekindling in my breast th' accustom'd fire;
 No gentle accents through the tedious day,
 Recite sweet tales to cheat the time away.
 In all I feel or hear a foe I find,
 And ev'ry object round me seems unkind;
 With mingled thorns offends the bed of down,
 And in the hangings angry demons frown.

Here as I pine, all friendless and remote,
 The pleasing past o'erwhelms my laboring thought,—
 By turns lost pleasures pass in sad review,
 And all those pleasures yield by turns to you;
 To you my feeble voice incessant cries,—
 I see your phantom with deluded eyes;
 And when a thousand tender things I've said,
 I blame the silence of th' unanswering shade;
 And then thy friendship is esteemed a cheat,—
 I curse the name my lips so oft repeat!
 But if the damps of death my brow bedew'd,
 And to the roof my palsied tongue were glued,

And skill were pos'd and remedies were vain,
 Thy soft approach would vanquish all my pain;
 Thy healing voice would all my strength replace,
 And I should rise in health to thy embrace.—

While dire disease my feeble frame destroys,
 Borne round the giddy whirl of thoughtless joys,
 Dost thou forget thy lover's faithful name?
 Or glows thy bosom with another flame?
 Oh, no! too sure, while I remain unblest,
 All joys are strangers to thy anxious breast.

Soon shall the gods resume the life they gave,
 Nor can thy prayers thy parting lover save;—
 But sure the gods might grant this small demand,
 At least to perish in my native land,
 Where pious hands my cold remains might burn,
 And seal my ashes in th' unconscious urn,—
 'Twere better than in foreign lands, alone,
 To perish thus, a fugitive unknown,
 Had death at once th' unerring weapon cast,
 And one misfortune been my first and last!
 Not death itself can now afford relief,
 And life is lengthen'd to prolong my grief.
 Yet well I know the last, sad, closing day,
 With all its horrors, is not far away,
 And I must die upon a foreign shore,
 Nor see that face, nor press that bosom more;
 Give up my spirit on this lonely bed,
 No friendly arm beneath my languid head;
 Nor with my closing eye's last trembling beam,
 Behold the tears of sorrow round me stream;
 Nor pour my latest sighs, with faltering sound,
 In blessings, on my sobbing friends around:
 And when, at last, my soul reluctant flies,
 No hand to close my sunk and sightless eyes;
 Vultures and wolves shall on my body prey,
 And my bones whiten in the blaze of day!

At the sad news I see thy frenzied air,
 Thy hands outstretched to Heav'n in fruitless pray'r;
 I hear thee call my name and tell our loves,
 Wild rushing through resounding vales and groves;
 But, ah! to wound that snowy breast forbear,
 Nor scatter to the winds that flowing hair;
 And think scarce less from other each was torn,
 When my first absence thou wert doom'd to mourn:
 'Twas death itself to wander far from thee,
 And more, far more than this, a death to me!
 But that I knew thy breast could ne'er obey,

I could command thy fruitless griefs away ;
 Nay, bid thee joy that all my ills are o'er,
 And grief, disease and exile, vex no more ;
 At least with firmness meet relentless fate,
 Nor sink at once beneath a lessening weight ;
 With patient meekness all thy woes endure,
 Which time may soften, though it cannot cure !

In August, 1797, Johnson was prevailed upon to return to New York, and thence he went over to Jamaica, on Long Island. Here his old friends again flocked around him. Joseph Osborn and his brother, Charles Osborn, were unremitting in their attentions. "In my acquaintance with the world," observed he, "I have seen no parallel to their friendship and generosity." Of his southern friends, he spoke with enthusiasm to the last ; and especially of the frank and liberal treatment he met with in every respect from his partner, Dr. Brownfield. His eyes, it is believed, were closed by Joseph Osborn, in whose hand-writing, there is the following simple inscription upon a page of a manuscript book which had been the property of his friend : "Wm. M. Johnson died at Jamaica, L. I., Tuesday morning, five o'clock, the twenty-first of September, 1797." His tomb-stone may still be seen in a grave yard at Jamaica. His age did not exceed six and twenty.

Such was the obscure career of one of the earliest of our neglected poets. That he was "a poet born" there can be no doubt, on a consideration of his character and temperament as evinced by his life, and attested by those who knew him, and of the genius manifested in those of his writings, which a happy chance has preserved and placed in my possession. Notwithstanding the difference of fashion in poetry between our day and that of the subject of this memoir, all readers, capable of appreciating that essential spirit of poetry which is independent of the exterior fashion of phrase and style, will recognize, even in some of the specimens which I have quoted, a delicacy of sentiment, combined with a passionate ardor ; an enthusiasm for natural beauty, with that deep yearning after the good, the true and lovely in moral nature which most strongly characterizes spirits of the highest order, — with, at the same time, a melody of language, and graceful ease of style, united to strength and directness, — abundantly sufficient to establish his claim to a high place among the poets of our country. His writings have never been published, and his name is an unknown sound to the present generation. His life was passed in obscurity, and that perpetual and exhausting struggle with penury, which has so often and so sadly withered the noble promise

of young genius ; and by the time that his superior talents and excellence of character had raised him to a social position, which promised a more prosperous future career, we see him sinking beneath a premature blight of disease. In the preceding sketch, I have attempted to make the narrative tell at once the story of Johnson's genius and qualities of character. To render him justice, in both points of view, his attainments and conduct must be compared with his chances ; and, when we consider his nameless origin, the desultory scraps of education which his early circumstances permitted him, the many temptations to which he was subjected, both from his poverty and the society into which he was necessarily often cast, the former must be acknowledged to have been such as to entitle his memory at least to this slight and tardy attempt to rescue it from oblivion.

TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

This Tragedy is submitted to the publick with the most grateful sense of the kindness with which it has been honoured. It was originally intended to be published as sent to the Theatre; but the omissions and changes consequent on its being performed, were numerous. The reader will now find it in every respect a copy from the prompt book. The imperfect lines which sometimes occur in the verse have arisen from the determination to make the conformity complete.

Seven plays upon the subject of Brutus are before the publick. Only two have been thought capable of representation, and those two did not long retain possession of the stage. In the present play I have had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and language of my predecessors wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which I had prescribed. This has been so done as to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property. Such obligations, to be culpable, must be secret; but it may be observed that no assistance of other writers can be available without an effort, almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition.

I am reluctant to select peculiar objects of praise, when I found zeal and politeness so universal. — But I must be permitted to add my gratitude to the publick admiration of Mr. KEAN's most masterly and splendid performance of the principal character. — Mrs. GLOVER, too, has claims on me which must not be forgotten. — The play was introduced by her to the Theatre, and its share of publick favour must be largely attributed to the critical taste of this very amiable and intelligent woman.

To the SUB-COMMITTEE and the MANAGER, I also beg to return my grateful thanks,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

*Southampton-street, Covent Garden,
December 9, 1818.*

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, SPOKEN BY MR. H. KEMBLE.

Time rushes o'er us; thick as evening clouds,
Ages roll back: — what calls them from their shrouds?
What in full vision brings their good and great,
The men whose virtues make the nation's fate,
The far-forgotten stars of human kind?
The STAGE, — the mighty telescope of mind!
If later, luckless arts that stage profane,
The actor pleads — not guilty of the stain:
He, but the shadow flung on fashion's tide —
Yours, the high will that all its waves must guide:
Your voice alone, the great reform secures,
His, but the passing hour — the age is yours.
Our pledge is kept. Here, *yet*, no chargers wheel,
No foreign slaves on ropes or scaffolds reel,
No Gallic amazons, half naked, climb
From pit to gallery, — the low sublime!

In Shakespeare's halls, shall dogs and bears engage?
 Where brutes are actors, be a booth the stage!
 And we shall triumph yet. The cloud has hung
 Darkly above — but day shall spring — *has* sprung —
 The tempest has but swept, not shook, the shrine;
 No lamp that genius lit, has ceased to shine!
 Still lives its sanctity. Around the spot
 Hover high spirits — shapes of burning thought —
 Viewless — but, call them; on the dazzled eye
 Descends their pomp of immortality:
 Here, at your voice, Rowe, Otway, Southern come,
 Flashing like meteors thro' the age's gloom.
 Perpetual *here* — king of th' immortal band,
 Sits SHAKESPEARE crown'd. He lifts the golden wand,
 And all obey; — the visions of the past
 Rise as they lived, — soft, splendid, regal, vast.
 Then Ariel harps along the enchanted wave,
 Then the Weird sisters thunder in their cave, —
 The spell is wound. Then shows his mightier art,
 The Moor's lost soul; the hell of Richard's heart,
 And stamps, in fiery warning to all time,
 The deep damnation of a tyrant's crime.

To-night we take our lesson from the tomb:
 'Tis thy sad cenotaph, colossal Rome!
 How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low,
 Ashes and dust are all thy glory now!
 While o'er thy wreck, a host of monks and slaves,
 Totter to "seek dishonourable graves."

The story is of BRUTUS: in that name
 Tower'd to the sun her eagle's wing of flame!
 When sank her liberty, that name of power,
 Pour'd hallow'd splendors round its dying hour,
 The lesson lived for man — that heavenward blaze
 Fixed on the pile the world's eternal gaze.

Unrivall'd England! to such memories thou
 This hour dost owe the laurel on thy brow:
 Those fixed, when earth was like a grave, thy tread,
 Prophet and warrior! 'twixt the quick and dead,
 Those bade thee war for man, — those won the name
 That crowns thee — famed above all Roman fame.

Now, to our scene — we feel no idle fear,
 Sure of the hearts, the *British* justice here;
 If we deserve it, sure of your applause —
 Then hear for Rome, for England, for "our cause!"

BRUTUS ;
OR,
THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.— A STREET *in* ROME.

Enter VALERIUS *and* LUCRETIUS.

Val. Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin.
By poison he obtain'd his brother's wife,
Then, by a baser murder, grasp'd the crown.
These eyes beheld the aged monarch thrown
Down from the senate house,— his feeble limbs
Bruis'd by the pavement,— his time-honor'd locks
Which, from the very robber would have gain'd
Respect and veneration,— bath'd in blood !
With difficulty rais'd, and tottering homeward,
The murderers follow'd — struck him — and he died !

Luc. Inexpiable crime !

Val. High in her regal chariot, Tullia came —
The corpse lay in the street. The charioteer
Turn'd back the reins in horror. “ *On, slave, on !*
“ *Shall dead men stop my passage to a throne ?* ”
Exclaim'd the parricide. The gore was dash'd
From the hot wheels up to her diadem !

Luc. And Heaven's avenging lightnings were withheld !
Here rules this Tullia, while the king, her husband
Wastes our best blood in giddy, guilty war !
Spirit of Marcus Junius ! — Would the gods
Deign to diffuse thy daring through the land,
Rome from her trance with giant spirit would start,
Dash off her fetters, and amaze the world !

Val. Junius, didst say? Oh! tyranny long since
Had sunk — chain'd — buried in its native hell —
But Tarquin, trembling at his virtues, murder'd
Him and his elder son. The younger, Lucius,
Then on his travels, 'scaped the tyrant's sword,
But lost his reason at their fearful fall.

Luc. Aye, the same Lucius who now dwells with Tarquin,—
The just, the fool, the laughing stock o'th' court,
Whom the young princes always carry with 'em,
To be the butt of their unfeeling mirth.

Val. Hold! I hear steps. Great things may yet be done,
If we are men and faithful to our country. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The CAMP before ARDEA.

Enter CLAUDIUS and ARUNS, laughing.

Aruns. There is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius!
What precious scenes of folly did he act
When, lately, through the unknown seas of Greece,
He went with us to Delphi! — But behold!
Where, full of business, his wise worship comes!

Enter LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Claud. Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither?

Luc. To Rome, to Rome — the queen demands my presence.
The state needs aid and I am call'd to court.
Am I a fool? If so, you cannot say
I'm the first fool grac'd by a monarch's favor.

Aruns. Why, Junius, travel has improv'd thy wit:
Thou speakest shrewdly.

Luc. Do I so, my lord?
I'm always glad when you and I agree;
You have just such a wit as I should choose.
Would I could purchase such! — though it might split
My head, as confin'd air does — water bubbles!

Claud. How say you? Purchase? Pr'ythee, what would'st give?

Luc. What would I give? — ten acres of my land!

Aruns. Thy land! Where lies it?

Luc. Ask the king, my cousin :
He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,
And takes the trouble off my hands.

Claud. Who told thee so ?

Luc. The king himself. Now twenty years are past,
Or more,—since he sent for me from my farm.

“*Kinsman,*” said he, with a kind, gracious smile,
“*For the black crime of treason which was charg'd*
“*Against thy father and thy elder brother,*
“*Their lives have paid : for thee, as I love mercy,*
“*Live and be happy : simple is thy mind*” —

Aruns. True, kinsman, true — i'faith, 'tis wondrous simple.

Luc. “*And that simplicity will be a pledge*
“*That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign.*”

Claud. Indeed, for that I'll be thy bondsman, Junius.

Luc. “*Live in my house, companion of my children,*
“*As for thy land, to ease thee of all care*
“*I'll take it for thy use ; all that I ask*
“*Of thee, is gratitude.*”

Aruns. And art thou not
Grateful for goodness so unmerited ?

Luc. Am I not ? Never, by the holy gods
Will I forget it ! 'Tis my constant pray'r
To heaven, that I may one day have the pow'r
To pay the debt I owe him. But stay — stay —
I brought a message to you from the king.

Aruns. Thank the gods, then, for thy good memory, fool !

Luc. The king your father sends for you to council,
Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.
Shall I before, and tell him ye are coming ?

Claud. Aye, or behind, or with us, or stay here —
As thy wit prompts,—as suits thy lofty pleasure.

[*Exeunt ARUNS and CLAUDIUS laughing.*]

Luc. (*alone*) Yet, 'tis not that which ruffles me — the gibes
And scornful mockeries of ill-govern'd youth —
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters —
Reptiles, who lay their bellies on the dust
Before the frown of majesty ! — All this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear ; — the face
I carry, courts it ! — Son of Marcus Junius !
When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty

And throw this vizard of thy madness from thee?
 To avenge my father's and my brother's murder!
 (And sweet, I must confess, would be the draught!)
 Had this been all — a thousand opportunities
 I've had to strike the blow — and my own life
 I had not valued as a rush. — But still —
 There's something nobler to be done — my soul!
 Enjoy the strong conception. Oh! 'tis glorious
 To free a groaning country —
 To see Revenge
 Spring like a lion from its den, and tear
 These hunters of mankind! Grant but the time,
 Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,
 May I drag out this idiot-feigned life
 To late old age, and may posterity
 Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool!

[*Exit* LUCIUS JUNIUS.

SCENE III.

ROME.

A State Apartment in the Palace of TULLIA.

Enter TULLIA, preceded by GUARDS, BANNER-BEARERS, LADIES,—
 and followed by VALERIUS. *She appears perturbed, and speaks apart.*

Tul. (apart.) Why should the steady mind to shadows yield?
 And yet this vision shakes my frame with horror?
 I thought his spirit thunder'd in my ear:
 "Remember, when, with wild ambition's frenzy,
 "And all Rome's empire in your view, you drove
 "Your chariot wheels o'er your dead father's body,
 "Up to the shouting forum!" Why, my soul,
 Dost thou not shun remembrance of that hour?
 'Twas but the cause — the cause — For this base clay,
 How differs it from the dull earth we tread on
 When the life's gone? — But, next, the Sybil came.
 Whose mystic book at such a price we bought
 And cried, "The race of Tarquin shall be kings
 "Till a fool drive them hence, and set Rome free!"
 Strange prophecy! — What fool? — It cannot be

That poor dolt, the companion of my sons —
Hark thee, Valerius — Know'st thou that same fool
Now in the camp ?

Val. I know him well.— A man
Who, when he had a name, was Lucius Junius : —
A braver citizen Rome never boasted,
And wise and learn'd withal ; now chang'd, alas !
A spectacle which humbles me to look on !

Tul. But is he harmless in his moody humors ?

Val. Tame as my horse, which though devoid of reason
Shall turn, shall stop, and at my angry bidding
Shall kneel, till I am throned on his back !
And this shall Junius ; the like instinct stirs
Junius and him, — no more.

Tul. (*Apart.*) Hence, idle fears !
Yet, when he went to Delphi, 'tis giv'n out
The oracle address'd him with strange portents
And each night since, my dreams have been disturb'd
By a wild form, too much resembling his,
Leading our soldiers forth with sword and flame,
Revolters from the camp, to storm the palace.
But he is sent from thence, and shall be watch'd.

Enter HORATIUS.

Hor. Your orders are obey'd. Lucius awaits.

Tul. Set him before us.

[*Exit HOR.*

(*To VALERIUS.*) Tell me, will he answer
If we do question him ?

Val. I think he will :
Yet sometimes when the moody fit doth take him,
He will not speak for days ; yea, rather starve
Than utter nature's cravings ; then anon,
He'll prattle shrewdly, with such witty folly
As almost betters reason.

HORATIUS returns with LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Tul. Hark thee, fellow,
How art thou call'd ?

Lucius. A fool.

Tul. Fool for thy nature ;
Thou answerest well, — but I demand thy name.

Lucius. Nothing but fool.

Tul. His faculties are brutish ; —

BRUTUS shall be thy name.

Brutus. Thanks to your grace !

Hor. Dost like thy new name, gentle brute ?

Br. So well,

Who will may take the fool. I care not who —
Your highness, an it like you.

Hor. I the fool !

Sirrah, good words, or I will have thee beaten.

Br. A fool thou wilt not beat — a brute thou dar'st not,
For the dull ass will kick against his striker,
If struck too harshly.

Tul. Let me hear no more ;

There's mischief in his folly. Send him hence.
But stay — I'll search him farther. — Hark thee, Brutus,
Thou wast at Delphi, with our sons the princes —
Tell me — what questions put they to Apollo ?

Br. Your sons did ask who should be chief in Rome.

Tul. Ha ! What replied the oracle to that ?

Br. With pains and strugglings the prophetic dame
This destiny reported from her god —

“ *Great and most glorious shall that Roman be,*

“ *Who first shall greet his mother with a kiss.*”

Tul. That is fulfill'd by Sextus.

Hor. Aye, he straight

Hasten'd from thence, and kissed the queen his mother.

Br. Woe for me, I have no mother ! —

And yet I kiss'd her first.

Tul. Thou kiss'd her ? Thou ?

Br. Yea, madam, for just then my foot did slip
In the fresh blood of a new-slaughter'd victim,
And, falling, I did kiss my mother — earth.

Tul. Oh, that the earth had swallow'd thee outright
Till thou hadst kiss'd the centre ! I perceive,
The gods are leagued with folly to destroy us.
My very blood chills at my heart. — Away.

[*Exit TULLIA, with GUARDS and LADIES.*]

Hor. Hark thee, thou Brutus ; I in part suspect
Thou ap'st this folly ; if I find thee trifling
Or juggling with the Pythia for predictions,
By all the gods I'll have thee flay'd, thy skin
Strip'd into thongs, to strangle thee withal,
Dissembling varlet ! — *Strikes BRUTUS, who seizes him.*

Val. Shame, my lord! forbear!
Threat'ning a fool you do but wrong yourself.

Hor. But that the princes love his son, brave Titus,
My dagger should have pierc'd his throat ere now
And sent him to his mother earth for ever!
He shall be watch'd.— Come, come with me, Valerius.

[*Exit* HORATIUS.]

Val. The gods restore thee, Brutus, to thyself,
And us to thee! Farewell!

Br. (*Alone.*) A little longer,
A little longer yet support me, patience!
The day draws on: it presses to the birth —
I see it in the forming womb of time —
The embryo liberty.— Ha! — 'tis my son —
Down, rebel nature, down —

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Welcome to Rome!
Would I might welcome thee to reason too!

Br. Give me thy hand — nay, give it me —

Tit. What would'st thou?
Speak to thy son.

Br. I had a thing to say,
But I have lost it. Let it pass — no matter.

Tit. Look not upon me with those eyes, but speak;
What is it that annoys thee? tell thy friend —
How can I *serve* thee? What dost lack?

Br. Preferment.
Thou can'st do much at court.

Tit. Ah, this is nothing!
Br. So much the fitter for a *fool's* petition,
And a court-promise

Tit. Oh, this trifling racks me.
Br. Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret to thee
Worth a whole city's ransom. This it is;
Nay, ponder it, and lock it in thy heart —
There are more fools, my son, in this wise world
Than the gods ever made.

Tit. Say'st thou, my father?
Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbor
Aught that imports a son like me to know,
Or, knowing, to achieve, declare it.

Br. Now, my son,
Should the great gods, who made me what thou see'st,
Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me
The burden of my senses back again —
What would'st thou say?

Ti. Oh, my lamented father,
Would the kind gods restore thee to thy reason —

Br. Then, Titus, then I should be mad with reason.
Had I the *sense* to know myself a Roman,
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs
Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the gods
To keep me what I am. Where all are slaves,
None but the fool is happy.

Ti. We are Romans —
Not slaves —

Br. Not slaves? Why, what art thou?

Ti. Thy son.

Dost thou not know me?

Br. You abuse my folly.

I know thee not — Wert thou my son, ye gods!
Thou would'st tear off this sycophantic robe,
Tuck up thy tunic, trim these curled locks
To the short warrior-cut, vault on thy steed;
Then scouring through the city, call to arms,
And shout for liberty —

Ti. (*starts*) Defend me, gods!

Br. Ha! does it stagger thee?

Ti. For liberty?

Said'st thou for liberty? — It cannot be.

Br. Indeed! — 'tis well — no more.

Ti. What would my father?

Br. Begone, you trouble me.

Ti. Nay, do not scorn me.

Br. Said I, for liberty? I said it not:
The awful word breath'd in a coward's ear,
Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone!
Said I, you were my son? — 'Tis false: I'm foolish;
My brain is weak and wanders; you abuse it.

Ti. Ah, do not leave me; not in anger leave me.

Br. Anger! What's that? I am content with folly;
Anger is madness, and above my aim! (*Music heard.*)

Hark ! here is music for thee,— food for love,
 And beauty to serve in the rich repast.
 Tarquinia comes. Go, worship the bright sun,
 And let poor Brutus wither in the shade.

(*Exit BRUTUS.*)

Ti. Oh, truly said ! bright as the golden sun
 Tarquinia's beauty beams, and I adore !

Soft music. TARQUINIA enters, preceded by damsels bearing a crown of gold, some with censers, &c., proper for the ceremonials of a dedication to Fortune.

What dedication, or what holy service
 Doth the fair client of the gods provide ?
 In the celestial synod is there one
 Who will not listen to Tarquinia's prayer ?

Tar. I go to Fortune's Temple, to suspend
 Upon the votive shrine, this golden crown.
 While incense fills the fane, and holy hymns
 Are chanted for my brother's safe return,
 What shall I ask for Titus ?

Ti. Tho' the goddess,
 In her blind bounty should unthroned the world,
 To build me one vast *empire*, my ambition,
 If by thy love unblest, would slight the gift :
 Therefore, of Fortune I have nought to ask —
 She hath no interest in Tarquinia's *heart*.
 Nature, not Fortune, must befriend me *there*.

Tar. Thy gentle manners, Titus, have endear'd thee,
 Although a subject Roman, to Tarquinia ;
 My brother Sextus wears thee next his heart ;
 The Queen herself, of all our courtly youth
 First in her favor holds the noble Titus :
 And though my royal father well may keep
 A jealous eye upon thy Junian race,—
 A race unfriendly to the name of king,—
 Yet, thee he cherishes ; with generous joy
 The monarch sees thy early virtue shoot,
 And with a parent's fondness, rears its growth.

Ti. Oh ! neither name, nor nature, nor the voice
 Of my lost father, could he wake to reason,
 Not all the wrongs that tyranny could pile
 On my afflicted head,— not all the praise
 That patriot gratitude could shower upon me,

Can shake the faithful purpose of my soul
To sever it from love and my Tarquinia.

Tar. Approve that firmness in the shock of trials,
And if my love can recompense thy virtue,
Nor tortures, nor temptations, nor the wreck
Of Rome and empire, shall divide me from thee.
To this I pledge my hand. Now to the Temple!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Tent of SEXTUS in the CAMP before ARDEA.*
A magnificent Banquet.

SEXTUS, COLLATINUS, CLAUDIUS, and ARUNS, *discovered drinking.*

Sex. Come, then, here's to the fairest nymph in Italy;
And she's in Rome.

Ar. Here's to the fairest nymph in Italy;
And she is *not* in Rome.

Sex. Where is she then?

Ar. Ask Collatine; he'll swear she's at Collatia.

Sex. His wife!

Ar. Even so.

Cl. Is it so, Collatine?

Well, 'tis praiseworthy in this vicious age
To see a young man true to his own spouse.
Oh, 'tis a vicious age! When I behold
One who is bold enough to steer against
The wind of tide and custom, I behold him
With veneration; 'tis a vicious age.

Col. Laugh on! though I'm the subject! If to love
My wife's ridiculous, I'll join the laugh;
Though I'll not say if I laugh *at* or *with* you!

Ar. (*Ironically.*) The conscious wood was witness to his sighs;
The conscious Dryads wiped their watery eyes,
For they beheld the wight forlorn, to-day,
And so do I;—but I shall not betray.
Here now he is, however, thanks to me,
That is, his semblance, for his soul dwells hence.
How was it when you parted? (*Mimicking.*) *She*,—“My love,
“Fear not, good sooth, I'll very constant prove.”

He:—"And so will I,—for, whereso'er I steer,
" 'Tis but my mortal clay, my soul is here."

(*All laugh.*)

Sex. And pr'ythee, Collatine, in what array
Did the God Hymen come to thee! How dress'd,
And how equipp'd? I fear me much, he left
His torch behind, so that thou could'st not see
A fault in thy belov'd; or was the blaze
So burning bright, that thy bedazzled eyes
Have since refused their office?

Col. And doth Sextus
Judge by his own experience, then, of others?
To him, I make no doubt, hath Hymen's torch
Discover'd faults enough! what pity 'twas
He had not likewise brought i'th' other hand
A mirror, where the prince might read himself.

Sex. I like thee now; thou'rt gay, and I'll be grave.
As to those dear, delicious creatures, women,
Hear what my own experience has taught me.
I've ever found 'em fickle, artful, amorous,
Fruitful in schemes to please their changeful fancies,
And fruitful in resources when discover'd.
They love unceasingly—they never change—
Oh, never!—no!—excepting in the object.
Love of new faces is their first great passion,
Then love of riches, grandeur, giddy sway!
Knowing all this, I seek not constancy,
But, to anticipate their wishes, rove,
Humor their darling passion, and am bless'd!

Col. This is the common cant; the stale, gross, idle,
Unmeaning jargon, of all those who, conscious
Of their own littleness of soul, avoid
With timid eye the face of modest virtue:
Who, mingling only with the base, and flush'd
With triumphs over those they dare attack,—
The weak, the forward, or deprav'd,—declare,
(And fain would make their shallow notions current,)
That womankind are all alike, and hoot
At virtue, whereso'er she passes by them.
I have seen sparks like these,—and I have seen
A little worthless village cur, all night
Bay with incessant noise the silver moon,
While she, serene, throned in her pearled car,
Sail'd in full state along.—But Sextus' judgment

Owens not his words,— and the resemblance glances
On others, not on him.

Sex. Let it glance where and upon whom it will,
Sextus is careless of the mighty matter.

Now hear what I have seen. I've seen young men
Who, having fancied they have found perfection —

Col. Sextus, no more — lest I forget myself,
And thee.— I tell thee, Prince —

Ar. Nay, hold!
Sextus, you go too far.

Sex. Why, pray, good Sir, may I not praise the wife
Of this same testy, froward husband here,
But on his cheek offence must quivering sit,
And dream of insult?

Col. I heed you not; jest on, I'll aid your humor :
Let Aruns use me for his princely laughter,
Let Claudius deck me with ironic praise ;
But when you touch a nearer, dearer subject,
Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,
Who can sit still, and hear with skulking coolness,
The least abuse, or shadow of a slight,
Cast on the woman whom he loves! though here
Your praise or blame are pointless equally,
Nor really add the least, nor take away
From her true value more than they could add
To th' holy gods, or stain them on their thrones !

Ar. If that a man might dare to ope his lips
When Collatinus frowns, I would presume
To say one word in praise of my own wife,
And I will say, could our eyes stretch to Rome,
In spite of the perfectious of Lucretia,
My wife, who loves her fireside and hates gadding,
Would prove far otherwise employ'd — and better,—
Aye, better, as a woman, than the deity
Residing at Collatia.

Sex. (*Aside.*) Well timed ; — I'll seize th' occasion :
View this Lucretia ere I sleep, and satisfy
My senses whether fame has told the truth.
(*Aloud*) I'll stake my life on't,— let us mount our horses
And post away this instant towards Rome,—
That we shall find thy wife, and his, and his,
Making the most of this, their liberty.
Why, 'tis the sex : enjoying to the full

The swing of licence which their husbands' absence
Affords. I'll stake my life that this is true ;
And that my own, (ill as I may deserve it) —
Knows her state best, keeps best within the bounds
Her matron duties claim ; that she's at home,
While yours are feasting at their neighbors' houses.
What say'st thou, Collatine ?

Col. Had I two lives, I'd stake them on the trial,
Nor fear to live both out.

Sex. Let us away then.

Come, come, my Collatinus, — droop not thus, —
Be gay.

Col. I am not sad.

Sex. But fearful for th' event.

Col. Not in the least.

Sex. A little.

Col. Not a whit.

You do not know Lucretia.

Sex. But we shall.

Let's lose no time. Come, brothers ! Let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

ROME.— *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. (Alone.) Oh, that some light would beam from heav'n to teach
me

When to burst forth, and how to gain my purpose.

For Rome I would resign all other bonds,

And tear each private tie from my fix'd heart.

Ha ! — Some one comes ! It is my son ! He seems

Rapt in Elysium, and elate with joy !

[*Retires.*]

Enter TITUS.

Tit. 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! auspicious are the fates,
Tarquinia's word is pledg'd, and all its brightness !

Br. (Coming down.) That exclamation was too lofty, boy :

Such raptures ill become the troubled times —

Of such, no more.

Ti. Oh ! at an hour like this,

Who could repress the thrill of grateful joy !

Br. (Eagerly.) What dost thou mean?

Ti. Tarquinia.

Br. What of her?

Ti. Her vows are pledg'd,

And heaven's propitious smile will make her mine.

Br. Thine? What! Thine? Heav'n make Tarquinia thine?
Away! away! Heav'n spurns the race she springs from!

Ti. How! — Father, wert thou to thyself restor'd,
Thou would'st *exult* to see thy son thus blest.
Our vows are past. They cannot be recall'd;
And soon the nuptial altar will behold her
My *own* for *ever*.

Br. No, Titus, not for ever!

If thou art mine, thou can'st not be Tarquinia's.
Renounce thy father,— or renounce thy love.

Ti. Nay, loose me, father, this is frenzy all.
E'en hadst thou spoken the dictates of thy soul,
(For sure thou can'st not know what thou requir'st,)
I must not, would not, could not, yield Tarquinia.
Nay — let me go — or my rack'd heart will break.

Br. Leave me. Retire. Thine is no Roman heart.
Ere long the moon will change — the moon — my goddess —
And then thou may'st behold a change in Brutus.

Ti. 'Tis as I thought. Folly resumes its reign.
Look on him, oh ye gods!

Grant him once *more* the treasure now withheld,
And to his son restore a long-lost father? [*Exit* TITUS.]

Br. (Alone.) I was too sudden. I should have delay'd
And watch'd a surer moment for my purpose.
He must be frighted from this dream of love.
What! shall the son of Junius wed a Tarquin!
As yet I've been no father to my son,—
I *could* be none: but, through the cloud that wraps me,
I've watch'd his mind with all a parent's fondness,
And hail'd, with joy, the Junian glory there.
Could I once burst the chains which now enthrall him,
My son would prove the pillar of his country,
Dear to her freedom as he is to me.
The time may come when heaven will heal our wrongs —
To your hands, mighty powers, I yield myself —
I will not doubt heaven's goodness or Rome's virtue —
Then, hence, despair! Still, thou and I are twain!

[*Exit* BRUTUS.]

SCENE III.

The house of COLLATINUS at COLLATIA.

An apartment, lighted up. LUCRETIA discovered, surrounded by her maids, all employed in embroidery and other female occupations. LAVINIA is by the side of LUCRETIA.

Luc. How long is it, Lavina, since my lord
Hath chang'd his peaceful mansion for the camp
And restless scenes of war?

Lav. Why, in my simple estimation, madam,
'Tis some ten days, or thereabout, for time
Runs as it should with me,—in yours, it may be
Perhaps ten years.

Luc. I do not understand thee.
Say'st thou, with me time runs not as it should?
Explain thy meaning—What should make thee think so?

Lav. All that I mean, is, that if I were married,
And that my husband were call'd forth to th' wars,
I should not stray through the grove next my house,
Invoke the pensive solitude, and woo
The dull and silent melancholy,—brood
O'er my own thoughts alone, or keep myself
Within my house mew'd up, a prisoner.
'Tis for philosophers
To love retirement; women were not made
To stand coop'd up like statues in a niche,
Or feed on their own secret contemplations.

Luc. Go to; thou know'st not what thou say'st, Lavinia,
I thank the gods who taught me that the mind
Possess'd of conscious virtue, is more rich
Than all the sunless hoards which Plutus boasts;
And that the chiefest glory of a woman
Is in retirement—that her highest comfort
Results from house-born and domestic joys,—
Her noblest treasure, a deserving husband!
Who, not a prisoner to the eye alone,
A fair complexion or melodious voice,
Shall read her deeper,—nor shall time, which palls
The rage of passion, shake his ardent love,

Increasing by possession. This, (again I thank
The gracious gods,) — this husband, too, is mine!
Soft — I hear footsteps! Hour of rapture! Look!
My life, my love, my Collatinus comes!

*Enter COLLATINUS, SEXTUS, ARUNS, and CLAUDIUS. LUCRETIA
rushes into the arms of COLLATINUS.*

My lord, most welcome!

Col. Welcome these, my friends,
Lucretia! — our right royal master's sons;
Passing this way, I have prevail'd with them
To grace our humble mansion.

Luc. Welcome yourself!
And doubly welcome, that you bring such friends.
Haste, maidens, haste — make ready for our guests!
My heart is full of joy! [*Exeunt ATTENDANTS*]

Ar. Rather, fair lady,
You should be angry, that unseasonably,
And with abrupt intrusion, we've thus broke
Upon your privacy.

Luc. No, my good lord;
Those to whom love and my respect are due,
Can ne'er intrude upon me; — had I known
This visit, you, perhaps, might have been treated
With better cheer — not a more kind reception.
This evening, little did I think my house
Would have possess'd such lodgers.

Cl. Rather, lady.
Such birds of passage, — we must hence to-night.

Luc. To-night? Doth not my lord say no to that?

Col. I would, Lucretia; but it cannot be.
If aught the house affords, my dearest love,
To set before your guests, I pray, prepare it:
We must be at the camp ere morning dawn.
An hour or two will be the utmost limit
Allow'd us here.

Luc. With all the speed I can
I'll play the caterer; though I am tempted,
Would that delay your journey, to be tardy
And prove a sluggish housewife. [*Exit LUCRETIA.*]

Sex. This is indeed a wife! Here the dispute
Must end; —
And, Collatinus, we must yield to thee!

Ar. I will not envy thee,—but 'tis a wife
 Of wives,—a precious diamond, pick'd
 From out the common pebbles. To have found her
 At work among her maids at this late hour,
 And not displeas'd at our rude interruption,—
 Not to squeeze out a quaint apology,
 As, "*I am quite asham'd; so unprepar'd;*
 "*Who could have thought! Would I had known of it!*"
 And such like tacit hints, to tell her guests
 She wishes them away—thou'rt happy, Collatine.

Col. Enough, enough.

The gods forbid I should affect indifference,
 And say you flatter me. I am most happy.—
 But Sextus heeds us not. He seems quite lost.

Sex. Pray, pardon me,
 My mind was in the camp. How wine could heat us
 To such a mad exploit, at such a time,
 Is shameful to reflect on; let us mount
 This instant, and return.

Col. Now we are here,
 We shall encroach but little on our time
 If we partake the slender fare together
 Which will, by this, await us. Pray, my lords,
 This way. [*Exit COLLATINUS.*]

Sex. Along—I'll follow straight.

[*Exeunt ARUNS and CLAUDIUS.*]

Sex. (*Apart.*) Had she staid here till now, I should have done
 Nothing but gaze. Nymphs, goddesses,
 Are fables;—nothing can, in heaven or earth
 Be half so fair!—But there's no hope!—Her face,
 Her look, her eye, her manners, speak a heart
 Unknowing of deceit; a soul of honor,
 Where frozen chastity has fix'd her throne,
 And unpolluted nuptial sanctity.
 Peace, undigested thoughts!—Down—down! till ripen'd
 By further time, ye bloom. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROME.

*The Capitol. Equestrian Statue of TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS.
Night. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. (Alone.) Slumber forsakes me and I court the horrors
Which night and tempest swell on every side.
Launch forth thy thunders, capitolian Jove!
Put fire into the languid souls of men;
Let loose thy ministers of wrath amongst them
And crush the vile oppressor! Strike him down,
Ye lightnings! Lay his trophies in the dust!

(Storm increases)

Ha! this is well! — flash, ye blue-forked fires!
Loud-bursting thunders, roar! and tremble, earth!

*A violent crash of thunder, and the statue of Tarquin, struck by a
flash, is shatter'd to pieces.*

What! fallen at last, proud idol! struck to earth!
I thank you, gods! I thank you! When you point
Your shafts at human pride, it is not chance,
'Tis wisdom levels the commission'd blow.
But I — a thing of no account — a slave —
I to your forked lightnings bare my bosom
In vain — for what's a slave, a dastard slave?
A fool, a Brutus? *(Storm increases)* Hark! the storm rides on!
The scolding winds drive through the clattering rain,
And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.
Strange hopes possess my soul. My thoughts grow wild,
Engender with the scene and pant for action.
With your leave, majesty, I'll sit beside you.

(Sits on the fragment of the statue.)

Oh, for a cause! A cause, ye mighty gods!

Enter VALERIUS followed by a MESSENGER.

Val. What! Collatinus sent for, did'st thou say?

Mes. Aye, Collatinus, thou, and all her kinsmen,
To come upon the instant to Collatia,

She will take no denial. Time is precious,
And I must hasten forth to bring her husband.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.]

Br. (*Apart.*) Ha! Collatinus and Lucretia's kinsmen!
There's something dark in this — Valerius too —
Well met — Now will I put him to the test —
Valerius — Ho!

Val. Who calls me?

Br. Brutus.

Val. Go,

Get thee to bed!

[*VALERIUS is departing.*]

Br. Valerius!

Val. Peace, I say,
Thou foolish thing! Why dost thou call so loud?

Br. Because I *will* be heard. The time may come
When thou shalt *want* a fool.

Val. Pr'ythee, begone!
I have no time to hear thy prattle now.

Br. By Hercules, but you must hear.

[*Seizing his arm.*]

Val. You'll anger me.

Br. Waste not your noble anger on a fool.
'Twere a brave passion in a better cause.

Val. Thy folly's cause enough.

Br. Rail not at folly —
There's but one wise,
And him the gods have kill'd.

Val. Kill'd! Whom?

Br. Behold.

Oh, sight of pity! — Majesty in ruins!
Down on your knees — down to your kingly idol!

Val. Let slaves and sycophants do that; not I.

Br. Wilt thou not kneel?

Val. Begone; you trouble me.

Valerius kneels not to the living Tarquin.

Br. Indeed! — Belike you wish him laid as low.

Val. What if I do?

Br. Jove tells thee what to do —
Strike! — Oh! the difference 'twixt Jove's wrath and thine!

He, at the crowned tyrant aims his shaft,
Thou, mighty man, would'st frown a fool to silence,
And spurn poor Brutus from thee.

Val. What is this?

Let me look nearer at thee. Is thy mind,

That long-lost jewel, found,— and Lucius Junius,
 Dear to my heart, restor'd? or art thou Brutus,
 The scoff and jest of Rome, and this a fit
 Of intermittent reason?

Br. I am Brutus.

Folly, be thou my goddess! I am Brutus,
 If thou wilt use me so! — If not, farewell.
 Why dost thou pause? look on me! I have limbs,
 Muscles and sinews, shoulders strong to bear,
 And hands not slow to strike. What more than Brutus
 Could Lucius Junius do?

Val. A cause like ours

Asks both the strength of Brutus, and the wisdom
 Of Lucius Junius.

Br. No more. We're interrupted.

Val. Farewell. Hereafter we'll discourse,
 And may the gods confirm the hope you've waken'd.

[*Exit VALERIUS.*]

Br. (Alone.) My soul expands! my spirit swells within me
 As if the glorious moment were at hand!
 Sure, this is Sextus — why has he left the camp?
 Alone — and muffled! —

Enter SEXTUS wrapped in a mantle.

Welcome, gentle prince! —

Sex. Ha! Brutus here! — Unhous'd amid the storm?

Br. Whence com'st thou, prince? from battle? from the camp?

Sex. Not from the camp, good Brutus — from Collatia —

The camp of Venus, — not of Mars, good Brutus.

Br. Ha!

Sex. Why dost thou start! — thy kinswoman, Lucretia —

Br. (Eagerly.) Well — what of her? speak!

Sex. Aye, I will speak!

And I'll speak *that* shall fill thee with more wonder,
 Than all the lying oracle declar'd.

Br. Nay, prince, not so, — you cannot do a deed
 To make me wonder.

Sex. Indeed! Dost think it? —

Then let me tell thee, Brutus, — wild with passion
 For this fam'd matron, — tho' we met but once, —
 Last night I stole in secret from the camp
 Where, in security, I left her husband.

She was alone. I said affairs of consequence
Had brought me to Collatia. She received me
As the king's son, and as her husband's friend —

Br. (Apart.) Patience, oh heart — a moment longer patience ?

Sex. When midnight came, I crept into her chamber —

Br. (Apart.) Inhuman monster !

Sex. Alarm'd and frantic

She shriek'd out " Collatinus ! Husband ! Help ! "
A slave rush'd in — I sprung upon the catiff,
And drove my dagger through his clamorous throat ;
Then, turning to Lucretia, now half dead
With terror, swore, by all the gods at once,
If she resisted, to the heart I'd stab her,
Yoke her fair body to the dying slave,
And fix pollution to her name for ever !

Br. And — and — the matron — ?

Sex. Was mine !

BRUTUS (*with a burst of frenzy.*)

The furies curse you then ! — Lash you with snakes !
When forth you walk, may the red, flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues ! —
Vipers that die not, slowly gnaw your heart !
May earth be to you but one wilderness !
May mankind shun you — may you hate yourself —
For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures
Millions of years expiring !

Sex. Amazement ! What can mean this sudden frenzy ?

Br. What ? Violation ! Do we dwell in dens
In cavern'd rocks — or amongst men in Rome ?

[*Thunder and lightning become very violent.*]

Hear the loud curse of heaven ! 'Tis not for nothing
The thunderer keeps this coil above your head !

[*Points to the fragments of the statue.*]

Look on that ruin ! See your father's statue
Unhors'd and headless ! Tremble at the omen !

Sex. This is not madness. Ha ! my dagger lost ! —
Wretch ! — thou shalt not escape me ! — Ho ! a guard ! —
The rack shall punish thee ! A guard, I say !

[*Exit SEXTUS.*]

Br. (Alone.) The blow is struck ! The anxious messages
To Collatinus and his friends explain'd,

And now, Rome's liberty or loss is certain !
 I'll hasten to Collatia — join my kinsmen —
 To the moon, folly ! — Vengeance, I embrace thee !

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

SCENE II.

An apartment in the house of COLLATINUS. COLLATINUS enters wildly, a bloody dagger in his hand, followed by VALERIUS and LUCRETIVS.

Col. She's dead.¹ Lucretia's dead ! I pluck'd this steel
 From my Lucretia's heart ! This is her blood !
 Howl, howl, ye men of Rome. Look ! there she lies
 That was your wonder.
 Ye mighty gods, where are your thunders now ?
 Ye men and warriors, have you human hearts ?
 But who shall dare to mourn her loss like me !

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. I dare,— and so dare every honest Roman.

Luc. Whence comes this mad intrusion ! hence, begone !

Br. The noble spirit fled ! How died Lucretia ?

Val. By her own hand she died.

Br. Heroic matron !

Now, now the hour is come ! By this one blow
 Her name's immortal, and her country sav'd !
 Hail ! dawn of glory ! (*Snatching the dagger*) Hail, thou sacred
 weapon !

Virtue's deliverer, hail ! This fatal steel
 Empurpled with the purest blood on earth,
 Shall cut your chains of slavery asunder !
 Hear, Romans, hear ! did not the Sybil tell you
 A fool should set Rome free ? I am that fool ;
 Brutus bids Rome be free !

Val. What can this mean ?

Br. It means that Lucius Junius has thrown off
 The mask of madness, and his soul rides forth
 On the destroying whirlwind, to avenge
 The wrongs of that bright excellence and Rome !

¹ The scene which was omitted after the first representation, and for which this introductory speech of Collatinus is substituted, will be found in a note at the end of the play.

Luc. Can this be Lucius Junius ?

Val. Ha ! The voice
Of inspiration speaks !

Col. Oh, glorious Brutus,
Let me in tears adore the bounteous gods,
Who have restor'd thee to redress my woes ;
And in my woes, my country.

Br. No more of this.
Stand not in wonder. Every instant now
Is precious to your cause. Rise ! Snatch your arms !

(BRUTUS *kneels.*)

Hear me, great Jove ! and thou, paternal Mars,
And spotless Vesta ! To the death, I swear
My burning vengeance shall pursue these Tarquins !
Ne'er shall my limbs know rest till they are swept
From off the earth, which groans beneath their infamy !
This, from the bottom of my soul I swear !

(*He rises.*)

Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius, — all —
Here, I adjure ye by this fatal dagger,
All stain'd and reeking with her sacred blood,
Be partners in my oath, revenge her fall !

All. We swear !

Br. Well have ye said : and, oh ! methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the murder'd matron,
Look down and bow her airy head to bless you !
Summon your slaves, and bear the body hence,
High in the view, through all the streets of Rome,
Up to the Forum ! — On ! The least delay
May draw down ruin, and defeat our glory !
On, Romans, on ! The fool shall set you free !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace of TULLIA.

Enter FLAVIUS CORUNNA, in haste, meeting HORATIUS.

Cor. My lord, my lord ! Quick, tell me, where's the queen ?

Hor. Whence this alarm ? What wouldst thou ?

Cor. Rebellion rages —

Hor. Rebellion !

Cor. Lucretia,

The wife of Collatinus, is no more.

The furious multitude have borne her body

With shouts of vengeance through the streets of Rome,

And "Sextus Tarquin," is the general cry.

Hor. Where are the troops? why dost thou dally here,
When thou shouldst pay their insolence with death.

Cor. The soldiers join the throng — the gates are clos'd,
And the mad crowd exclaim, "We banish Tarquin."

Brutus, all wild with vengeance, leads them on.

Hor. What miracle is this? How sayest thou, Brutus?

Cor. Aye, the fool Brutus. Now, before the rostrum,
The body of Lucretia is expos'd,

And Brutus there harangues assembled Rome.

He waves aloft

The bloody dagger; all the people hear him

With wildest admiration and applause;

He speaks as if he held the souls of men

In his own hand, and moulded them at pleasure.

They look on him as they would view a god,

Who, from a darkness which invested him,

Springs forth, and, knitting his stern brow in frowns,

Proclaims the vengeful will of angry Jove.

Hor. Fly thro' the city; gather all the force

You can assemble, and straight hasten hither.

I'll to the queen — Lose not a moment. Hence!

I tremble for Rome's safety! haste — begone!

[*Exeunt at opposite sides.*]

SCENE IV.

The Forum.

The populace fill the stage. BRUTUS is discovered upon the Forum.

The dead body of LUCRETIA is on a bier beneath. COLLATINUS, LUCRETIVS and the FEMALE ATTENDANTS of LUCRETIA, stand around the corpse. VALERIUS and others are seen.

Br. Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts

Permitted utterance, we have told our story:

And now, to say one word of the imposture, —

The mask necessity has made me wear.

When the ferocious malice of your king, —

King do I call him? When the monster, Tarquin

Slew, as you, most of you, may well remember,

My father Marcus and my elder brother,

Envyng at once their virtue and their wealth,
 How could I hope a shelter from his power,
 But in the false face I have worn so long ?

1st. Rom. Most wonderful !

2d. Rom. Silence ! he speaks again.

Br. Would you know why I summon'd you together ?
 Ask ye what brings me here ? Behold this dagger,
 Clotted with gore ! Behold that frozen corpse !
 See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death !
 She was the mark and model of the time,
 The mould in which each female face was form'd,
 The very shrine and sacristy of virtue !
 Fairer than ever was a form created
 By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
 And never-resting thought is all on fire !
 The worthiest of the worthy ! Not the nymph
 Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,
 And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,
 Can I conceive beyond her ; — the young choir
 Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
 Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
 Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
 Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose, —
 How from the shade of those ill-neighboring plants
 Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
 Was blighted, but, array'd in purest grace,
 She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections
 Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
 To long-forgotten rapture ; such a mind
 Might have abash'd the boldest libertine,
 And turn'd desire to reverential love
 And holiest affection ! Oh, my countrymen !
 You all can witness when that she went forth,
 It was a holiday in Rome ; old age
 Forgot its crutch, labor its task, all ran,
 And mothers turning to their daughters cried,
 " There, there's Lucretia ! " Now, look ye where she lies !
 That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose
 Torn up by ruthless violence — gone ! gone !

All. Sextus shall die !

Br. But then — the king — his father —

1st R. What shall be done with him ?

2d R. Speak, Brutus !

2d R. Tell us!

Br. Say, would ye seek instruction? would ye ask
 What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls
 Which saw his poison'd brother, saw the incest
 Committed there, and they will cry, "Revenge!"
 Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
 O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, "Revenge!"
 Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
 With human blood, and it will cry, "Revenge!"
 Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
 And the poor queen who lov'd him as her son,
 Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, "Revenge!"
 The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
 The gods themselves, shall justify the cry
 And swell the general sound, "Revenge, Revenge!"

All. Revenge! Revenge!

Br. And we will be reveng'd, my countrymen!
 Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
 Which will, when you're reveng'd, be dearer to him
 Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

1s R. Live, Brutus!

2d R. Valiant Brutus!

3d R. Down with Tarquin!

2d R. We'll have no Tarquins!

1st R. We will have a Brutus!

3rd R. Let's to the Capitol, and shout for Brutus.

Br. I your king!

Brutus your king! — No, fellow citizens!
 If mad ambition in this guilty frame
 Had strung one kingly fibre,— yea, but one —
 By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
 Should rip it out, though it entwin'd my heart.

Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus,
 Brutus, the new-restor'd! Brutus, by Sybil,
 By Pythian prophetess foretold, shall lead us!

Br. Now take the body up. Bear it before us
 To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
 And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
 A pile for these chaste relicts, that shall send
 Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!

[*Exeunt; the mob shouting.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I — ROME.

A court belonging to TARQUIN'S palace. In the front a grand entrance, with folding gates closed.

Enter TULLIA.

Tul. (Alone.) Gods! whither shall a frantic mother fly?
Accursed siege of Ardea! Tarquin, Tarquin,
Where art thou? Save thy wife, thy son, thy city!

Enter TITUS.

Ti. Where is the prince; where's Sextus?

Tul. Where? Oh, heavens!

His madness hath undone us! Where is Sextus?
Perhaps ev'n now the barbarous ruffians hurl him
Alive into the flames, or piecemeal drag
Along the rebel streets his mangled trunk —

Ti. No more. I'll save him, or avenge —

(Going. HORATIUS meets and stops him.)

Hor. Turn, noble Roman, turn;

Set not your life upon a desperate stake.

Hark, they are at thy gates!

Tul. Does my son live?

Hor. Furious he sprang upon the rabble throng
And hew'd his desperate passage; but the time
Admits no further question — Save yourself!

Tul. Let the tide enter!

Let the vile rabble look upon the eyes
Of majesty, and tremble. Who leads them on?

Hor. Your new-nam'd fool, your Brutus.

Ti. Death! my father!

Tul. Brutus in arms!

Oh, Sybil! Oh, my fate! farewell to greatness!
I've heard my doom.

Ti. Earth, earth, inclose me!

Tul. Hark! it bursts upon us! [Shouts are heard.]

Hor. Ha! nearer yet! now be propitious, Mars!

Now, nerve my arm with more than mortal fury
Till the dissembler sink beneath its vengeance.

[Exit HOR.]

Tul. Fly! save my child — save my — save your Tarquinia.

Ti. Or die, defending. [Exit TITUS.]

Tumult becomes very violent, and the battering at the gate and wall commences.

Tul. Ah! if amidst my legions I might fall
Death were not then inglorious; but to perish
By the vile scum of Rome — hunted by dogs —
Baited to death by brawling, base mechanics —
Shame insupportable!

The gate and walls are shattered down. The palaces behind are in flames. The soldiers and populace rush over the ruins. BRUTUS appears in the midst of them, and advances to the front.

Br. Seize the parricide! (*They advance and surround her.*)

Tul. Avaunt! I am your queen.

Br. Tarquins! we cast you from us.

Tul. Give me a sword, and let me fall like Tullia.

Br. No, we reserve our swords for nobler uses
Than to make war with women: to the Tarquins,
To your adulterous son we leave that shame.

Tul. If then 'twill better sate thy cruelty,
Precipitate me quick into those flames,
And with the wreck of empire mix my ashes.

Br. Take her to Rhea's Temple, take her hence
And lodge her with her ancestors.

Tul. Ye gods!

My father's sepulchre! — I'll not approach it.

Br. 'Twill furnish wholesome recollection. Hence!

Tul. Not to that fatal place! Send me not thither!

Br. 'Tis fix'd.

Tul. Choose the most loathsome dungeon — there confine me,
Or give me death instead. My heart recoils
Against that temple.

Br. There, and only there,
By your dead father's tomb, you must abide
The judgment of the state.

Tul. Then, by the gods
Whom, for the last time, I invoke,— whose shrines
I've incens'd o'er and o'er, though now forsaken,
Now at my utmost need,— if no means else
Of ready death present themselves,
No particle of food shall pass these lips,

Till, in the void of nature, hungry madness
 With blank oblivion entering, shall confound
 And cancel all perception. [Exit TULLIA, guarded.]

Enter TITUS, who meets BRUTUS as he is going off.

Ti. Turn, oh my father,
 And look upon thy son.

Br. What wouldst thou? speak!

Ti. If thou hast reason, oh, have mercy, also!
 But if in madness thou hast done this deed —

Br. I am not mad, but as the lion is,
 When he breaks down the toils that tyrant-craft
 Hath spread to catch him. Think not we will suffer
 These monsters to profane the air of Heaven.
 Shall Titus, then, oppose our great design?
 Shall Brutus meet a recreant in his son?

Banish this folly! — have a care — I know thee,
 There is a lurking passion at thy heart
 Which leaves but half a soul for Rome and me!

Ti. You wrong me. Like a Roman, I exult
 To see Lucretia's murder thus aveng'd —
 And, like a son, glory in such a father!
 Yet hear me through. — Nay, do not frown, but hear me —

Br. Go on; confess thy weakness, and dismiss it.

Ti. 'Twas in the sleep of my dear father's reason,
 When Tarquin's freed man in a saucy mood
 Vented vile jests at thy unhappy weakness.
 Stung to the quick, I snatch'd a weapon up,
 And fell'd him to my foot.

Br. Why, 'twas well done.
 The knave was saucy, and you slew him. — On!

Ti. 'Twas on this very spot Tarquinia stood,
 And when the wrathful father had denounc'd
 Immediate death on this my filial act,
 She with the tongue of interceding pity,
 And tears that stream'd in concert with her suit,
 Implor'd, prevailed, and gave me life — and love.

Br. 'Tis well. Behold, I give her life for life:
 Rome may be free, altho' Tarquinia lives —
 This I concede; but more if thou attemptest, —
 By all the gods! — Nay, if thou dost not take
 Her image, though with smiling cupids deck'd,

And pluck it from thy heart, there to receive
Rome and her glories in, without a rival,
Thou art no son of mine, thou art no Roman.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Enter TARQUINIA.

Tar. Save, save me, Titus! Oh, amid the crash
Of falling palaces, preserve Tarquinia.
Or, do I meet in thee a double rebel,
Traitor alike to me and to your king?
Speak, I conjure thee! Will the son of Brutus
Now take me to his pity and protection,
Or stab with perfidy the heart that loves him!

Ti. Cruel suspicion! Oh, ador'd Tarquinia!
I live but to preserve you. You are free:
I have my father's sanction for your safety.

Tar. I scorn a life that is preserv'd by Brutus!
I scorn to outlive parents, brothers, friends!
I'll die with those
Whom this dire night hath murder'd.

Ti. Who are murder'd?
Whom hath the sword of Brutus slain? Not one
Of all thy kindred —

Tar. Say'st thou? Lives my mother?

Ti. She lives — and Sextus, — even he escapes
The storm which he has rais'd, and flies to Ardea.

Tar. Speed him, ye gods, with eagles' swiftness thither!
And may those thunders which now shake the walls
Of tottering Ardea, like a whirlwind, burst
On this devoted city, overwhelm its towers,
And crush the traitorous hive beneath their ruins!
Now, Titus, where is now thy promis'd faith?
Didst thou not swear no danger should divide us?

Ti. I did; and constant to my oath, behold me
Thy faithful guardian in this night of terrors.

Tar. Be still my guardian; snatch me from these terrors.
Bear me to Ardea, be the friend of nature,
And give the rescued daughter to the arms
Of her protecting parent; thus you gain
The praise of men, the blessing of the gods,
And all that honor, all that love can grant.

Ti. Despair! Distraction! Whither shall I turn me!

Tar. Why do you waver? Cast away this weakness;

Be glorious in your cruelty, and leave me.
 By all the demons who prepare the heart
 To rush upon the self-destroying steel,
 The same dire moment which gives thee to Brutus,
 Gives me to death.

Ti. Horror! Tarquinia, hold!

Tar. Lo! I am arm'd.— Farewell! — How I have loved you
 My death shall witness,— how you have deceiv'd me
 Let your own conscience tell.— Now to your father!
 Now go and mingle with the murderers;
 Go, teach those fiends what perjury can do,
 And show your hands bath'd in Tarquinia's blood:
 The filial deed shall welcome you to Brutus,
 And fill his gloomy soul with savage joy.

Ti. Take, take me hence for ever! Let me lose
 In these dear arms the very name of son,
 All claims of nature, every sense of love!

Tar. The gods that guard the majesty of Rome,
 And that sweet power, whose influence turns thy heart
 To pity and compliance, shall reward
 And bless thee for the deed!

Ti. Can he be blest
 On whom a father's direful curse shall fall?

Tar. A madman's imprecation is no curse.
 Be a man.

Ti. Oh, while thy love upholds me, I can stand
 Against the world's contempt; remember, only,
 For whose dear sake I am undone; remember
 My heart was honor's once.

Tar. And shall be ever.
 Come, I will show thee where bright honor grows,
 Where thou shall pluck it from the topmost branch,
 And wear it in its freshest, fairest bloom.

[*Exeunt* TITUS and TARQUINIA.]

SCENE II.— *A Street in ROME.*

Enter HORATIUS and CELIUS.

Hor. Brutus and Collatinus are appointed
 To sovereign sway, as consuls for the year.
 Their self-elected senate meets to-morrow.
 Tho' some remain, too honest for their views,
 These for security exact conditions —
 They ask a chief whose well-establish'd fame

May win the hearts of this inconstant people ;
 A chief so brave, that, should we prove victorious,
 He may compel the king to keep his faith ;
 Or, if we fall, boldly revenge our deaths —
 And such a chief I've found.

Cel. Indeed ! — In whom !

Hor. The consul's son — his much lov'd son — young Titus.

Cel. What ! to rebel against his father's power !

Hor. Aye he is ours. This very night, Tarquinia
 Will lead him forth to the Quirinal gate
 Whence they straight hasten to the camp at Ardea.
 Impetuous youth is wrought upon with ease.
 Though 'tis his father's frown upon his love,
 And early vows pledg'd to the fair Tarquinia,
 Alone, which prompt him thus to head our band,
 Once in our pow'r, we'll mould him to our ends ;
 His very name will prove a tower of strength,
 And Rome, once more, shall be restor'd to Tarquin.

Cel. Bravely resolv'd ! — But tell me — where's the queen ?

Hor. A captive and confin'd in Rhea's temple,
 Watch'd by the vestals who there guard the flame
 Upon the tomb where lies her murder'd father.
 Unhappy queen ! our sword shall soon release thee !
 Come ! Hence at once ! The hour draws near — away —
 Ere two days pass these reptiles shall be crush'd,
 And humbled Rome sue for its monarch's pardon.

[*Exeunt HORATIUS and CELIUS.*]

Enter LUCRETIUS and VALERIUS.

Val. That was Horatius parted, was it not ?

Luc. The same.

Val. Am I deceiv'd ? Methinks I heard
 Something like discontent and treason mutter'd.

Luc. I fear all is not safe. Assembled groups
 Of Tarquin's friends have been seen close in conference,
 Muttering his name aloud. Aye, and some base,
 Degenerate Romans call'd for a surrender.

Val. Horatius' arts may justly wake suspicion.
 And Rome, we know, is still disgrac'd by many
 Too base, too sordid, to be bravely free.
 Let us go forth and double all the guards,
 See their steps watch'd and intercept their malice.

Luc. Nay — there's a safer course than that — arrest them !

Val. The laws and rights we've sworn to guard, forbid it!
 Let them be watch'd. We must not venture farther.
 To arrest a Roman upon bare surmise
 Would be at once to imitate the tyrant
 Whom we renounce, and from his throne have driven!

[*Exit* LUCRETIUS and VALERIUS.]

SCENE III.—ROME.

The temple of RHEA, with a large central door leading to the tomb of SERVIUS TULLIUS, late King of Rome. On one side of the stage a statue of RHEA, and on the other a statue of VESTA, with altars, and incense burning before each.

PRIESTESS of Rhea. VIRGINS of the Temple.

Pr. Daughters of Rhea, since the lords of Rome
 Have to your holy hands consign'd the charge
 Of their now captive queen, inform the Priestess
 How your sad prisoner abides her durance.
 Is her proud soul yet humbled, or, indignant,
 Doth it still breathe defiance and contempt?

Vir. Sullen and silent, she resolves on death:
 She will not taste of nourishment. She comes.

Enter TULLIA.

Pr. I pray you, royal lady, be entreated—

Tul. I tell you, no!

Pr. Think what a train of weary hours have pass'd
 Since you had taste of food.

Tul. 'Tis well!

The fewer are to come.

Pr. How can you live to meet your royal husband,
 To fold your children in your arms again,
 If you resist support?

Tul. Ha! well remember'd!

What news from Ardea? Will he march for Rome?
 Hark! Do you hear his trumpet? Is he coming?
 Aye, this is hope and worth the feeding.

'Tis well. 'Tis well.

But, tell me—doth the king know of this kindness?

Pr. What king? we comprehend you not.

Tul. What king?

Brutus, the king of Rome,—knows he of this?

Pr. He does.

Tul. And would he I should live?

Pr. He would.

Tul. Merciful villain !

Yes, he would have me live to page his triumphs :

I know the utmost of his mercy —

Subtle traitor !

I'll not taste food, tho' immortality

Were grafted to each atom — Hark ! What's that ?

Heard you that groan ?

Pr. It is your fancy's coinage.

Tul. Again ! 'Tis deep and hollow :

It issues from the vault — Set the door open !

Open, I say.

Pr. It is your father's sepulchre.

Tul. My father ! righteous gods, I kill'd my father !

Horrible retribution !

Pr. Wretched daughter,

If thou hast done this deed, prepare thy spirit

By wholesome meditation for atonement,

And let no passion interrupt the task

Of penitence and prayer.

Tul. I'll pray no more.

There is no mercy in the skies for murder,

Therefore no praying, none.

I have a plea for my impenitence —

Madness !

These groans have made me mad ; all the night through

They howl'd distraction to my sleepless brain !

You've shut me up with furies to torment me,

And starv'd me into madness. Hark ! again !

Unbar the door ! Unbar it ! By the gods !

The voice is more than human which I hear !

I'll enter there — I will be satisfied,

Altho' the confirmation should present

His awful form —

She rushes forward. The PRIESTESS and VESTALS in confusion and alarm, spring to the bar, which falling with a crash, the door flies open, and discovers a monumental figure of SERVIUS TULLIUS, with lamps burning on each side of it. TULLIA recoils, shrieks, and exclaims.

Tis he ! It is my father !

She falls and expires. The others group around her, and the curtain falls to soft music.

ACT V.

SCENE I.— A STREET in ROME, with the Temple of MARS in view.

Enter BRUTUS and COLLATINUS, as Consuls, with LICTORS, VALE-
RIUS, LUCRETIUS, and numerous followers.

Br. You judge me rightly, friends. The purple robe,
The curule chair, the lictors' keen-edged axe,
Rejoice not Brutus; — 'tis his country's freedom :
When once that freedom shall be firmly rooted,
Then, with redoubled pleasure, will your Consul
Exchange the splendid miseries of power
For the calm comforts of a happy home.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. All health to Rome, her Senate and her Consuls.

Br. Speak on — What message hast thou to impart ?

Mess. I bring intelligence of Sextus Tarquin,
Who, on arriving at a neighboring village
Was known, and by the people ston'd to death.

Br. Now, Lucretia !
Thy ghost may cease to wander o'er the earth,
And rest in peace !

Luc. Heaven's ways are just !

Col. Yet I regret the villain should be slain
By any hand but mine !

Enter a CENTURION.

Cent. Health to Brutus !
Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome !

Br. Now, without preface, soldier, to your business.

Cent. As I kept watch at the Quirinal gate
Ere break of day, an armed company
Burst on a sudden through the barrier guard,
Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarm'd,
I wheel'd my cohort round and charg'd 'em home :
Sharp was the conflict for awhile, and doubtful,
Till, on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
A young Patrician —

Br. Ha ! Patrician ?

Cent. Such
His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown,

Br. Proceed — What more ?

Cent. The lady being taken,
This youth, the life and leader of the band,
His sword high waving in the act to strike,
Dropt his uplifted weapon, and at once
Yielded himself my prisoner.— Oh, Valerius,
What have I said, that thus the Consul changes ?

Br. Why do you pause ? Go on.

Cent. Their leader seiz'd,
The rest surrender'd. Him, a settled gloom
Possesses wholly, nor as I believe
Hath a word pass'd his lips, to all my questions
Still obstinately shut.

Br. Set him before us. [*Exit CENTURION.*]

Val. Oh, my brave friend, horror invades my heart.

Br. Silence. Be calm.

Val. I know thy soul
A compound of all excellence, and pray
The mighty gods to put thee to no trial
Beyond a mortal's bearing.

Br. No, they will not —
Nay, be secure, they cannot. Pr'ythee, friend,
Look out, and if the worst that can befall me,
Be verified, turn back, and give some sign
What thou hast seen — Thou can'st excuse this weakness,
Being thyself a father. [*VALERIUS gives the sign.*]
Ha ! — Enough :

I understand thee : — Since it must be so,
Do your great pleasure, gods ! Now, now it comes !

TITUS and TARQUINIA are brought in, guarded. TITUS advances.
TARQUINIA remains in the back ground.

Ti. My father ! — Give me present death, ye powers !

Cent. What have I done — Art thou the son of Brutus ?

Ti. No — Brutus scorns to father such a son !
Oh, venerable judge, wilt thou not speak !
Turn not away ; hither direct thine eyes,
And look upon this sorrow-stricken form,
Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
And doom as nature dictates.

Val. Peace, you'll anger him —
Be silent and await ! Oh, suffering mercy,
Plead in a father's heart, and speak for nature !

BRUTUS turns away from his son, waves his hand to the CENTURION to remove him to a farther distance, and then walks forward and calls COLLATINUS down to him.

Br. Come hither, Collatinus. The deep wound
You suffer'd in the loss of your Lucretia,
Demanded more than fortitude to bear ;
I saw your agony — I felt your woe —

Col. You more than felt it ; — you reveng'd it, too.

Br. But, ah, my brother Consul, — your Lucretia
Fell nobly, as a Roman spirit should —
She fell, a model of transcendent virtue.

Col. My mind misgives. What dost thou aim at, Brutus ?

Br. (*Almost overpower'd.*) — That youth — my Titus — was my
age's hope —

I lov'd him more than language can express —

I thought him born to dignify the world.

Col. My heart bleeds for you — He may yet be sav'd —

Br. (*Firmly.*) Consul, — for Rome I live, — not for myself ;
I dare not trust my firmness in this crisis
Warring 'gainst every thing my soul holds dear !
Therefore return without me to the senate —
I ought not now to take a seat among them —
Haply my presence might restrain their justice.
Look that these traitors meet their trial straight, —
And then dispatch a messenger to tell me
How the wise fathers have dispos'd of — Go ! —

COLLATINUS goes out on one side, attended : — and as BRUTUS is
departing on the other side, TARQUINIA rushes forward.

Tar. Stop, — turn and hear the daughter of your king !
I speak for justice — merey thou hast none.
For him, your son,
By gratitude and love I drew him off !
I preserv'd his life —

Who shall condemn him for protecting mine ?

Br. We try the *crime* ; the motive, *Heaven* will judge.
My honor he hath stabb'd — I pardon that.
He hath done more — he hath betray'd his country.
That is a crime which every honest heart
That beats for freedom, every Roman feels,
And the full stream of Justice must have way.

Tar. Because thy soul was never sway'd by love.
Can'st thou not credit what his bosom felt ?

Br. I can believe that beauty such as thine
 May spread a thousand fascinating snares
 To lure the wavering, and confound the weak ;
 But what is honor, which a sigh can shake ?
 What is his virtue, whom a tear can melt ?
 Truth,— valor,— justice,— constancy of soul,—
 These are the attributes of manly natures :—
 Be woman e'er so beauteous, man was made
 For nobler uses than to be her slave.

Tar. Hard, unrelenting man ! Are these the fruits
 Of filial piety,— and hath thy son
 Wearied the gods with pray'rs, till they restor'd
 A mind, and gave thee reason ? Would to Heaven
 They'd given thee mercy, too ! 'twould more become thee
 Than these new ensigns, Brutus ; more than all
 Thy lictors, haughty consul, or thy robes
 Dipt in the blood,— oh horror !— of a son !—

Br. No more — By all the gods ! I'll hear no more.

Ti. A word for pity's sake. Before thy feet,
 Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels.
 Love is my plea : a father is my judge ;
 Nature my advocate !— I can no more :
 If these will not appease a parent's heart,
 Strike through them all, and lodge thy vengeance here !

Br. Break off ! I will not, cannot hear thee further.
 The affliction nature hath impos'd on Brutus,
 Brutus will suffer as he may.— Enough
 That we enlarge Tarquinia. Go, be free !
 Centurion, give her conduct out of Rome !
 Lictors, secure your prisoner. Point your axes.
 To the senate — On !

[*Exit* BRUTUS.]

Cent. Come, lady, you must part.

Tar. Part ! Must we part ?

You shall not tear him from me ; I will die
 Embracing the sad ruin I have made.

Cent. You've heard the consul.

Tar. Thou hast heard the king,
 Fought for him while he led you on to conquest.
 Thou art a soldier, and should'st spurn an office
 Which malefactors, though condemn'd for murder,
 Would rather die by torture than perform.

Ti. If thou dost wish
 That I should 'scape the peril of my fate,

I conjure thee to accord
 To Brutus, and accept his promis'd safeguard.
 Your words, your looks, your beauty, feed his wrath.
 In that fair face he reads my guilty love,
 And pity flies his heart; let passion pause;
 Leave me to solitude, to silence leave me;
 Then nature's gentlest whispers may be heard.

Tar. Say'st thou? Conduct me to the dreariest waste
 That ever melancholy madness trod,
 And let my swelling heart in silence burst;
 Plunge me in darkness, shroud this fatal form
 In everlasting night, I am content!
 Lo! I obey! This is the test of love;
 This is the sacrifice: — I part to save thee!

Ti. See, I am warn'd. Farewell, my life's last joy!
 When my eyes lose thy image, they may look
 On death without dismay. To those blest powers
 Who gave thee every virtue, every grace
 That can ensure perfection, I commit thee.
They embrace and are torn asunder. TITUS is carried off by the
LICTORS on one side, and TARQUINIA by the CENTURION and
GUARDS, on the other.

SCENE II.

ROME.— *An apartment in the house of BRUTUS.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. (Alone). Like a lost, guilty wretch, I look around
 And start at every footstep, lest it bring
 The fatal news of my poor son's conviction! —
 Oh Rome, thou little know'st — no more. It comes.

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. My friend, the senate have to thee transferr'd
 The right of judgment on thy son's offence.

Br. To me?

Val. To thee alone.

Br. What of the rest?

Val. Their sentence is already pass'd.
 Ev'n now, perhaps, the lictors' dreaded hand
 Cuts off their forfeit lives.

Br. Say'st thou the senate have to me referr'd
The fate of Titus ?

Val. Such is their sovereign will :
They think you merit this distinguish'd honor ;
A father's grief deserves to be rever'd' ;
Rome will approve whatever you decree.

Br. And is his guilt establish'd beyond doubt ?

Val. Too clearly.

Br. (*With a burst of tears.*) Oh, ye gods ! ye gods !
(*Collecting himself.*) Valerius !

Val. What would'st thou, noble Roman ?

Br. 'Tis said thou hast pull'd down thine own house, Valerius,
The stately pile that with such cost was rear'd.

Val. I have, but what doth Brutus then infer ?

Br. It was a goodly structure : I remember
How fondly you survey'd its rising grandeur,—
With what a — fatherly — delight you summon'd
Each grace and ornament, that might enrich
The — child — of your creation,— till it swell'd
To an imperial size, and overpeer'd
The petty citizens, that humbly dwelt
Under its lofty walls, in huts and hovels,
Like emmets at the foot of towering Etna :
Then, noble Roman, then with patriot zeal,
Dear as it was, and valued, you condemn'd
And level'd the proud pile ; and in return
Were by your grateful country surnam'd,
And shall to all posterity descend,—
Poplicola.

Val. Yes, Brutus, I conceive
The awful aim and drift of thy discourse —
But I conjure thee, pause ! Thou art a father.

Br. I am a Roman Consul ! What, my friend,
Shall no one but Valerius love his country
Dearer than house, or property, or children ?
Now, follow me ; and in the face of Heaven
I'll mount the judgment-seat : there see, if Brutus
Feel not for Rome as warmly as Poplicola.

[*Exeunt BRUTUS and VALERIUS.*]

SCENE THE LAST.

Exterior of the Temple of MARS. Senators, Citizens, COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, discovered. At the left of the stage a Tribunal, with a Consular chair upon it. BRUTUS enters, followed by VALERIUS; — he bows as he passes, and ascends the Tribunal.

Br. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and tho' villains,
Yet they are manly villains — But to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat,— is a deed so black,
That my foil'd tongue refuses it a name. [A pause.]
There is one criminal still left for judgment.
Let him approach.

TITUS is brought by the LICTORS, with their axes turned edgeways towards him.

Pris — on — er —

The voice of BRUTUS falters and is choked, and he exclaims with violent emotion.

Romans! forgive this agony of grief —
My heart is bursting — Nature must have way —
I will perform all that a Roman should —
I cannot feel less than a father ought!

He becomes more calm. Gives a signal to the LICTORS to fall back, and advances from the Judgment-seat to the front of the Stage, on a line with his son.

Well, Titus, speak — how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepar'd to die?

Ti. Father, I call the powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so.

Br. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.

The violated genius of thy country
 Rears its sad head, and passes sentence on thee !
 It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordain'd
 To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
 And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
 'Tis fix'd ; — oh, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee :
 So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
 Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.

Ti. The axe ! — Oh heaven — Then must I fall so basely ?
 What, shall I perish like a common felon ?

Br. How else do traitors suffer ? — Nay, Titus, more —
 I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal —
 And there behold thee meet this shame of death,—
 With all thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee.—
 See thy head taken by the common axe,—
 All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—
 Without a groan, without one pitying tear.

Ti. Die like a felon ? — Ha ! a common felon ! —
 But I deserve it all : — Yet here I fail : —
 This ignominy quite unmans me !
 Oh, Brutus, Brutus ! Must I call you father.
 Yet have no token of your tenderness,
 No sign of mercy ? Not even leave to fall
 As noble Romans fall, by my own sword ?
 Father, why should you make my heart suspect
 That all your late compassion was dissembled ?
 How can I think that you did ever love me ?

Br. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
 By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
 These sighs that strain the very strings of life,—
 Let these convince you that no other cause
 Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.

Ti. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty !
 I now submit with calmness to my fate.
 Come forth, ye executioners of justice —
 Come, take my life,—and give it to my country !

Br. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
 Arm thee with patience in this awful hour !
 The sov'reign magistrate of injur'd Rome,
 Bound by his high authority, condemns
 A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
 Go — meet thy death with a more manly courage
 Than grief now suffers me to show in parting,

And, while she punishes, let Rome admire!
No more. Farewell! Eternally farewell! —

Ti. Oh, Brutus! Oh, my father! —

Br. What would'st thou say, my son?

Ti. Wilt thou forgive me! — Forget not my Tarquinia
When I shall be no more.

Br. Leave her to my care.

Ti. Farewell, for ever!

Br. For ever. [BRUTUS re-ascends the TRIBUNAL.]

Lictors, attend! — conduct your prisoner forth!

Val. (*Rapidly and anxiously.*) Whither!

All the characters bend forward in great anxiety.

Br. To death! — (*All start.*) When you do reach the spot,
My hand shall wave, your signal for the act,
Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!

TITUS is conducted out by the LICTORS. A dead march, which
gradually dies away as it becomes more distant. BRUTUS remains
seated in a melancholy posture on the Tribunal.

Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!
A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
No thought of man can fathom. Justice now
Demands her victim! A little moment,
And I am childless.— One effort, and 'tis past!

*He rises and waves his hand, convuls'd with agitation, then drops
on his seat and shrouds his face with his toga. Three sounds
of the trumpet are heard instantly. All the characters as-
sume attitudes of deep misery.— BRUTUS starts up wildly, descends
to the front in extreme agitation, looks out on the side by which
TITUS departed, for an instant, then, with an hysterical burst,
exclaims.*

Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free!

[BRUTUS falls. *The characters group around him.*]

NOTE.

The following scene in the third act was omitted after the first representation, in compliance with the wishes of many who thought it injurious to the general effect of the play. As, however, there was some difference of opinion upon this point, the scene is here inserted as it originally stood. LUCRETIA is supposed to be surrounded by her relations—COLLATINUS and LUCRETIUS by her side—her hair dishevelled—wild in her attire;—and all the other characters in attitudes of deep grief.

Luc. Bear witness, then, Lucretia's mind is guiltless—
Yet never can Lucretia smile again!
Lost to herself, her husband, and her child,
Lost to the world, her country and her friends,
The arms of love can pillow her no more,
And the sweet smile of her dear innocent babe
Would but awaken her to deeper anguish!
And shall she live, bereft of all life's treasures,
The spectre of the past for ever rising
To fright her into madness? Think not, countrymen,
Indignant virtue can survive pollution!
By her own hand a Roman wife can fall.
'Tis to the heart. Tarquin, the blow was thine!

[Stabs herself.]

[She falls.]

Col. Belov'd, unhappy wife! What hast thou done!

Luc. A deed of glory. Now, my husband, now—
With transport can I press thee to my bosom.
Father and kinsmen, ye can own me now!
My pure soul springs from its detested prison!
Virtue exults! The gods applaud my daring!
And, to our dear, lov'd babe, I can bequeath
A mother's noblest gift—a spotless name!

[Dies.]

Luc. Staff of my age! Gone, gone, for ever gone!
A wretched father's last and only joy!
Come, death, strike here! Your shaft were welcome now.
Snatch me from earth to my poor, lost, lov'd child!

Col. My wife! my wife! Dear, dear, wrong'd, murder'd wife!
Let me be rooted here in endless sorrow—
Who, who shall dare to mourn her loss like me?

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. I dare, and so dare every honest Roman.

The scene then proceeds as printed in the preceding pages.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, AND SPOKEN BY MRS. GLOVER.

May MRS GLOVER venture to appear?
 She neither uses nor speaks daggers here;
 She comes quite tame, in the old English way,
 To hope you all have — wept at our new play.

Tullia no more, I tread on English ground;
 There's pride, hope, courage, in the very sound;
 Myself your debtor, many a changeful year
 For generous kindness — never changing here,
 I come to ask that kindness now for one
 Unknown,— or but by this night's fortunes known,
 To cheer a trembling votary of the Nine,
 And fill his heart with gratitude — like *mine*.

Aye, this *is* England — well its signs I know!
 Beauty above, around me, and below:
 Such cheeks of rose, such bright, bewitching eyes,
 Well may the kneeling world give you the prize!
 Where, where on earth does woman wear a smile,
 Like yours, ye glory of "THE GLORIOUS ISLE."

But bless me — what two nondescripts together!
 The *she* — a pile of ribbon, straw, and feather;
 Her back a pillion, all above and on it
 A church-bell? cradle? tower? — No, faith! a bonnet!
 Aye, and an actual woman in it, able —
 Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel!
 Now for the *he*, the fellow-nondescript,
 Whence has that mockery of man been shipt?
 Has ROSS or BUCHAN brought him to console
 The quidnuncs for the passage to the pole?
 While, on her iceberg, howls some Greenland squaw
 Robbed of her pretty monster till next thaw!
 No, Paris has the honor. " *Ah que oui*." —
 " *Voilà* " — the air, grace, shrug.— smell of *Paris*!
 France gave his step its trip, his tongue its phrase,
 His head its peruke, and his waist its stays!

The thing is contraband.— Let's crush the trade,
Ladies, insist on't — *all* is best *home-made* —
All British, from your shoe-tie or your fan,
Down to that tantalizing wretch — call'd — man !

Now for the compound creature — first, the wig,
With every frizzle struggling to look big ;
On the rough'd cheek the fresh-dyed whisker spread
The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head.
The neckcloth next, where starch and whalebone vie
To make the slave a walking pillory.
The bolster'd bosom — ah ! ye envying fair,
How little dream you of the stuff that's there !
What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs compress,
To make the Dandy “ beautifully less.”
Thus fools, their final stake of folly cast,
By instinct, to *strait waistcoats* come at last.
Misjudging Shakespeare ! this escaped thine eye.
For tho' the brains *are* out, the thing *won't* die.
And now, farewell ! But one word for the Bard,—
The smile of Beauty is his best reward ;
Then smile upon him, you, and you, and you !
I see the poet's cause is won. Adieu !

APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X .

Mr. Payne remarks in his album, from which we copy the following poems, that he copied the poem on Kean from the *New York Evening Post* of March 10th, 1821, sent to him by Washington Irving. We are not aware that it has ever been published before in book form. We look upon it as one of the finest poems in the English language and think it far superior to Allston's *Paint-King*.

KEAN AS HAMLET.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Oh, thou, who standest, mid the bards of old,
Like Chimborazo, when the setting sun
Has left his kindred mountains dark and dun,
Sole object visible, th' imperial one,
In purple robe and diadem of gold —
Immortal Shakespeare! Who can hope to tell,
With tongue less gifted of the pleasing sadness
Wrought in thy deepest scenes of woe and madness?
Who hope by words to paint the ecstatic gladness
Of spirits leaping, mid thy merry spell?
When I have gaz'd upon thy wond'rous page,
And seen, as in some necromantic age,
Thy visionary forms before me pass,
Like breathing things of every living class,
Goblin and hero, villain, fool, and sage,—
It seem'd a task that not Bunarotti's e'en,—
Nor Raffaelli's hand could master by their art,
To give the semblance of the meanest part
Of all thy vast creation, or the heart

Touch, as thou touchest, with a kindred scene! —
And vainer still, methought, by mimic tone,
And feigned look, and attitude, and air,
The actor's toil; for *self* will have its share
With nicest mimic'ry; and, though it spare
To others largely, gives not *all* its own.

So did I deem, 'till, living to my view,
 Scorning his country, while he sought her good ;
 In Kemble forth the unbending Roman stood ;¹
 Till, snuffing at the scent of human blood,
 In Cooke strode forth the unrelenting Jew.²

But these were beings tangible in vice,
 Their purpose searchable ; their every thought
 Index'd in living men ; yet only sought,
 Plain as they seem, by Genius — only bought,
 By Genius even, with laborious price.

But *who*, methought, in confidence so brave
 Doffing himself, shall dare that form assume
 So strangely mix'd of wisdom, wit, and gloom —
 Playful in misery, even at the tomb —
 Of hope, distrust, of faith, and doubt, the slave ?

That being strange, that only in the brain
 Perchance has liv'd,— yet still so rarely knit
 In all its parts, its wisdom to its wit,
 And doubt to faith, loathing to love, so fit —
 It seem'd like one that liv'd, and *lives again* !

Who, then, dare wear the princely Denmark's form ?
 Who starts before me ? Ha ! 'tis he I've seen
 Oft in a day-dream, when my youth was green,—
 The Dane himself — the Dane ! — who says 'tis Kean ?
 Yet, sure, it moves, as if its blood were warm.

If *this* be Kean, then Hamlet liv'd indeed !
 Look ! how his purpose hurries him apace,
 Seeking a fitful rest from place to place :
 And yet his trouble fits him with a grace,
 As if his heart did love what makes it bleed !

He seems to move, as in a world ideal, —
 A world of thought, where wishes have their end
 In wishing merely, where resolves but spend
 Themselves resolving, as his will did lend
 Not counsel e'en his body to defend ; —
 Or *Kean* or Hamlet — what I see is real !

¹ Coriolanus.

² Shylock.

Payne still further remarked, that "the preceding is the most intellectual compliment which America has paid to Kean. Though it is singular, that Hamlet, of all parts, should have been selected by Mr. Allston; for in England he never knew the words of the part, and a character of thought like Hamlet must be strangely perverted, if his thoughts are distorted by the interpolation of a man of so little literature as Kean. The more solid compliment of pecuniary patronage seems to have been conferred very liberally, especially in Boston. The boxes there were sold by lottery. The extra money paid on his benefit amounted to no less than \$640. The highest sum given for the choice of seat was \$38. The whole amount of extra money was \$2,999, which was all given to different charities. J. H. P.

MISS CROLY'S POEMS.

[Miss Eliza Croly, the sister of the Rev. George Croly, gave me the following poems of her writing, in Paris, May, 1815. They were never published, as she shrinks from publicity of authorship. J. H. P., 1815.]

THE FIELD OF ALBUERA.

SKETCH.

"Go not into the fields, nor by the way, for the sword of the Lord and Desolation are on my side."

Nay, old man, go not to the field,
Unless your heart's to pity steeled;
I would not view that field again
For all the treasures once in Spain.

But now I ventured out to see
If any living there might be;
I passed along — all silent dead,
They rested on their grassy bed!
Oh! but it was a fearful sight
To see that field in the pale moonlight!
Just one wild, wondering glance I threw,
And closed my eyes, to shun the view!
A murmuring sound stole on my ear;
It seemed the sigh of some one near —
I called — but no reply was given:
A soul had winged its flight to Heaven!

Again — again! a low, strange sound! —
'Twas the blast of night, as it swept the ground,
Floating the plumes that lay scatter'd round!
Then Julian came, and we went on —
In vain — there was no living one!
But many an English mother's care,
And many a lady's love lay there!

There was one spot, where something bright
Was glittering in the pale moonlight: —

O blessed Virgin! who could be
 Unmoved, that mournful sight to see! —
 'Twas a warrior youth, whose golden hair
 All lightly waved on the dewy air;
 And the moonbeam resting on his face
 Gave it a sad, unearthly grace;
 A broken sword beside him lay —
 It failed him on that desperate day!
 Slumbering he seem'd — but drew no breath —
 His sleep was the heavy sleep of death!
 No, go not — go not to the field,
 Unless your heart is pity-steeled!
 For all the treasures once in Spain,
 I would not view that field again!

THE BANSHEE.

[Mr. Payne in his manuscript album, from which we copy the following, remarks,
 "The following was received from Miss E. Croly, Paris, Nov. 1815."]

"*Superstition*," says some writer, "*is the weed of an elegant and religious mind.*" Pity, that such a mind should have a weed, if the idea was just; but it is less just than fanciful. If not, the other quarters of the globe would quite cast Europe into the shade. Not to speak of inferiors, where could we produce, according to this definition, a being so elegant and refined as an Obi woman? Who ever charged the Irish with "*elegance*," or "*religion*," and yet in that country, superstition ceases to be a fragile *weed*: it becomes a strong and flourishing tree; its roots are deep in the earth, and its extended branches covered with many-tinted flowers. But, though the Irish are not chargeable with elegance, many of their wild fancies are, and to a very high degree. An Irish peasant thinks the spirits of those he loved, watch over him; he sees their forms in his dreams and in the shadows of twilight; he hears their voices on the breezes of night; he visits their green graves, and strews them with the first flowers of the spring, and the last of autumn. With him, the mouldering ruin is a sacred object; he would not rob it of a single stone, to prop his cabin from falling; he would face a loaded cannon, but would rather not cross the church-yard when it is dark; he would not move off his patch, no, not half an inch, for the command of any mortal except his landlord; but he would go a mile around to shun the haunt of the fairies, because he knows they would be revenged on him for

intruding. The Sepesghan, indeed, he seeks ; for he is aware that this man of half a foot high grants to his fortunate possessor all manner of good ; but all this fades in comparison with the rich and sentimental superstition of the *Banshee*, a personage as well known in Ireland as the reverse elsewhere. More mournful and gentle than the Scotch *wraith* or *kelpie*, more picturesque and graceful than the warning spirits of the *north*, the fiction of the *Banshee*, exquisitely poetical and interesting, appears to me unrivalled in fable or romance. I have never yet seen this fair vision brought forward in either prose or poetry ; and I have written this sketch for the pleasure of introducing her. Yet let it not be supposed that her apparition and its effects, here, are merely poetical ; by no means ! In nearly similar terms, would one of my countrymen speak of her, in his native language. Hearing her song is not an uncommon occurrence ; seeing her is rather more singular ; nevertheless, she is sometimes seen ; and who would doubt the authority of one who has been so unfortunate ? But though she is visible, and audible, to the *peasant*, her visitation and warnings are intended only for the great Milesian, or, as they are called, *native* families. It is to these, that, immediately before a calamity by death, the *Banshee* pays her nocturnal visit. It is in the shadowy and silent hour that she wanders along the river in the vicinity of the ancient castle, or ruined abbey, where there slumber the departed heroes and dark-haired maids of Erin. It is to these descendants that she raises the song of woe, the voice of despair, and the spirit of him who hears it is heavy, and his heart is sad !

THE BANSHEE.

[“Rest, hapless children of youth, at the noise of that mossy stream ! The virgins will see your tomb at the chase, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in the song. The voice of the harp will be heard in your praise.”—*Ossian*.]

The last faint tone of the harp was still,
 Deserted was the gloomy hall ; —
 Save the wind that sighed along the hill,
 No sound on the listening ear might fall —
 And all so gentle was its power
 It scarcely waved the weeping flower :
 Upon the water’s trembling blue
 The moon her shadowy lustre threw ;
 And tower, and tree, and hill, and dale
 Glitter’d with light so soft, so pale !

But never fell that soft pale light
 Upon a form of love more bright
 Than hers who from yon casement high
 Gazed on the scene with sadden'd eye.

"Lovely is night," murmur'd the maid,
 And all its beauties she survey'd : —
 "Lovely is night," — but I no more
 "Enjoy this hour ; — *once* to my heart
 "What holy calm it could impart !
 "That holy calm — ah, me ! tis o'er !"

Tho' all around in slumber lay,
 Sleep may not charm *her* cares away !
 What tho' unrivalled and alone,
 Where all were fair *that* maiden *shone* ?
 What tho' when rose the minstrel song,
 A Grace, she moved the dance along ?
 Or touched the harp with witching skill,
 Bending the passions to her will ? —
 Cold was to her the voice of praise —
 Unmarked the warriors' raptur'd gaze !
He was not there, whose voice, whose eye,
 Filled her young heart with ecstasy !
He was not there : deep, deadly hate
 Closed to the youth Tirowen's gate !

"He comes not yet" — fair Eva sighed, —
 "Not yet" — a hollow tone replied : —
 'Twas but the echo of the hill : —
 It died away — and all was still !
 Then rose upon the midnight gale,
 The fatal voice of woe and wail,
 That still, when death was hovering near,
 Tirowen's towers were wont to hear.
 It was a strange and mingled sound,
 Unearthly, all its low, wild thrill ; —
 Breathing despair so dark, profound,
 Even warriors' hearts that sound could chill !
 Awhile it ceased, — and then there passed
 A fearful shriek upon the blast !
 It rung through the valley and the wood,
 And sunk on the bosom of the flood ! —

Then faint grew Eva's trembling breath,
For she knew that shriek was the shriek of death !

And when it sunk, all slowly swelling rose
A soft, sweet requiem of rich melody,
And ever, at each pause and fading close,
Mingled the wailing of a funeral-cry ! —

Hark ! 'tis the dashing of an oar !
A youth springs gracefully to shore !
He could not mark the lovely red
That o'er fair Eva's pale cheek spread,
But he could catch the dulcet tone
That softly whisper'd, he was known.—

“Come, Eva, come ! 'tis thy promised hour,
“And ere the beams of morn arise,
“Safe shalt thou rest in Morven's bower,
“For swift as the wind his light bark flies !”

“No not to-night ! it may not be !
“To-night I cannot go with thee ; —
“For to-night the *Banshee* wanders near ;
“Yet, yet, her wild, sad song I hear !”
“Nay, nay, my gentle Eva,— cease ;
“Hush those vain terrors,— all is peace ;
“No *Banshee's* voice is on the breeze.
“'Twas the dream of thy lonely reveries ; —
“Or thou heard'st perhaps, the nuns of St. Kevin
“Wafting their midnight hymn to Heaven !”

“Their midnight hymn ! — that thrilling tone —
“It was not one which earth might own !
“It was no holy hymn ! Ah no !
“Too well the fatal truth I know !”

“Yet twice ere now I have heard that strain !
“It rung through the towers
“For three dark hours
“Three nights before my brother was slain !
“And three nights ere my sainted mother died,
“In yonder wood was seen to glide

" A white-robed form ; its ebon hair
 " All wildly wreathed on the dewy air !
 " Sometimes it wept — anon, around
 " It breathed low murmurs of sweet sound,
 " The peasant, as he passed the place,
 " Made on his breast the sign of grace,—
 " And all who heard it, knew it foretold,
 " A Tirowen would die ere the new moon was old.
 " It has come once more ! It has come to tell
 " A Tirowen must bid the world farewell !
 " And can I leave my father's towers
 " While fate's dark cloud around them lowers ?
 " No, not to-night ! It cannot be !
 " To-night I may not go with thee !
 " Farewell ! to meet in happier hours !
 " But haste *thou* hence : the wind grows high,
 " And the moon is fading from the sky ! "

It will not be, the die is cast :
 Love, faithful love, prevails at last !
 Tirowen's towers she bids adieu ;
 Those towers she never more shall view !

Where was thine angel's guardian care ?
 Why whisper'd not some voice, " Beware ! "

 For ere the dawn of morn's first ray,
 Cold in the wave the lovers lay !

Why flies upon yon castle-wall
 That banner, black as funeral-pall ?
 Why through yon ivied portals wide,
 Silent and sad, do the vassals glide ?
 The glory of their chief is o'er,
 Tirowen's daughter is no more ! —

Why in yon chapel's holy ground
 Are strewed those blooming flowers around ?
 Why wave those garlands on the trees,
 Scattering their sweets on the lonely breeze ?
 And low beside yon new-made grave,
 Why kneels that aged woman there ?
 Why does she weep and idly rave,
 And beat her breast, and tear her hair ?

The child for whom she would have died,
 The child she nursed with tenderest care,
 Her lord's last hope,— *her* age's pride,—
 Tirowen's Eva slumbers there!

But o'er the hill, and o'er the tower,
 The Banshee's song shall come again;
 And at the twilight's dreamy hour,
 Another sweet love, in woe and pain,
 Will hear the lingering sound,
 The long, and low sad breath
 Pass o'er the castle's ground,
 As the Banshee's sign of death!

ON SEEING A WILD ROSE

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF OCTOBER, WHILE TAKING AN EARLY WALK
 THROUGH THE WOODS.

Why dost thou linger here, sweet Rose,
 And all thy fair companions dead?
 Dark is the sky, the north wind blows,
 The sun's warmth of the summer fled!

If thou hadst bloom'd in greenwood bower
 Thou might'st have liv'd thy little day;
 Breathed fragrance until evening's hour,
 Then, gently fading, died away!

Now on the wings of each rude blast
 Thy silken leaves all widely fly,
 And ere another hour has past,
 Thou, fair and fragile Rose, must die!

Why didst thou linger then, sweet Rose.
 And all thy gay companions gone?
 The sky is dark, the north wind blows
 And thou wilt fall, unseen, alone!—

STANZAS.

O, tell me not that life is flying,—
 That ev'ry day we're nearer dying!
 The sun that glows in yonder skies,
 Again to me may never rise;
 But should I weep *this* golden hour,
 Because the next, perchance, may lower?

Fled is the past, the future lies
 Veil'd, nun-like, from unhallow'd eyes.
 The past — the future — I resign —
 But, oh! the *present hour* be mine!

And yet,— I feel that life is flying,
 That every day we're nearer dying! —
 But in this world of sigh and tear,
 Oh, who would dwell forever here?

After a long, oppressive day,
 Who does not welcome evening's gray?
 Who does not hail nights' dews, that steep
 The wearied eye in blessed sleep?
 So Time this fluttering pulse shall calm,
 And Death be soothing, sovereign balm!

VALENCIAN PEASANT BOY.

[Written when the French had possessed themselves of Valencia.]

“ Lady! it was a lovely land —
 Graceful its hills — its vallies green;
 The ocean washed its golden strand,
 And pleasure breath'd o'er all the scene.

“ It was a lovely land — but now ” —
 And the youth bent his head to weep!
 His was the “ grief that passeth show ”
 That mourns in silence — hopeless, deep!

A tear fell on his rude guitar,
 He dashed it off, and touched the strings,
 They murmur'd on the dewy air,
 As swept by wild bees' silken wings.

Sweet was the song — and sad, and low,
 And tho' 'twas of another land,
 It breathed a tale of simple woe
 That every heart might understand !

S O N G .

FROM MANUSCRIPT, BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Oh, turn, cruel, fair one ! nor slight a fond youth
 Who would woo thee with tenderness, fervor and truth !
 Tho' my fortune's but small, yet stern want I 'm above,
 And I'll swear that no swain is *more wealthy in love !*

In a shady, white cottage, embosom'd in trees,
 Where boughs, lightly waving, invite the cool breeze,
 My empire I've fixed,— and full green is my bower,
 And pure is the wild brook that runs by my door.

Oh ! there let me lead thee ! for there shalt thou reign,
 The cottage thy palace, the grove thy domain ;
 With a chaplet of roses and myrtle so green
 I'll encircle thy brows, and proclaim thee my queen !—

A green bank shall form thy imperial seat ;
 And the fruits of each autumn I'll lay at thy feet ;
 Or on beds of sweet violets shalt thou recline ;
 And the tributes of spring shall thy temples entwine.

What queen could e'er boast of a tribute so fair ?
 Of a throne so serene ? of a palace so rare ?
 Could reign more secure, and unrivall'd than thee ?
 Or could boast of a subject more faithful than me ?

New York, Oct 1810.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

[Washington Irving, Morris Ogden, and others, dined together one Saturday at Dyde's Tavern, New York, and on their way home, Mr. Ogden, feeling somewhat elated, took down the sign of Cheesbrough & Co., and ran off with it on his shoulder. The next day Mr. Irving and Mr. Morris went to church in company. The preacher, began a sermon immediately on the "*Signs of the Times*," and, unconsciously, made several observations which applied to the events of the preceding night. Mr. Irving thereon took out his pencil, and wrote the following *Impromptu* on a leaf of a Psalm-Book.]

As Morris once stroll'd into Trinity church,
 He quickly discovered he'd got in a lurch;
 For, as soon as the minister eyes on him set,
 "S'blood, Morris," says he, "but I'll give you a sweat."
 Down, down, down, Derry Down!

"This scapegrace, my breth'ren, who keeps such late hours,
 "And Broadway from the Park to the Battery scours,
 "Must not fancy, from me, he his wickedness hides,
 "Since they know up aloft when he frolics at Dyde's." —
 Down, down, down, Derry Down!

Then he talk'd very much 'bout the "*SIGNS of the Times*,"
 And that *pulling them down*, was the vilest of crimes!
 He that *pulls down a sign* should be laid fast in fetters.
 Since 'tis plain that he hastens — *the downfall of letters!*
 Down, down, down, Derry Down!

In defense, Morris urg'd — tho' he frolic'd at night,
 Yet, according to Scripture, he acted but right;
 For *at night* he improved his time like the devil,
 As very well knowing "the days," sir, "are evil."
 Down, down, down, Derry Down!

With respect to the sign, no defense need be made —
 As he wish'd but to give *Mr. Cheesbrough* his trade —
 So not caring just then the good folks to arouse —
 He wisely *took down*, sir, *the name of the house!*
 Down, down, down, Derry Down!

Far be it from him, sir, the peace to molest —
 He meant, on the contrary, all for the best: —
 And tho' he had shoulder'd the sign in his fun,
 He was sure he had given *the firm a good run!*
 Down, down, down, Derry Down!

IMPROMPTU.

BY JAMES R. PAULDING.

[Written with a pencil, in view of Passaic Falls, and afterwards copied into this Album, New York, 1810. J. H. P.]

Stranger ! if e'er thy footsteps wander here
 Where tortur'd nature bares her barren breast !
 Oh, pause awhile ! the work of time revere !
 Be all thy passions lull'd to silent rest !

Shut out the world. On contemplation's wing
 Soar back to ages now far, far away !
 Revere the wonders of Heaven's awful king,
 And mark how Time sweeps Nature's work away !

Here once the unbroken mountain rear'd its head,
 Impervious to the accumulated stream ;
 The rock that sleeps beneath the river's bed
 Once join'd above, caught Sol's enlivening beam.

Now mark the change ! The waves have burst their bound !
 The mountain's rent to give the torrent room !
 Where once the rocky summit frown'd around,
 Floating in mist the rainbow's colors bloom !

Stranger ! this moral learn ! — That naught on earth
 Long can withstand the efforts of decay !
 That from the hour which gave to Nature birth,
 Nature has slowly yielded to its sway !

EPISTLE

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

[Addressed by the Hon. William Pinckney in answer to some verses sent him by a lady whom he had sportively challenged to write poetry with him : about the year 1790.]

• Excuse me, that before I've not
 An answer to your verses wrote :
 The truth is this — I never yet
 (Until last night) the lines could get ;

And well you know, before a sight,
I could no kind of answer write :
However, now, they're on the table,
And I'll reply, if I am able.

You tell me "not to criticise : " —
A snarling critic I despise ; —
To *substance* only I attend ; —
To growl at faults is not my end ;
But, were I to this carping prone
I've here no room — you've left me none !

I thank you cordially, believe me,
For the good words you're pleased to give me :
Your compliments afford me pleasure ;
I'll try to merit them at leisure :
But, twixt ourselves, I'm much afraid
The trial will be vainly made !

Your sentiments on books are fine ;
Shall I now say they're — *just like mine ?*
Books will the native genius aid,
But never yet a genius made :
Talents improve by education,
As fruits, and flowers, by cultivation !
By books the taste, the style's refin'd ;
They give a polish to the mind —
But still, tho' Nature mends by art,
Untutor'd, she can play her part :
The active genius yet will rise,
Tho' learning all her aid denies !

Would Gay have had less solid knowledge,
If he had never seen a college ?
Would his sweet fables charm the less
Tho' put in a more homely dress ?
Debase the style ; — the moral's there
The satire, modest, yet severe ;
The softness too would still remain —
I mean the softness of the strain.

The unrivall'd Shakespeare, as 'tis said,
Was never in a college bred ;

Yet never was his equal known :
 Sense, spirit, fancy, — were his own !
 His Richard ¹ every passion fires ;
 The reader pities, hates, admires, —
 In all his works pure genius glows
 With greater warmth than art bestows.

Oft have I heard from those half-witted
 That jingling verse is only fitted
 Of genius' wings the flight to cramp,
 And fancy's choicest efforts damp.
 How this may be with men of parts,
 Deep vers'd in sciences and arts —
 And such like folks — I cannot say ;
 But this I'll tell you, by the way —
 To me rhymes are "*no more difficile*
 Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle." ²
 You too, as far as I can guess,
 Love rhyming not a stiver less ;
 You versify with equal ease ;
 And your heroics all must please.
 And surely, as we thus can muse it,
 'Twere pity not to write a strain
 Or two, while we are in the vein : —
 GOOD MAY be done, *no harm* it can do —
 Naught worse may ever mortal man do !

Here I must stop, — My muse begins to tire ;
 My fancy cools, — it loses all its fire !
 Yet I expect, and hope 'tis not in vain,
 To hear from my fair poetess again !

¹ Richard II.

² Hudibras, Canto 1, Line 53.

[The following beautiful poem copied from Mr. Payne's Manuscript Album is from the pen of Charles Phillips of Ireland, who was a personal friend of Mr. Payne, and whose poetical efforts were frequently published in the Dublin papers. The manuscript was given to Mr Payne in 1814.]

O'CONNOR'S CASTLE.

SUGGESTED BY THE MAGNIFICENT RUINS OF THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, NEAR
ROSCOMMON.

Art thou the festal hall of state,
Where once the lovely and the great,
The stars of Peace — the swords of Honor,
Cheer'd by the ever-gracious eye
Of Erin's native majesty,
Glitter'd a golden galaxy
Around the great O'Connor?

And did these ruined, ivy'd walls
Once glow with gorgeous tapestry;
And did these mute and grass-grown halls
Once ring with regal minstrelsy?
Chill is the court where the chief of the hills
Feasted the lord and the vassal,
And winter fills
With his thousand rills
The pride of O'Connor's castle!

Oh, it is good, thou mouldering pile,
To see thy sad decay;
Thou art the emblem of the isle
Where once thy lord had sway.
Oh it is good, thou mouldering pile
Thy sad decay to see!
Thou art the emblem of the smile
That gilds mortality! —

The isle, where once the saint and the sage
Mellowed the fire of a trophied age;
The isle, where science sublimely roll'd
Its amber tide o'er the bed of gold;
The isle, where Liberty wav'd the wing,
And Echo hung on the minstrel's string;

The isle of the fair, the isle of the free,
 The isle of love and majesty,
 Thou mouldering pile, is now like thee!
 Like thee, the heart of the hero is cold;
 Like thee, the tale of the hero is told;
 All the pride of the regal hour,
 All the bloom of beauty's bower,
 All the rays of the grass-green gem
 That flam'd in Erin's diadem,
 Are faded like thy ruin'd tower!

Yet still, all mouldering as thou art,
 All featureless and rude,
 Sweet is the sight that swells the heart,
 While musing on thy solitude!
 Gone are the glories of thy day,—
 Yet such a scene,
 Tells Erin's sons, though past away
 They *yet have been!*

Oh! if, e'en from the silent call of death,
 Spirits regenerate ascend the sky,
 Child of my country, pause amid this heath!
 There's a magic in its memory
 That must not die!

SONG.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS,

"Oh, my own Love is fair."

Oh, my own love is fair as the hill's virgin snows;—
 Oh, her blush and her breath, they have rifled the rose;
 But dark is the blaze of her beauties combined,
 To the heaven of glory that hallows her mind!

Her voice has the thrill of the nightingale's sigh;—
 Young Love holds his palace of light in her eye;
 But dull are the joys their enchantments impart
 To the beauties that bless and embellish her heart.

Dearest love ! this pure heart is a mirror to you ;
 They may shatter to fragments that mirror, 'tis true ;
 But amid the bright ruin, love lingering the more,
 Shall but see thee repeated, and dear as before !

London, Sept. 1816.

THE FAREWELL.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Why, why, sweetest girl, should I bid thee farewell ?
 It is only in fancy we part —
 I must ever be with thee, enchain'd by the spell
 That encircles the home of the heart !

As our own native exile, when straying afar
 From his innocent infantile scene,
 Worships at sunset the glimmering star
 That glows o'er its valley of green ;

Thus love ! though thy exile be fated to pine,
 Far distant from pleasure and thee,
 Still, pure in this bosom, thy image will shine,
 A star of devotion to me !

Yes, yes, it will beam in the young morning's brow
 The herald angelic of light ;
 And, oh ! need I say with what fire it will glow,
 Sublime in the heaven of night.

Yet, haply, Eliza, this emblem divine
 May be cherished my hopes to consume ;
 And the fond vestal heart that affords it a shrine,
 May but find it a torch of the tomb !

If so, when I'm gone, let me rest in the earth,
 With one simple rose at my head :
 It may speak to the world of thy bloom and thy breath,
 And sigh some excuse for the dead !

A DREAM.

BY B. W. PROCTOR.

[Written in 1816.]

What — from the grave? — and dost thou, then,
 Once more obtrude upon my sight,
 And rear thy revolting shape again?
 Thou false and heartless parasite?

No! hush'd is his calumnious tongue,
 Who, thankless, ate my father's bread —
 And, viper-like, his venom flung
 Against his child; — and smil'd, and stung
 The heart that lov'd, the hand that fed.
Safely he withers with the *dead* —
 Yet, yet, at times, in my troubled sleep,
 I hear his curses murmur'd deep.

Aye — *there* the horrid figure stands —
 With leering eyes, and shrunken hands;
 Upright it moves in mortal mould, —
 Visible as in days of old,
 And smiles as he was wont to smile,
 Yet somewhat ghastlier than before —
 And such a faithless look he wore! —
 Fearless, I brave his glance; and turn
 To where those glaring sockets burn;
 And tell him he was false to me,
 And how I *scorn* his memory.
 Ah! *now* he winds his bony arm
 Around, and breathes some damnéd charm!
 How warm, yet earthly, was that breath!
 I felt it like the blast of death,
 And shudder'd, as he laugh'd aloud
 And wrapp'd, me in his stifling shroud.
 Ah! who can tell the fear, the pain,
 The bursting feeling of the brain,
 When, helpless, one is borne through the sharp air,
 O'er heaths and lonely fountains,
 O'er darkling glens, and storm-swept mountains,
 And vaults, and mouldering cemet'ries:

Here, coil'd around, the deadly serpents sleep ;
 And there, the famish'd wolves their vigils keep : —
 Reptiles, that shun the face of day, —
 And frightful shapes, that stalk away ;
 The coffin'd worm, and the vampire bat,
 And bodiless heads that look despair,
 And sounds, not of the earth, are mingled there,
 And all that the fancy sickens at !

SONG.

BY WILLIAM FRICK.

Oh ! blest be the maiden, whose magical power
 Smooths the frowns of the world, and the furrows of care !
 Peace to her heart ! she's the theme of each hour !
 I should pine in Elysium, if she were not there !

Why, flattery, why, would'st thou steal me away
 From enchantments which ne'er in another can dwell !
 Why tell me the charm that now leads me astray
 To the fiction of Fancy, the child of her spell !

That many, whose beauties enrapture the eye,
 And give all their influence warm to the heart,
 Would melt at the breath of an eloquent sigh,
 And accept a return for the bliss they impart.

For never, if all they could yield me, were mine
 And all that in Fancy bewitching can chain,
 Would I pause for a moment, their joys to resign,
 If a kiss or a smile should invite to my Jane !

Baltimore,
 Feb. 16th, 1812.

[Mr. George Tucker wrote the following lines impromptu on meeting a lady at a party in Richmond, with a cross suspended on her bosom, a crescent in her hair, and a satchel filled with dollars which she was about to risk at loo.]

By your crescent and cross,
 I was first at a loss
 To take you for Christian or Turk :
 Then I thought you a Jew
 By your *bag* — when I knew
 That you kept it for *money* — not *work* —

But whatever your faith, you make pagans, I'm sure ;
For your beauty's an idol, we all must adore !

Hot Springs, Virginia,
Sept. 8th, 1811.

MRS. FALES TO MRS. AIR.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE WITH A PENCIL ON THE BACK OF A LETTER.

Tranquil as the hush of night,
To the hermit's holy dream,
When the moon, with trembling light,
Quivers on the murmuring stream.

Cheerful, as the beams of morn,
Sporting on the mountain's side ;
Spotless, as the cygnet's form,
Sailing down the silver tide.

Who can paint her varied grace ?
Charms that mock the mimic art !
Yet, my Agnes, thee I trace
With the pencil of the heart.

[Mr. Peter V. Ogden was at Richmond at the time of Burr's trial, in company with Washington Irving, R. T. Spence and others. In traveling through Louisiana a short time before, Mr. Ogden had been overtaken by a thunderstorm, and was forced to seek shelter in a negro's hut. The storm continued with unabated violence, and a short time after he reached the hut, the grandson of the negro landlord, whose name was *Pomp*, was struck by lightning and killed. The lamentations of old *Pomp* were bitter, although indescribably grotesque. He exclaimed in a paroxysm of despair, "Why, God, you take young *Pomp*? why God Almighty strike ikky Kyle? why not strike old *Pomp*? Old *Pomp* he bear it, old *Pomp* he tough; ikky Kyle no bear it. Young *Pomp* he do widout old *Pomp*: old *Pomp* he no do widout young *Pomp*. Shame for God Almighty strike ikky Kyle! Old *Pomp* he bear it, old *Pomp* he tough!" Mr. Ogden's mode of relating this story was so entertaining that it gained him the nickname of "*Old Pomp*," in the fashionable circles at Richmond. Before Mr. Ogden departed from Richmond, he had the misfortune to fall from the top of the stair-case at the Eagle tavern to the lower floor; but without any material injury. He was stunned, but a glass of mint julep, to which he had always expressed a particular aversion, restored him. This incident produced the following *Jeu d'esprit*, which was written with a pencil in a music-hook of a little child at Mayor Gibbins, over the signature of R. T. S., the initials of Robert T. Spence's name, who was celebrated for his poetical productions. At Mayor Gibbins's table, Mr. Irving was reproved by Mr. Spence, for putting his initials to so bitter a sarcasm. "Oh, no, Spence!" retorted Irving, "*That's not meant for your name. It stands for Rather Too Severe!*")

Old *Pomp* he ben' him ober rail,
De rail him break, and down him fall.
But what o' dat — do massa dead
They gib him sling — dat men' him head:
Old *Pomp* he tough !

Old Pomp he break him dam long shin,
 But julep make him well again —
 De fall he make him little sick —
 But tank a God.— Pomp's skull be tick :
 Old Pomp he tough !

So Pomp, aldo he fall down stairs —
 But what o' dat — he nebber cares :
 De wall no hurt him head at all,
 But Pomp's hard head do hurt de wall !
 Old Pomp he tough !

A DREAM.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. R. P. AIR, BY JOHN ALSOP.

An emerald isle, amid the soften'd blaze,
 Smil'd lovely, — of a cloudless, sapphire sky,¹
 Where (through the golden net-work which on high
 The setting sun wore with reflected rays,)
 Celestial shapes were seen — too bright for mortal gaze !

As, wond'ring, from the fairy islet's height
 I look'd — by breezes borne on zephyr's car,
 A sweet majestic form I saw alight,
 Than nymph of earthly lineage, fairer far !
 Th' aerial sylph each rainbow tint array'd ;
 Her lips where pure, ethereal spirits keep,
 Breathe tones that now clear swell, now softly sleep,
 As when their harps the winds in wild, yet dying, cadence,
 sweep !

Enchantment bound me, whilst her eagle mind
 Portray'd the evanescent forms of taste ;
 And, as she spoke, her witching mien oft cast
 A look which seem'd to say, “ Why thus behind
 Trembling, dost linger ? What excites thy fear ?”
 But, though she smil'd, she fled when I drew near ;
 While, as at timid distance, mute, amazed,
 The heavenly dream dissolved : the vision was but AIR !

A LIST
OF
MR. PAYNE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

TRAGEDIES.

- Brutus*, or, The Fall of Tarquin.
Romulus, written for Edwin Forrest, but never performed.
Virginia, or, The Patrician's Perfidy.
Oswali, of Athens.
Richelieu, or, The Broken Heart.
The Italian Bride.
Lovers' Vows. A play in five acts, altered from the translation of Mrs. Inchbald and Benjamin Thompson. Mr. Payne made this adaptation in 1809, when a young Roscius, and performed the part of Frederick.
The Wanderer, a play in five acts, written when at the age of fourteen.

COMEDIES.

- Charles the Second*, or The Merry Monarch.
Procrastination.
Married and Single.
Plots at Home.
Woman's Revenge.
All for the Best.

DRAMAS.

- Spanish Husband*.
Thérèse, or, The Orphan of Geneva.
Norah, or, The Girl of Erin.
Adeline, or Seduction.
The Two Galley-Slaves.

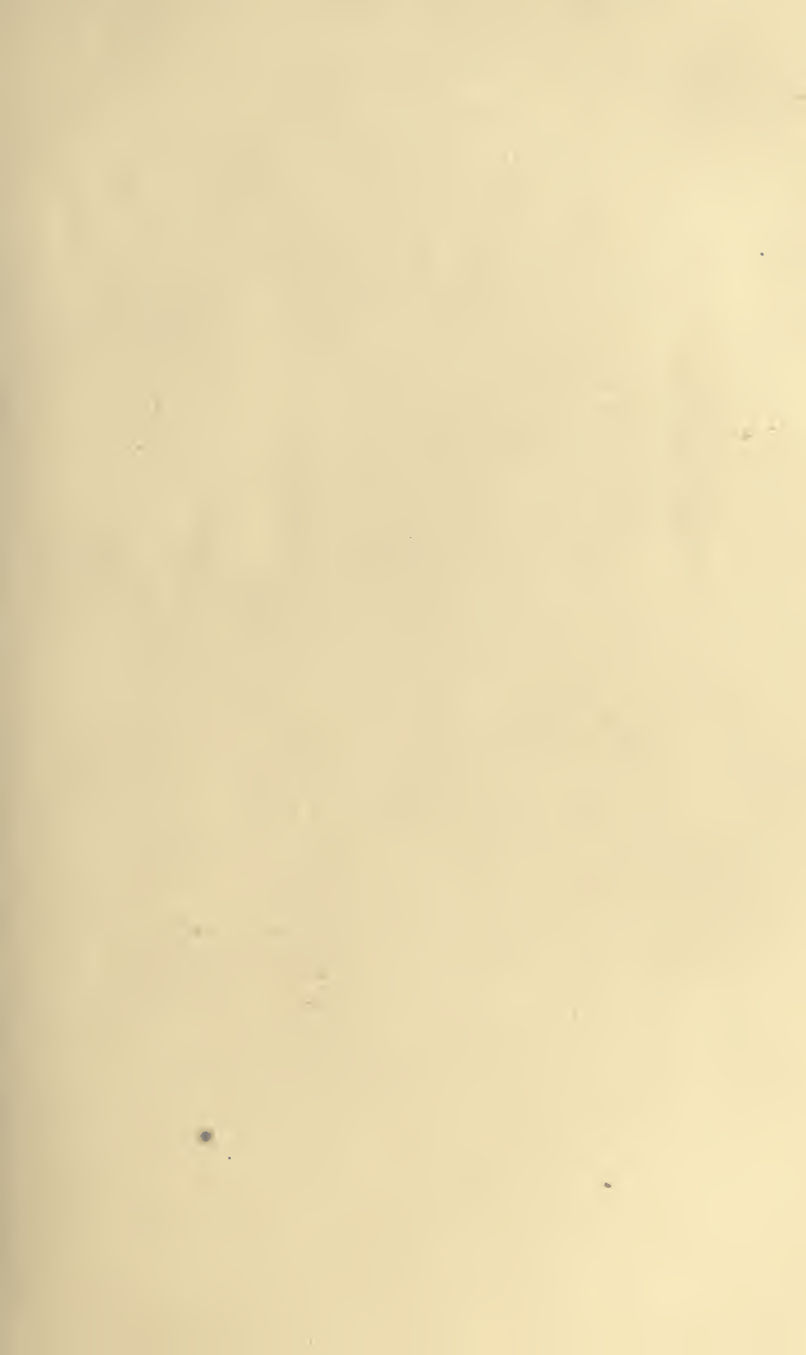
The Rival Monarchs.
Paoli.
Solitary of Mount Savage.
Ali Pacha.
The Inseparables.
Maid and Magpie.
Accusation.
The Guilty Mother.
Man of the Black Forest.
Madame de Barri.
The Festival of St. Mark.
The Bridge of Kehl.
The Judge and the Attorney.
The Mill of the Lake.
Mazeppa.
Novido, The Neapolitan.

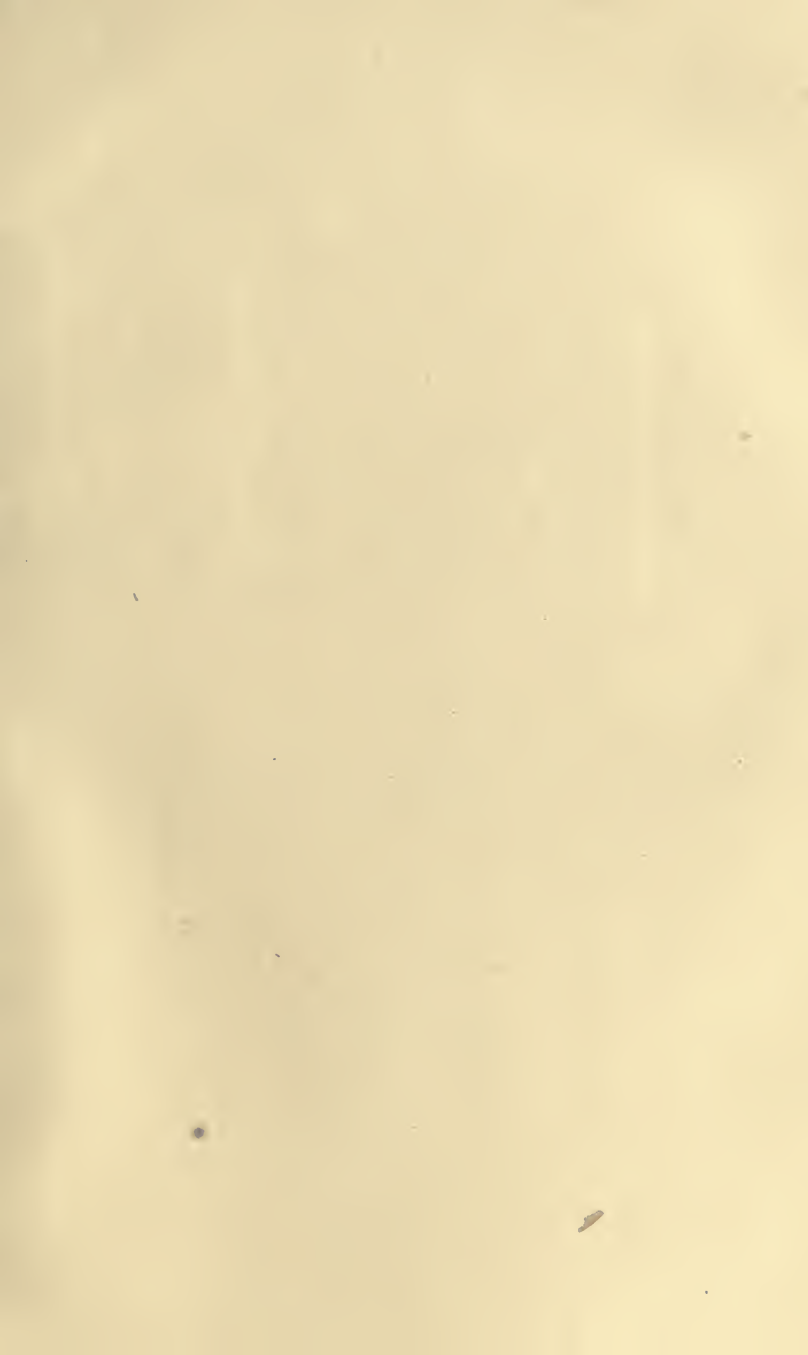
OPERAS.

Clari, The Maid of Milan.
The White Maid (or, the White Lady).
The Tyrolese Peasant.
Visitandines.
England's Good Old Days.

FARCES.

Fricandeau, or, The Coronet and the Cook.
The Post Chaise.
'Twas I.
Mrs. Smith.
Love In Humble Life.
The Lancers.
Grandpapa.
Peter Smink.
Not Invited.











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